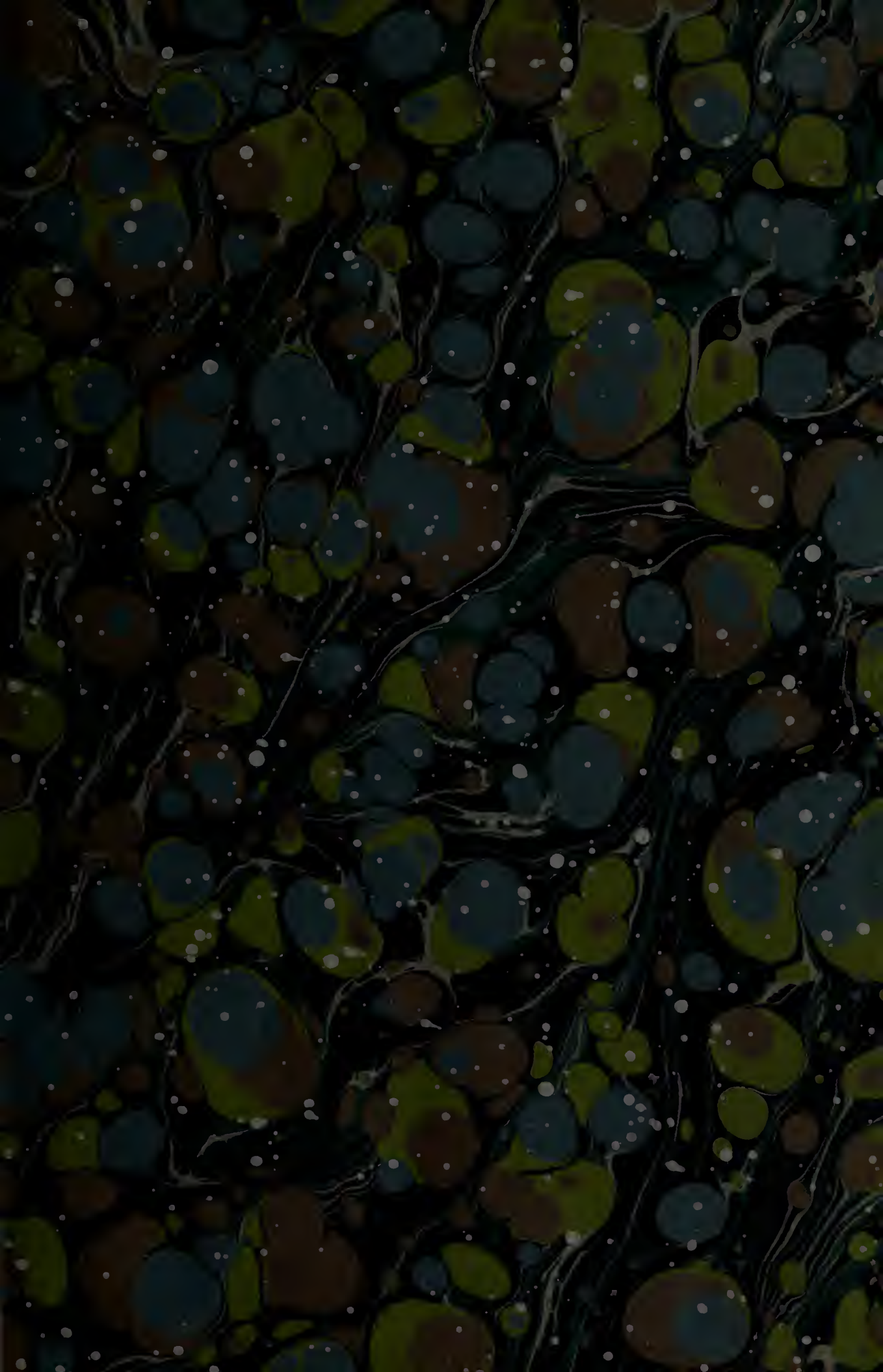


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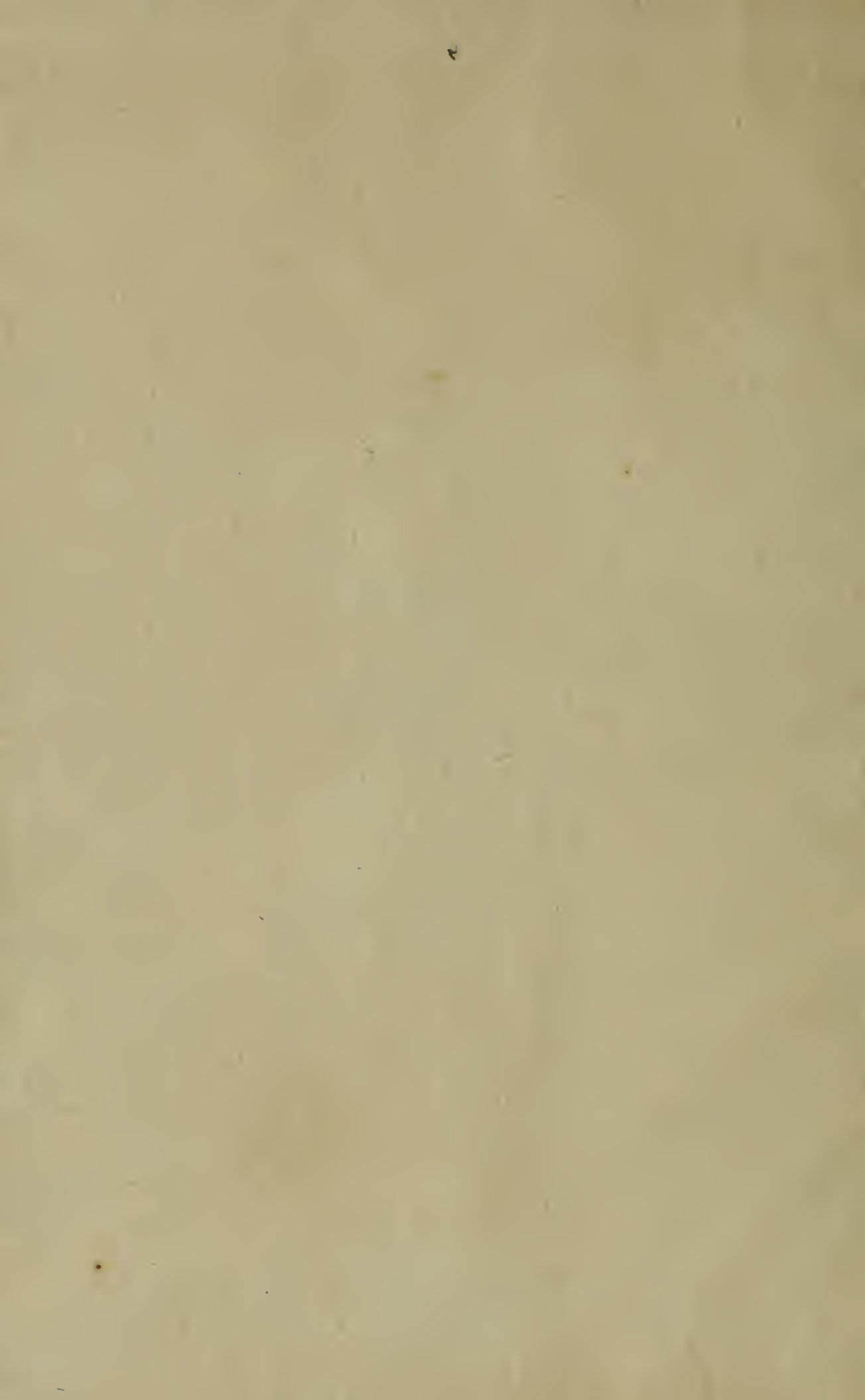


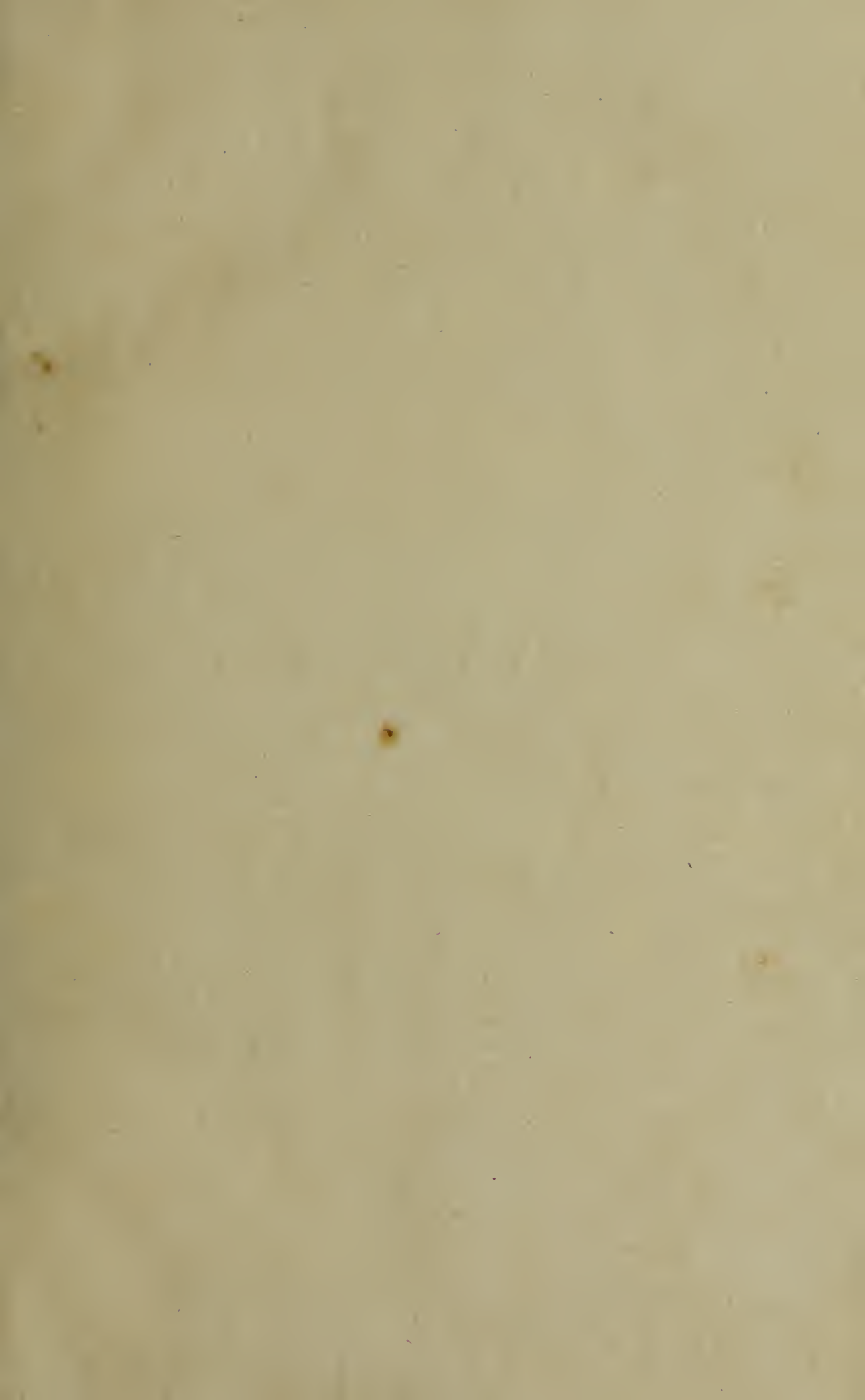
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# AYRES AND DIALOGUES,

For One, Two, and Three Voyces.

BY

*Langham.*



*HENRY LAWES* Servant to his late Ma:<sup>ty</sup>  
in his publick and private Musick.

*W. Faithorne fecit*

---

*The First Booke.*

---

L O N D O N,

Printed by T. H. for John Playford, and are to be sold at his Shop, in the Inner  
Temple, near the Church door. 1653.

Josiah H. Benton Ed.  
Nov. 24, 1939  
AA



Daughters to the Right Honorable, *John Earle of Bridgewater*;  
Lord President of *W A L E S*, &c.



Need not tell Your Ladiships, that since my Attendance on His late MAJESTY (my most Gracious Master) I have neglected the exercise of my Profession. Yet, to debarr Idlenesse (which, without vanity I may say, I was never passionately in love with) I have made some Compositions, which now I resolve to publish to the World. What Grounds and Motives lead me to this Publication, I conceive not so proper for your Ladiships notice, having elsewhere told it to the Reader. But no sooner I

thought of making these Publick, than of inscribing them to Your Ladiships, most of them being Compos'd when I was employ'd by Your ever Honour'd Parents to attend Your Ladishipp's Education in Musick; who (as in other Accomplishments fit for Persons of Your Quality) excell'd most Ladies, especially in Vocall Musick; wherein You were so absolute, that You gave Life and Honour to all I set and taught You; and that with more Vnderstanding than a new Generation pretending to Skil (I dare say) are Capable of. I could therefore do nothing more becomming my Gratitude than a Dedication of These (so much Your own) to both Your Ladiships; and to manifest that Honour I bear to the Memory of Your deceased Parents, whose Favors it is impossible should ever be forgotten by

Your Ladiships most humbly devoted

Servant,

HENRY LAWES.



# To all Understanders or Lovers of MUSICK.

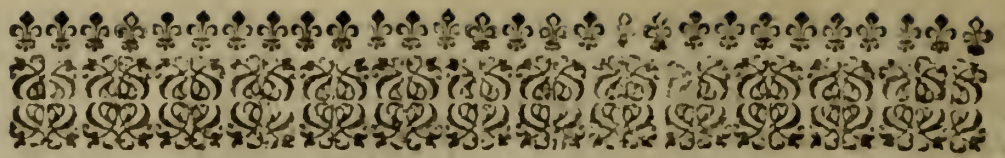


*I*t is easie to say I have been much importun'd, by Persons of Quality, to Publish my Compositions: But though I could plead it (and without vain Pretensions) yet now I shall waive it. Nor was I drawn to it by any little thoughts of private Gain; though men of my Relations (as the world now goes) are justly presum'd not to overflow; and perhaps the matter will not reach that value, let the Stationer look to that, who himselfe hath undergone the Charge and Trouble of the whole Impression; who yet (by his favour) hath lately made bold to print, in one Book, above twenty of my Songs, whereof I had no knowledge till his Book was in the Presse; and it seems he found those so acceptable that he is ready for more. Therefore now the Question is not, whether or no my Compositions shall be Publick, but whether they shall come forth from me, or from some other hand; and which of the two is likeliest to afford the true correct Copies, I leave others to judge. In this Book I reprint none that were publish'd in the former, or ever in print before. I could tell ye also, I have often found many of mine that have walkt abroad in other mens names: how they came to lose their Relations and be Anabaptiz'd, I think not worth examining. Only I shall say, that some who so adopted and owned my Songs had greater kindnesse for the Children than for the Father: else sure they had not bestow'd some other late Ayres (which themselves could not own) upon Forrainers and Strangers, because I compos'd them to Italian and Spanish words. I should think such an Injury an unseasonable piece of Injustice, since now we live in so sullen an Age, that our Profession it selfe hath lost its Incouragement. But wise men have observ'd our Generation so giddy, that whatsoever is Native (be it never so excellent) must lose its taste, because themselves have lost theirs. For my part, I professe (and such as know me can bear me witnesse) I desire to render every man his due, whether Strangers or Natives. I acknowledge the Italians the greatest Masters of Musick, but yet not all. And (without depressing the Honour of other Countries) I may say our own Nation hath had and yet hath as able Musicians as any in Europe; and many now living (whose names I forbear) are excellent both for the Voyce and Instruments. But as in Musick the Unison and Diapason are the sweetest of all Chords, yet a Second and a Seventh, which stand next to them, are more Discordant from them than any other Notes in all the Scale: So to Musicians, a man's next Neighbour is the farthest from him, and none give so harsh a Report of the English as the English themselves. We should not thinke Musick any stranger to this Island, since our Ancestors tell us that the Britains had Musicians before they had Books; and the Romans that invaded us (who were not too forward to magnifie other Nations) confesse what power the Druids and Bards had over the Peoples affections by recording in Songs the Deeds of Heroick Spirits, their very Laws and Religion being sung in Tunes, and so (without Letters) transmitted to Posterity; wherein it seems they were so dexterous, that their Neighbours out of Gaul came hither to learn it. How their Successors held it up I know not: But King Henry the Eight did much advance it, especially in the former part of his Reign, when his minde was more intent upon Arts and Sciences, at which time he invited all the greatest Masters out of Italy and other Countries, and Himselfe gave example by Composing with his own hand two intire Services, which were often sung in his Chappell, as the Lord Herbert of Cherbury (who writ his Life) hath left upon Record. Since whose time it prosper'd much in the Reign of Queen Elizabeth, King James, and His late Majesty. I confesse the Italian Language may have some advantage by being better smooch'd and vowell'd for Musick, which I found by many Songs which I set to Italian words: and our English seems a little

little over-clogg'd with Consonants; but that's much the Composer's fault, who by judicious setting and right tuning the words may make it smooth enough. And since our palates are so much after Novelties, I desir'd to try the Greek, having never seen any thing Set in that Language by our own Musicians or Strangers; and (by Composing some of Anacreon's Odes) I found the Greek Tongue full as good as any for Musick; and in some particulars sweeter than the Latine, or those Moderne ones that descended from Latine. I never lov'd to Set or sing words which I do not understand; and where I cannot; I desir'd help of others who were able to interpret. But this present Generation is so sated with what's Native, that nothing takes their care but what's sung in a Language which (commonly) they understand as little as they do the Musick. And to make them a little sensible of this ridiculous humour, I took a Table or Index of old Italian Songs (for one, two, and three Voyces) and this Index (which read together made a strange medley of Non-sence) I set to a varied Ayre, and gave out that it came from Italy, whereby it hath passed for a rare Italian Song. This very Song I have now here printed. And if this First Book shall find acceptance, I intend yearly to publish the like; for I confess I have a sufficient Stock lying by me (and shall compose more) having had the Honour to Set the Verses of the most and chiefeſt Poets of our Times. As for those Copies of Verses in this Book, I have rendred their Names who made them, from whose hands I received them. These Reasons (with some other not here mentioned) drew me forth to this Publication, which if receiv'd with the same heart that I offer it, will be further Encouragement for

H. L.



  
 To Mr. HENRY LAWES, who had then newly set a Song of mine in the Year, 1635.



Verse makes Heroick Vertue live,  
 But you can life to Verses give:  
 As when in open aire we blow  
 The breath (though strain'd) sounds flat and low,  
 But if a Trumpet take the blast,  
 It lifts it high, and makes it last:  
 So in your Ayres our Numbers drest  
 Make a shrill sally from the Brest

Of Nymphs, who singing what we pen'd,  
 Our Passions to themselves commend,  
 While Love Victorious with thy Art  
 Governs at once their Voyce and Heart.  
 You by the help of Tune and Time  
 Can make that Song which was but Rime.  
 NOY pleading, no man doubts the Cause,  
 Or questions Verses set by LAWES,  
 For as a window thick with paint  
 Lets in a light but dim and faint,  
 So others with Division hide  
 The Light of Sense, the Poets Pride,  
 But you alone may truly boast  
 That not a syllable is lost;  
 The Writer's and the Setter's skill  
 At once the ravish't Eare do fill.  
 Let those which only warble long,  
 And gargle in their throats a Song,  
 Content themselves with Ut, re, mi,  
 Let words and sense be set by Thee.

ED. WALLER, Esquire.



To his Honour'd F. Mr. *HENRY LAWES*,  
on his *Ayres and Dialogues*.



Howe happy few who apprehend thy flight,  
Ever above the Cloud, yet still in sight,  
Cannot by all their Numbers and Addresse  
Swell or advance thy praises, but confesse.  
For thou art fix'd beyond the Power of Fate,  
Since nothing that is Mortal can Create.  
And is it possible that thou should'st dye  
who can'st bestow such Immortality?

I have not sought the Rules by which yee try  
When a Chord's broke, or holds in Harmony;

But I am sure Thou hast a Soul within  
As if created for a Cherubin;  
Brim full of Candour and wise Innocence,  
And is not Musick a Resultance thence?  
For sure the blunt-bill'd Swan's first fame to sing  
Sprung from the motion of her spotless wing.

But sole Integrity winns not the Cause,  
For then each honest man would be a *LAWES*:  
Thou hast deep Iudgement, Phansie, and high Sence,  
Old and new *Wit*, steady Experience;  
A Soul unbrib'd by any thing but Fame,  
Grasping to get nought but a good great Name.  
Hence all thy Ayres flow pure and unconfin'd,  
Blown by no Mercenary Lapland wind,  
No stoln or plunder'd Phansies, but born free,  
And so transmitted to Posteritie,  
Which never shall their well-grown Honor blast,  
Since they have Thy, that's the best, Indgement past.

Yet Some, who forc'd t'admire Thee, must repine  
That all Theirs are out-done by thy Each Line;  
The Sence so humour'd, and those Humours hit,  
Will call them acts of Fortune, not of Wit;  
Hoping their want of Skill may be thy Brand  
'Cause they have not the Luck to understand;  
Cry up the Words to cry Thee down, and swear  
Thou sett'st more Sence then they can meet elsewhere;  
Concluding could themselves such Verses show  
They could produce such Compositions too.

But is't thy fault if the great witts whole *Quire*  
Before all Others still prefer Thy Lyre?  
They tasted All, and Thine among the rest,  
But then return'd to Thee, 'cause Best was Best.  
Bid such attach Thy Old Anacreon's Greek,  
where the least Accent will cost Them a week,  
Six Months a Verse, and that Verse tun'd and scan'd  
(Though short) twelve Years, an Age to Understand:  
But thy Lute, like th'last Trump, hath rais'd His Head,  
who, er'e the Græcian Empire born, was dead.

Then let all Poetts bring all Verse, which They  
May on thy Desk as on an Altar lay,  
where kindled by that Touch thy Hand hath given,  
'Twill climb (whence Musick first came down) to Heaven.

FRANCIS FINCH, Esquire.

To the much honour'd Mr. *HENRY LAWES*,  
on his Book of *Ayres*.



*Hat Princes dye not, they to Poetts owe ;  
Poetts themselves do owe their Lives to You ;  
whose Phansies soon would sifle, and declare  
They could not breath unlesse you lent them Ayre.  
'Tis that inspires their Feet, which else but crawl  
As Judges walk th' old Measures round the Hall,*

*Untill the feather'd heels of Youth advance  
And raise their dull pace up into a Dance :  
Your Art such Motion to our Verses brings  
We can but give them Feet, You give them wings.*

WILL. BARKER.



To his much honour'd F. Mr. *HENRY  
LAWES*, on his Book of *Ayres*.



*Ather of Numbers, who hast still thought fit  
To tune thy selfe, and then Set others wit ;  
Forgive my Zeale, who with my Sprig of Bayes  
Do crowd into the Chorus of thy Praise.  
For Silence were, when LAWES is nam'd, a wrong,  
The Subject and the Master of all Song ;*

*who ne'r dost dive for Pebbles, undermine  
Mountains to make old rusty Iron shine :  
But hast made Great things Greater, do'st dispense  
Lustre to wit, by adding Sence to Sence.  
For Passions are not Passions, 'till they be  
Rais'd to that height, which they expect from Thee ;  
And all this is thy selfe ; Thy Name's not grown  
Broader by putting on a Cap or Gown ;  
who like those Jockies that do often sell  
An old worn Jade, because he's saddled well ;  
No ; Thou can'st humour all that wit can teach,  
which those that are but Note-men cannot reach :  
Thou'rt all so fit, that some have pass'd their Votes,  
Thy Notes beget the words, not words thy Notes.*

T. NORTON!



To my ever honour'd Friend & Father, Mr. *HENRY*  
*LAWES*, on his Book of *Ayres and Dialogues*.



*After of Musick and Musicians too,  
And Father of the Muses, All's thy due :  
For not a drop that flows from Helicon  
But Ay'r'd by thee grows streight into a Song.  
So as when Light about the World was spread,  
All kind of Colours, Black, white, Green, and Red;  
Soon mixt with Substances, and grew to be  
Plants, Grasse, and Flowers, which All's but Harmony!*

*Thou mak'st the Grave and Light together chime,  
Both joyntly dance, yet keep their own true time ;  
The winning Dorick, that best loves the Harp ;  
The Phrygian, thats as sweet, though far more sharp ;  
The brisk Ionick, sober Lydian Mood,  
which every eare sucks in, and cries, 'tis good :  
Thou hitt'st them all ; their Spirit, Tone, and Pause,  
Have all conspir'd to meet and honour *LAWES*.*

*No pointing Comma, Colon, halfe so well  
Renders the Breath of Sense ; they cannot tell  
The just Proportion how each word should go,  
To rise and fall, run swiftly or march slow ;  
Thou shew'st 'tis Musick only must do this,  
which as thou handlest it can never miss ;  
All may be Sung or Read, which thou hast dress'd,  
Both are the same, save that the Singing's best.*

*Thy Muse can make this sad, raise that to Life,  
Inflaming one, smoothing down th' others Strife,  
Meer words, when measur'd best, are Words alone,  
Till quickned by their nearest Friend a Tone :  
And then, when Sense and perfect Concords meet,  
Though th' Story bitter be, Tunes make it sweet ;  
Thy Ariadne's Grief's so fitly shown  
As bring's us Pleasure from her saddest Groan.*

*And all this is thine own, thy true-born Heir ;  
Nor stoln at home, nor Forrain far-fetcht ware  
Made good by Mountebanks, who loud must cry  
Till some believe, and do as dearly buy ;  
which when they've try'd, not better nor yet more  
They find, than what does grow at their own door.  
For when such Mountains swell with mighty Birth,  
wee find some poor small petty thing creep forth.*

*But I'm too short to speak thee, I've no Praise  
To give, but what I gather from thy Bayes :  
My narrow Hive's supply'd from thy full Flow'r,  
Nor does thy Ocean Praise know Bank or Shoar ;  
Yet this I dare attest, that who shall look  
And understand as well as read thy Book  
Must say that here both Wit and Musick meet ;  
Like the great Giant's Riddle Strong and Sweet.*

TO his Honour'd Friend, Mr. *Henry Lawes*, upon his Book of *Ayres*,



*U*sick thou *Soul of Verse*, gently inspire  
My untun'd *Phanſie* with some *sprightly Ayre*;  
'Tis fittest now that I thy aid require  
While I to sing thee and thy *Lawes* prepare:  
For the high *Raptures* of a lofty strain  
Charm equall with the *Bow's Aonian*.

'Twere in me rudeness, not to blazon forth  
(Father in *Musick*) thy deserved praise,  
Who oft have been, to witness thy rare worth,  
A ravisht hearer of thy skilfull Lay's.

Thy Lay's that wont to lend a soaring wing,  
And to my tardy *Muse* fresh ardour bring.

While brightest Dames, the splendour of the Court,  
Themselves a silent *Musick* to the Eye,  
Would oft to hear thy solemn *Ayres* resort,  
Making thereby a double *Harmony*:

'Tis hard to judge which adds the most delight,  
To th' Eare thy *Charms*, or theirs unto the Sight.

But this is sure, had *Strada's Nightingale*  
Heard the soft murmurs of thy *Ayry Lute*,  
She doubting lest her own sweet voice should fail  
To hear thy sweeter *Ayres*, had quite been mute.  
Such *Vertue* dwels in *Harmony divine*  
(Admired *L A W E S*) and above all in thine.

The *Dorick Sage*, and the mild *Lydian*,  
The sad *Laconick* unto wars exciting,  
Th' *Acolian Grave*, the *Phrygian mournfull strain*,  
The smooth *Jonick* carelessly delighting,  
There calmly meet, and chearfully agree,  
Various themselves, to make one *Symphony*.

If we long since could boast thy purest *Vain*,  
More then old *Greece* the *Rhodopian Lyre*,  
Or *Latian Bowres* of late *Marenzo's strain*,  
How much must our applause advance thee higher?  
When thy yet more harmonious birth shall bring  
To us new Joies, new Pleasures to the Spring.

The woods wild Songsters, wonder will surprize  
Hearing the sweet Art of thy well tun'd Notes,  
What new unwonted chime? 'tis that outvies  
The Native sweetness of their liquid throats,  
Which while in *Vain* they strive to emulate  
Another's *Musick's Duell* they'l create.

Whether pure *Anthem's* fill the sacred Quire,  
Or *Lady's Chambers* the *Lute's* trembling voice,  
Or *Rurall Song's* the *Country Swains* admire,  
Thy large *Invention* still affords us choice;  
'Tis to thy Skill, that we indebted are,  
What ever *Musick* hath of neat and rare.

To thee the choicest Wits of *England* owe  
The Life of their fam'd Verse, that ne'r shall dye,  
For thou hast made their rich conceits to flow  
In streams more rich to lasting memory,  
Such *Musick* needs must steal our souls away,  
Where Voice and Verse do meet, where Love and *Phanſie* play.

EDWARD PHILLIPS,

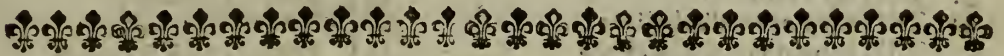


To my Honour'd Friend, Mr. *Henry Lawes*, upon his Book of *Ayres*.

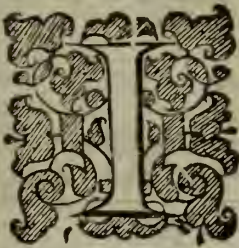


O calm the rugged Ocean, and assuage  
The horrid tempests in their highest rage,  
To tame the wildest Beasts, to still the Winds,  
And quell the fury of distemper'd minds,  
Making the Pensive merry, th' overjolly  
Composing to a sober Melancholy:  
These are th' effects of sacred harmonie;  
which being an Art so well attain'd by thee,  
(Most Honour'd Laws) what can we less then number  
Thy works with theirs who were the Ancients wonder?  
And give thee equall praise; but I forget;  
For we do owe thee a far greater debt,  
The charming sweetness of whose shorter Lay's,  
Not only we do hear with great amaze,  
But they have low descended to the deep,  
And wak'ned Theseus Queen from Stygian sleep;  
who slighting Orpheus, comes to beg of thee  
To ayd her with thy pow'rfull harmonie,  
Knowing thy strains more truly can expresse  
Her sense of Theseus strange forgetfulness;  
which makes us here to double thy Renown;  
Hereafter thou shalt wear fair Ariadne's Crown.

JOHN PHILLIPS.



To my Dear and Honour'd Friend, Mr. *HENRY LAWES*, upon his  
*Incomparable Book of Songs.*



Am no Poet, yet I will rehearse  
My Virgin Muse, though in unpolisht Verse;  
Perhaps the immature and lib'rall fence,  
(Yet better than those Ignorants commence,  
Who boldly dare their scandalous censures throw,  
And judge of things (I'll swear) they do not know)  
Will be to some displeasing; but what then?  
Must they not know their wild pretensions, when  
Unnat'rally they'll raise a Forrain Name,  
And blast the Honour of their Native Fame?  
But stay; Will this reclaim them? No, th'are mad;  
Their Reason is insatiate, and clad  
In such a stupified ignorance:  
Nothing will please that is not come from *France*  
Or *Italy*; but let them have their will,  
Whilst we unto thy Noble Art and Skill  
Do sacrifice our admirations:  
The tribute's just, and other Nations  
Cannot but pay it too, when they shall see  
Their best of Labours thus outdone by Thee;  
Or else amaz'd to see thy *English Ayre*  
Past imitation; they will dispaire,  
And wonder we can surfeit with such meat,  
So rare, so rich, so pleasant, so compleat.  
Be happy then; Thou art above all hate;  
Thy great abilities have out-grown thy Fate:  
Thy Fortune soars aloft; thou art renown'd:  
Thy Fame's with Judgements approbation crown'd:  
And in this Verse, (as I disclaim all Wit)  
So 'twas thy worth, oblig'd my fancy c'ies

JO. CARWARDEN



The TABLE, with the Names of those who were Authors of the Verses.

A.	<b>A</b> <i>Riadne</i> Am I dispis'd because you say <i>Amarantha</i> sweet and fair Ask me why I send you here	Pag. 1	- Mr. William Cartwright of Christ-Church Oxford,
		19	- Mr. Robert Herick.
		15	- Col. Richard Lovelace.
		24	- Mr. Herick.
B.	Be gone, be gone thou perjur'd man	35	- Henry Lawes.
C.	Careless of Love, and free from Fears <i>Chloris</i> your self you so excell <i>Celia</i> thy bright Angel's Face Canst thou love me, and yet doubt Come my <i>Lucasta</i> Come heavy Souls	11	- <i>Carew</i> Raleigh, Esquire.
		14	- Edmond Waller, Esquire.
		17	- Thomas Earle of Winchilsea.
		23	- William Earle of Pembroke.
		25	- Sir Charles Lucas.
		28	- Dr. William Stroud, Oratour of the University of Oxford.
	Come, come thou glorious Object Come my Sweet whilst every strain	30	- Sir William Killigrew.
		32	- Mr. Cartwright.
D.	Dearest do not now delay me	20	- Mr. Henry Harington, Son to Sir Henry Harington.
F.	Farewell fair Saint	10	- Mr. Tho. Cary, Son to the Earle of Monmouth, and of the Bedchamber to his late Majesty.
G.	Gaze not on Swann's Give me more Love or more Disdain	15	- Mr. Henry Noel, Son to the L. Viscount Cambridgeshire.
		21	- Mr. Tho. Carew, Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, and Sewer to his late Majesty.
H.	He that love's a Rosie Cheek	12	- Mr. Carew.
I.	I long to sing the Seidge of Troy If when the Sun at Noon It is not that I love you lesse <i>Imbre lachrymarum largo</i>	27	- Mr. John Berkenhead.
		18	- Mr. Carew.
		22	- Mr. Waller.
		36	- Mr. Thomas Fuller, Batch. Divinity.
L.	Ladies who gild the glitt'ring Noon Lately on yonder swelling Bush Lovely <i>Chloris</i> though thine eyes The Day's return'd	35	- Mr. Francis Lenton.
		24	- Mr. Waller.
		20	- Mr. Henry Reynolds.
		33	- Mr. Berkenhead.
T.	Till now I never did believe Till I beheld fair <i>Celia's</i> Face 'Tis true fair <i>Celia</i> Thou art so Fair and Yong 'Tis Wine that inspir's Two hundred minutes are run down	16	- Sir Thomas Nevill.
		25	- Francis Finch, Esquire.
		29	- Mr. Henry Bathurst.
		31	- Mr. Aurelian Townsbend.
		32	- Lord Breughall.
		34	- Mr. Berkenhead.
V.	<i>Venus</i> redress a wrong	7	- Mr. Cartwright.
W.	When thou poor Excommunicate When on the Altar of my hand While I listen to thy Voyce <i>Ὀλέω λήγειν Ἀτρεΐδης</i> <i>Inquel gelato core (TAVOLA)</i> Last Pag. in the Book	8	- Mr. Carew.
		9	- Mr. Carew.
		13	- Mr. Waller.
		26	- Anacreon's Ode, call'd the Lute.
			- By divers and sundry Authors.

Dialogues and Songs for two Voyces.

D	istressed Pilgrim, A Dialogue betwixt <i>Cor- danus</i> and an <i>Amorest</i>	Pag. 1	- Col. Francis Lovelace.
Aged man that mowes these Fields, A Dialogue betwixt <i>Time</i> and a <i>Pilgrim</i>		3	- Mr. Aurelian Townsbend.
As <i>Celia</i> rested in the shade, A Dialogue be- twixt <i>Cleon</i> and <i>Celia</i>		5	- Mr. Tho. Carew.
<i>Bacchus</i> <i>Pacchus</i> fill our brains		9	- Mr. Townsbend.
Go thou Emblem of my heart		10	- Mr. Harington.
O the Fickle state of Lovers		12	- Mr. Francis Quarles.
Musick thou Queen of Souls		14	- Mr. Tho. Randolph of Trinity Colledge Cambridge.

Ayres and Songs for three Voyces.

C	ome <i>Chloris</i> , hie we to the Bower	16	- Mr. Henry Reynolds.
Though my Torment far exceeds		17	- Mr. Harington.
If my Mistress fix her Eye		18	- Mr. Harington.
Keep on your Vaile		19	- Dr. Stroud.
Thou Shepheard whose intentive eye		20	- Mr. Townsbend.
O now the certain Cause I know		21	- Mr. Cartwright.
Sing Fair <i>Clorinda</i>		22	- Sr. William Davenant.
Grieve not Dear Love		24	- John Earle of Bristol.
Ladies whose smooth and Dainty Skin,		26	- Mr. Harington.



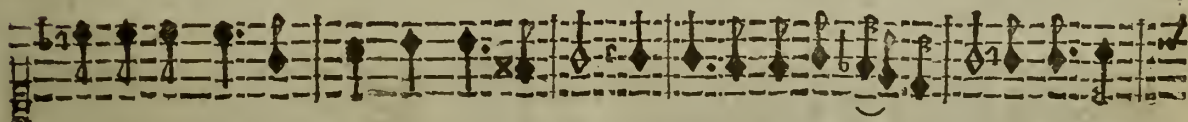
## The Story of *Theseus* and *Ariadne*, as much as concerns the ensuing Relation, is this.

**T**heseus going over into Crete to fight with the Minotaure, made his Father *Ægeus* this promise, that if he came off with Life and Victory, he would set up white sailes at his coming back, the Ship as he went out having black sailes in token of griefe: being come into Crete, *Ariadne* the Kings Daughter there fell in love with him, and gave him a Clew of thread, by which after he had slain the Minotaure he extricated himselfe out of that perplexed Labyrinth: having thus obtained the Victory, he carried her along with him into the Island *Naxos*, where he tooke occasion to leave her as she was a sleep, and so hasting homeward, forgot to hoist the white sailes; his Father *Ægeus*, therefore, who stood upon a Rock, expecting his return, as soon as he perceived the black sailes, cast himselfe headlong into the Sea, from whom it was called the *Ægean Sea*. In this while, *Ariadne* complaining of *Theseus* his Infidelity, resolving to destroy her selfe, having made her own Epitaph, was comforted by *Bacchus*, who coming thither was enamoured of her Beauty, and took her to his protection.

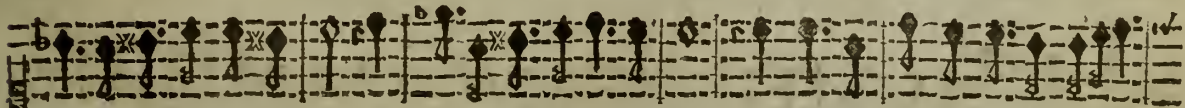
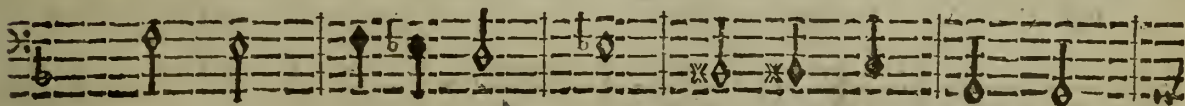
*Ariadne* sitting upon a Rock in the Island *Naxos*, deserted by *Theseus*, thus complains.

**T**heseus, O *Theseus*, hark! but yet in vain; A-las de-ser-ted I complain;

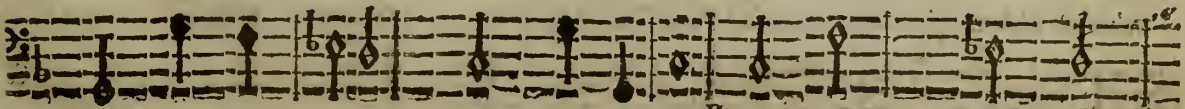
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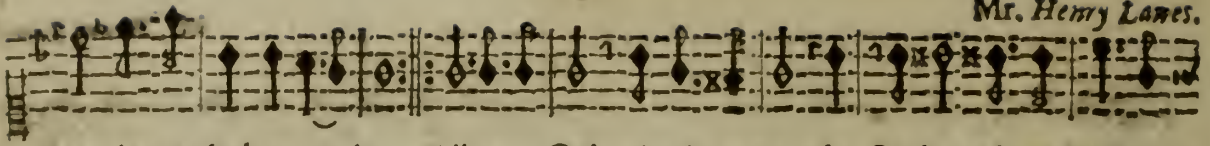
it was some neigh'ring Rock, more soft then he, whose hollow bowels pittye'd me, and beating



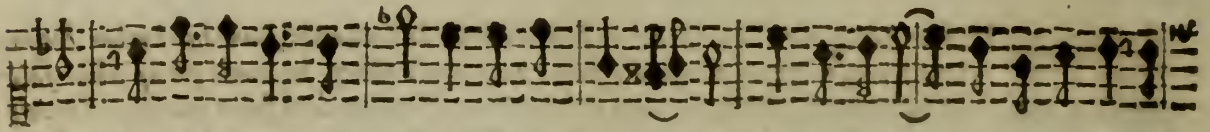
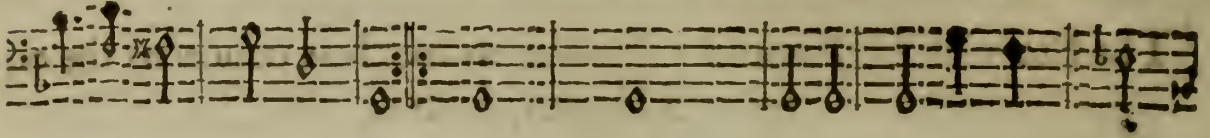
back that false & cruell name, did comfort and revenge my flame, then faithles. whither wilt thou flye?



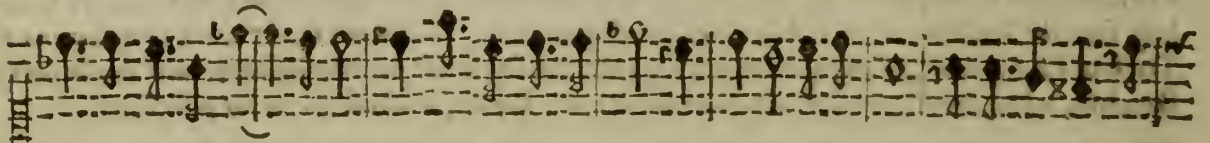
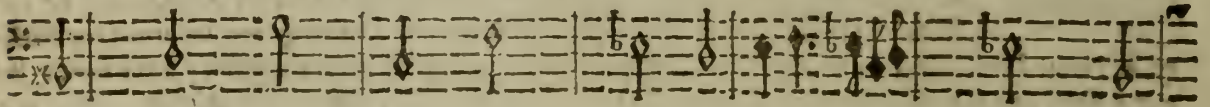




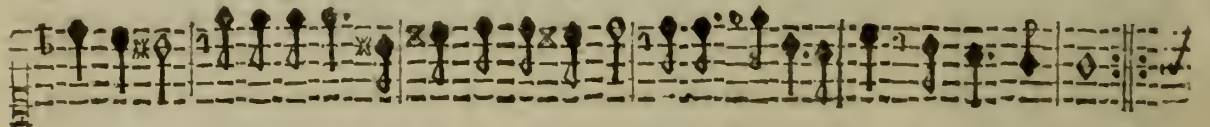
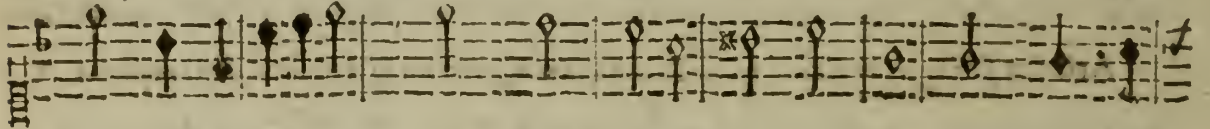
stones dare not harbour cruelty. Tell me ye Gods, who e're ye are, why, O why, made ye him so



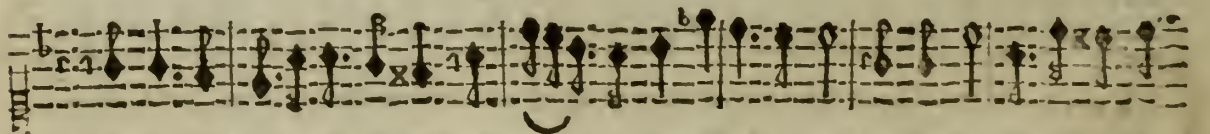
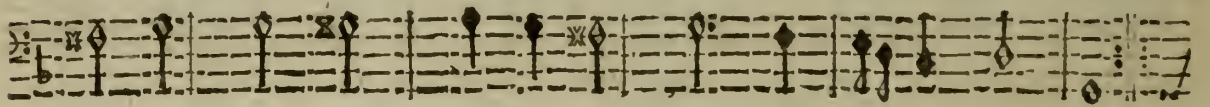
faire? & tell me wretch why thou mad'st not thy selfe more true? Beauty from him might copies take, &



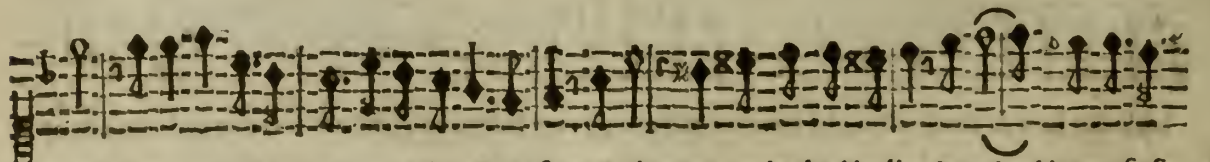
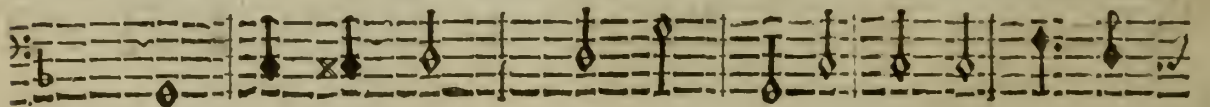
more majestick *Heroes* make, and falshood learn a wile from him too, to beguile: restore my Clue, 'tis



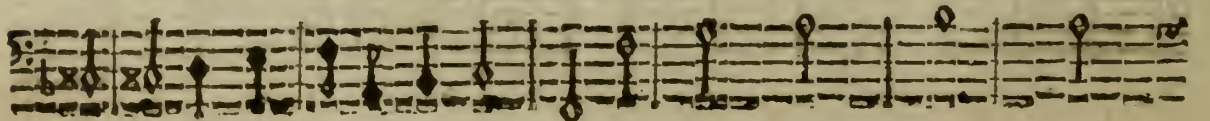
here most due, for 'tis a Labrinth of more subtile Art, to have so faire a face, so fowle a heart:



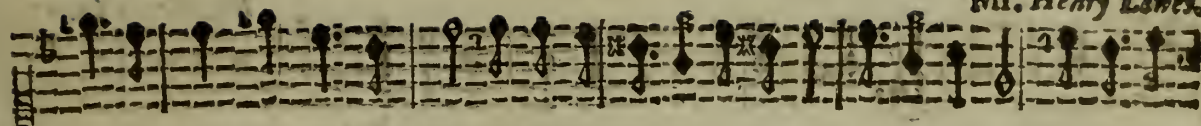
The rav'nous Vultur tear his breast, the row-ling stone disturbe his rest, let him next feele *Ix-i-ous*



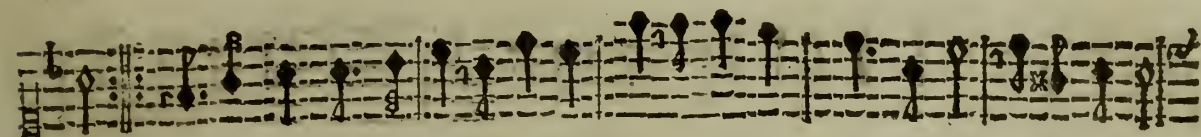
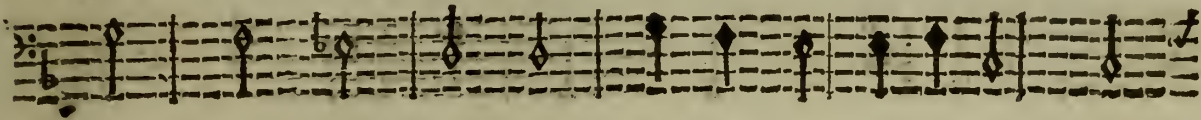
wheel, & add one fable more to, cursing Poets store, & then yet rather let him live & twine his woof of



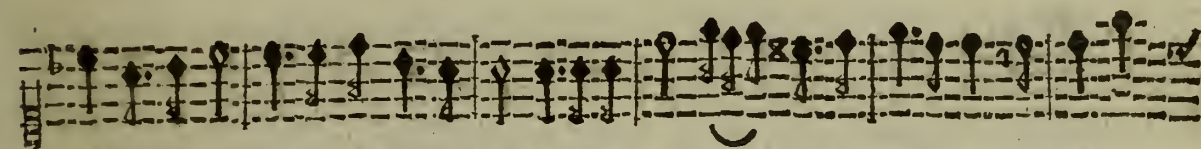
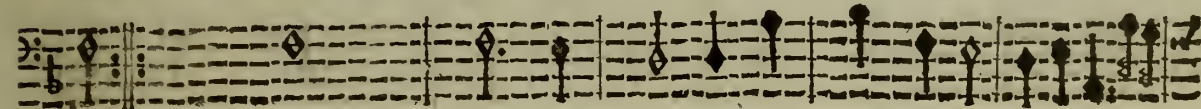




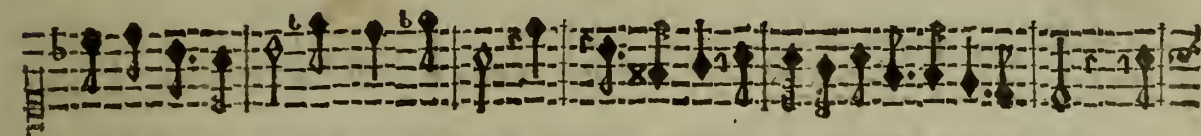
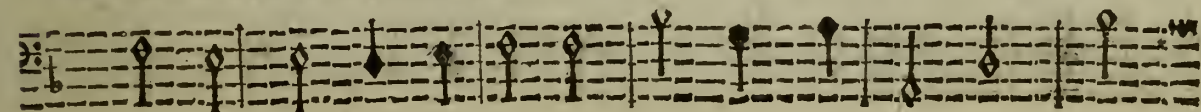
days with some thread stoln from mine; but if you'l torture him, how e're torture my heart, you'l find him



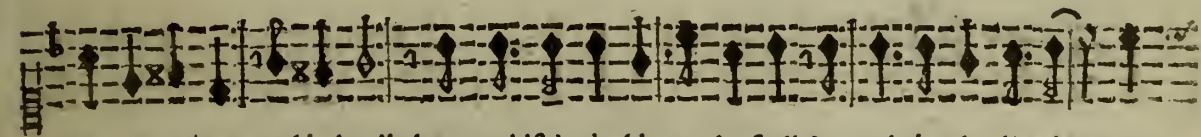
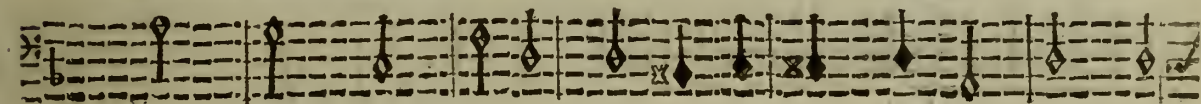
there : Till mine eyes drank up his, and his drank mine, I ne'r thought souls might kifs, & spirits joyne :



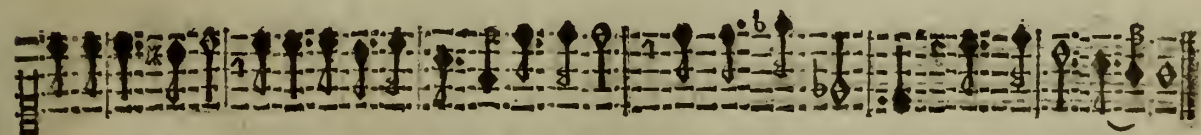
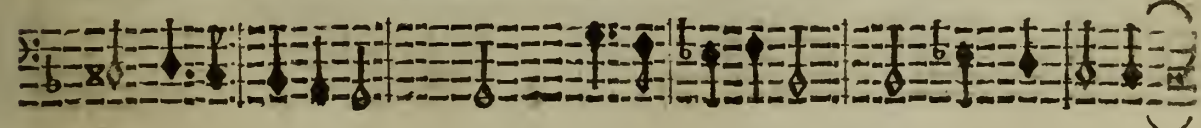
Pictures till then, took me as much as men, Nature and Art move-ing a—like my heart; but his faire



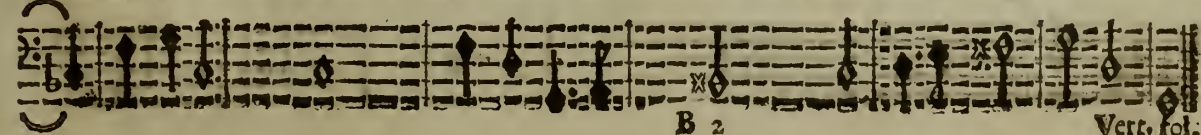
visage made me find pleasures and fears, hopes, sighs and tears, as severall seasons of the mind. Should



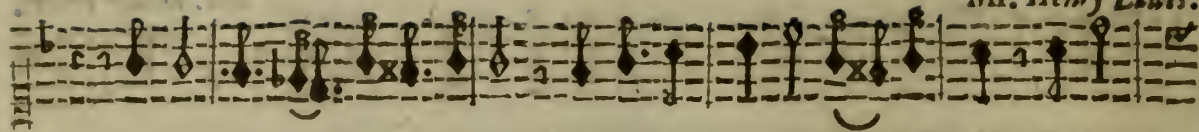
thine Eye *Venus* on his dwell, thou wouldst invite him to thy shell, & caught by that live jet, ven-



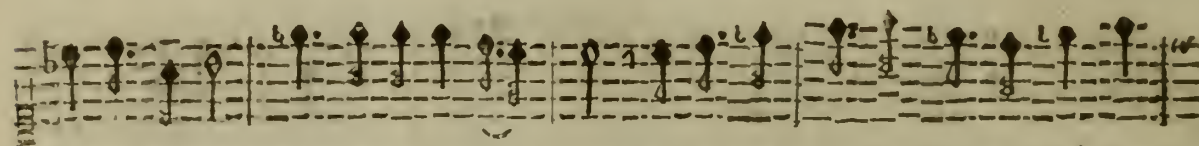
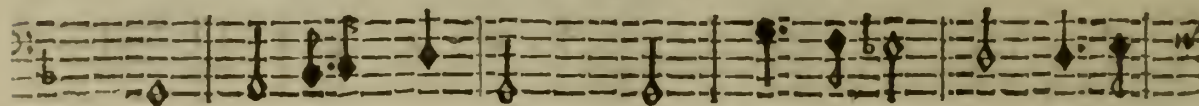
ture the second net, and after all thy dangers faithlesse he, shouldst thou but slumber, would forsake ev'n thee.



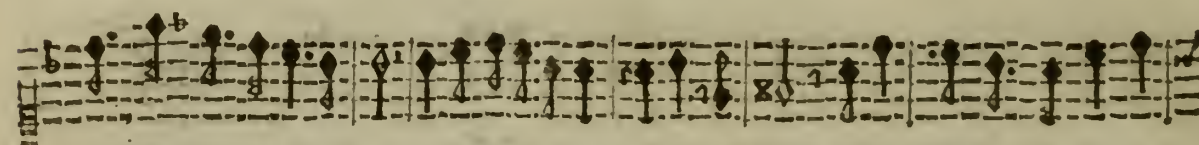
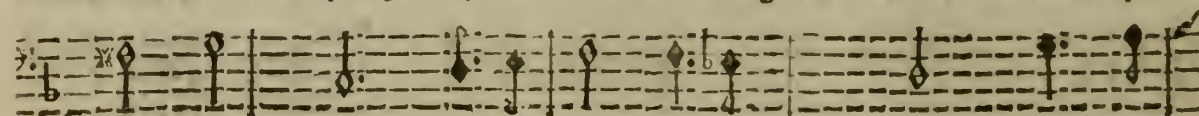




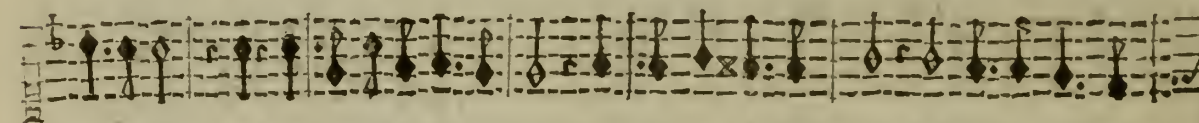
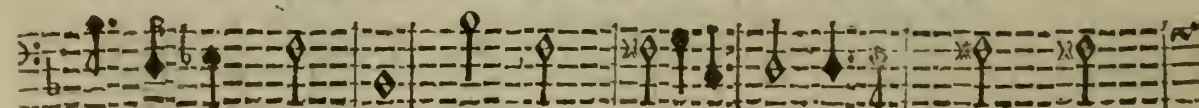
The streams so court the yielding bankes, and gliding thence ne're pay their thanks, the winds



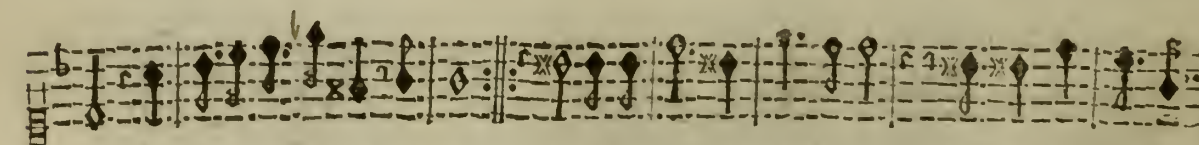
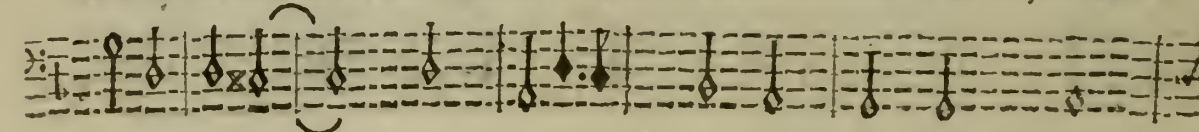
so woo the flowers, whisp'ring among fresh bowers, and having rob'd them of their smells, flye



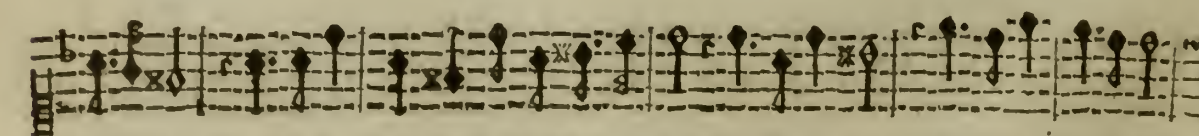
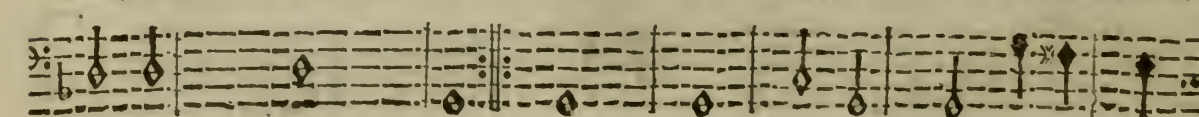
thence perfum'd to other Cels; this is familiar hate, to smile, & kill, though nothing pleas thee, yet my



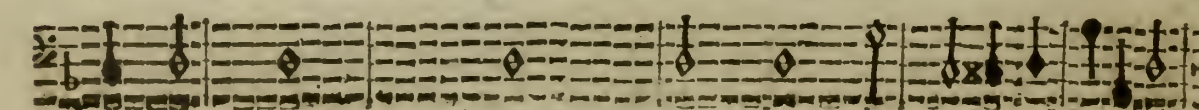
ruine will: Death hover, hover, o're me then, waves let your christall womb, be both my fare and



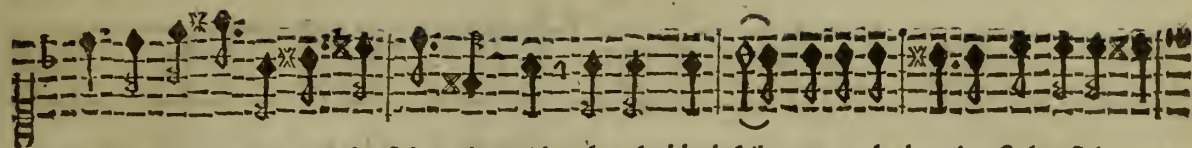
comb, I'll sooner trust the sea then men. Yet for revenge to heav'n I'll call, and breath one curse be-



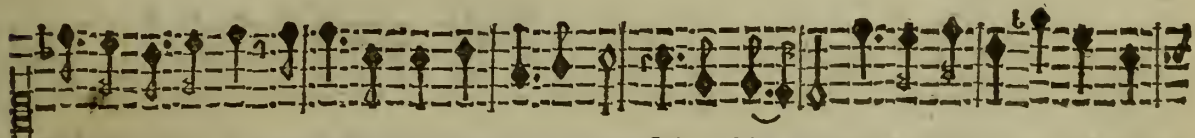
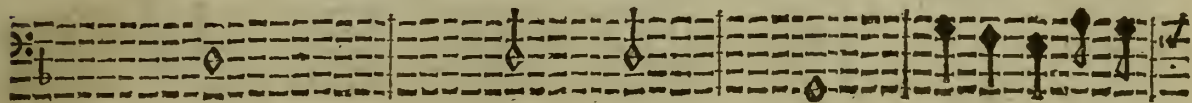
-fore I fall; proud of two Conquests, *Minotaur* and me, that by my faith, this by thy perjurie.



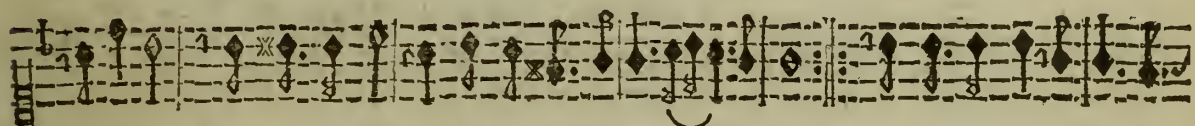
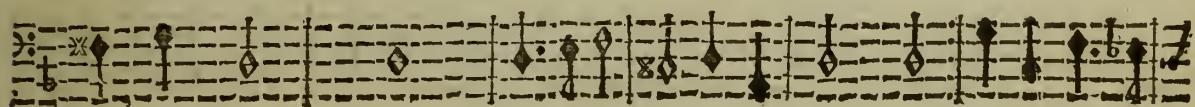




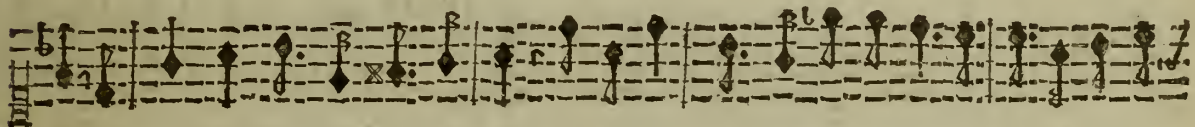
May'st thou forget to wing thy ships with white, that the black sails may to the longing sight of thy gray



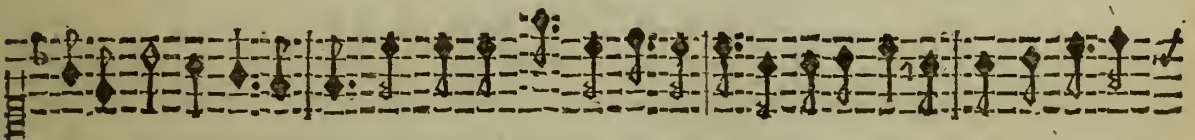
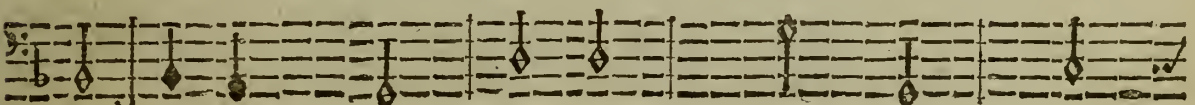
Father tell thy fate, and he bequeath that sea his name, falling like me. Nature & Love thus brand thee,



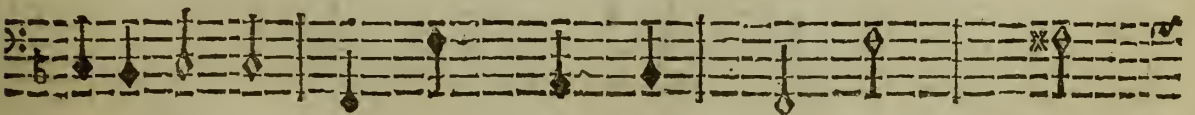
whilst I dye, 'cause thou forsak'st *Aegus*, 'cause thou draw'st nigh. And ye, O Nymphs below who



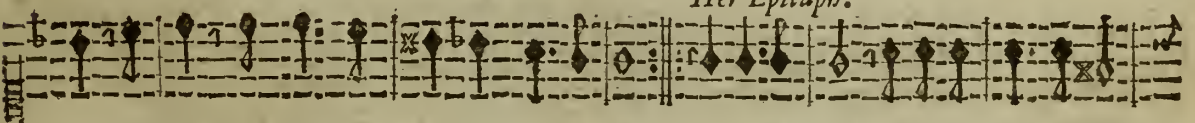
fit, in whose swift floods his vows he writ, snatch a sharp Diamond from your richer Mines, & in some



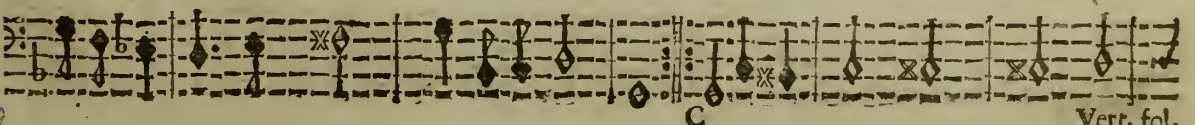
Mirror grave these sadder lines; which let some God convey to him, that so he may in that both read at



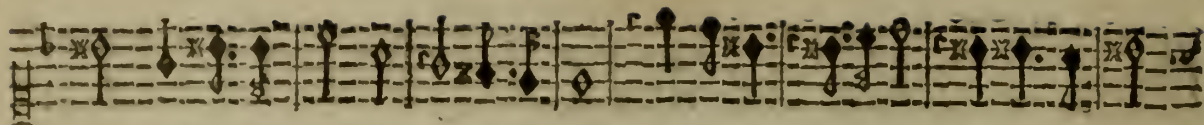
*Her Epitaph.*



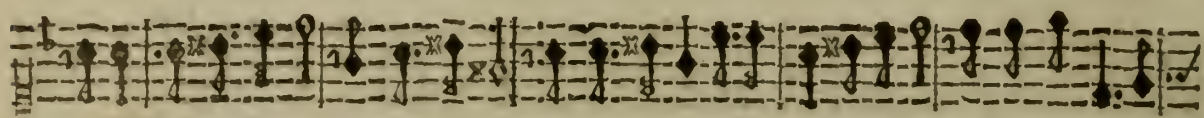
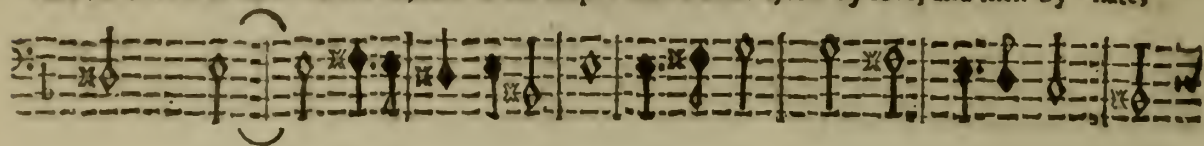
once and see those looks that caus'd my de-sti—ny. In *Thetis* Armes I *A-ri-ad-ne* sleep,



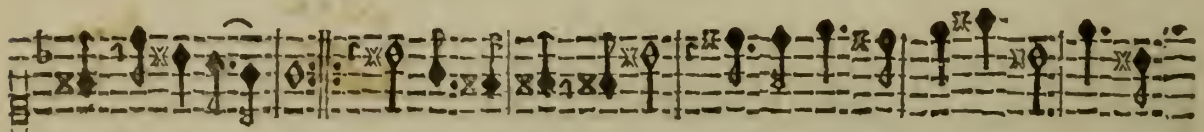
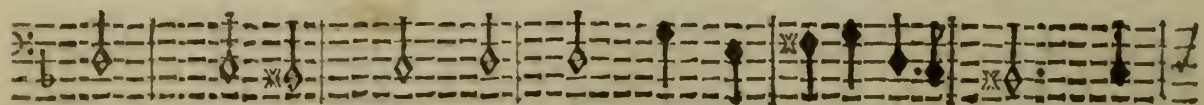




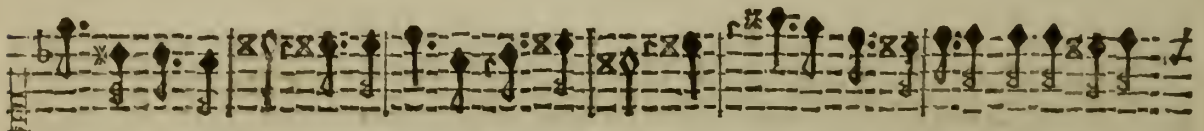
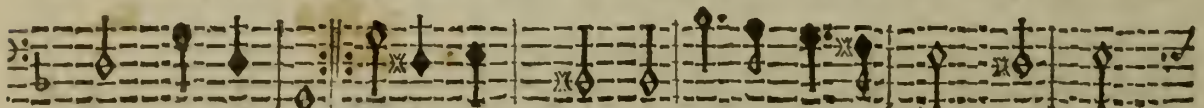
drown'd: First in mine own tears, then in the deep: Twice banish'd, first by love, and then by hate,



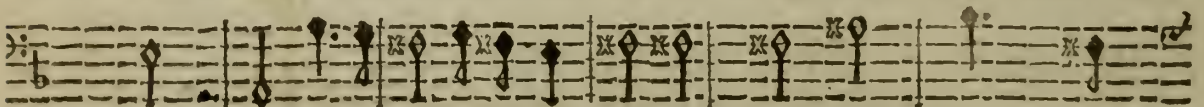
the life that I preserv'd became my fate, who leaving all was by him left alone, that from a Monster



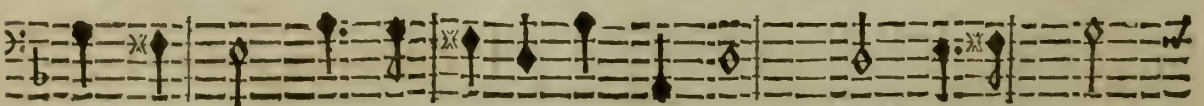
fre'd, himfelfe prov'd one : Thus then I F— but looke, O mine eyes, be now true spies, yonder,



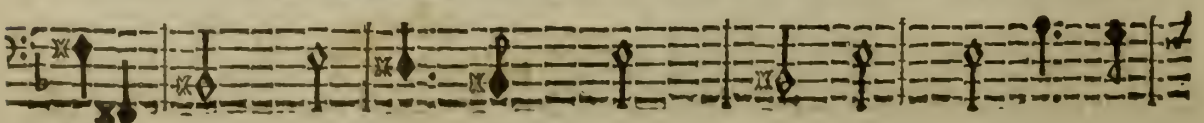
yonder comes my dear, now my wonder, once my fear ; see Satyrs dance along in a con-fu-sed



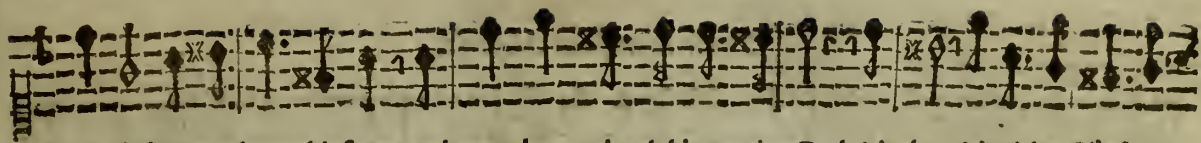
throng, whilst horns and pipes rude noice, do mad their lusty joyes; Roses his forehead crown, & that re-



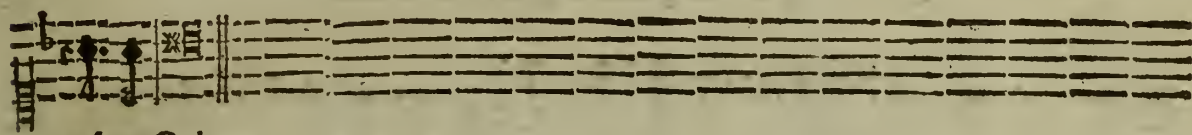
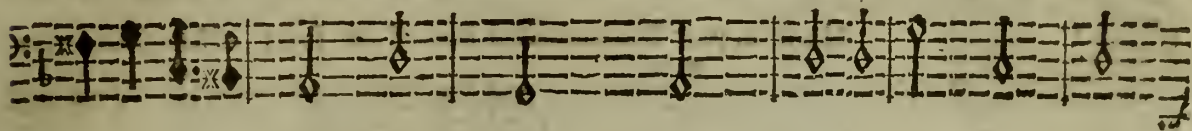
-crows the flowers; where he walks up and down, he makes the Desarts Bowers; the Ivy and the



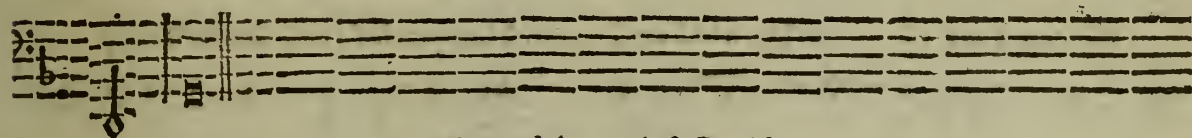




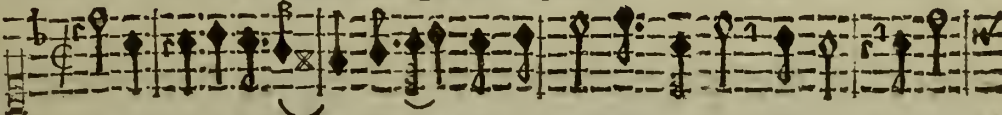
Grape hide not, adorne his shape, and green leaves cloath his waving Rod, 'tis he ; 'tis either *Theferus*,



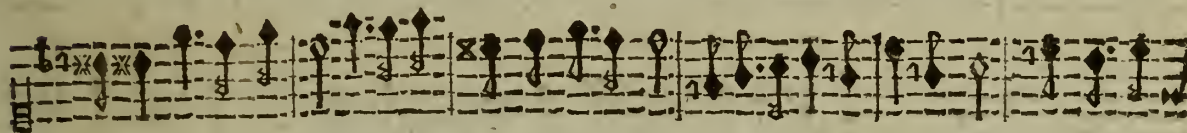
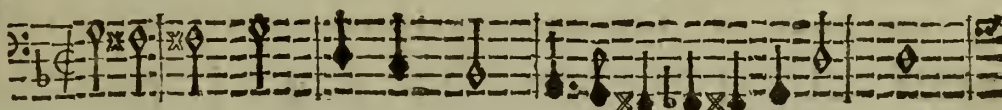
or some God.



*A Complaint against Cupid.*



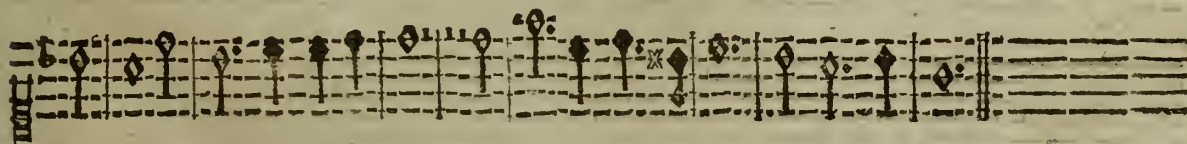
*Venus*, redress a wrong thats done by that yong sprightful boy thy son ; he wounds,



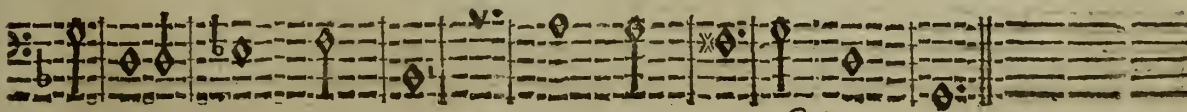
and then laughs at the fore, hatred it self could do no more ; if I pursue, he's smal & light, both seen at

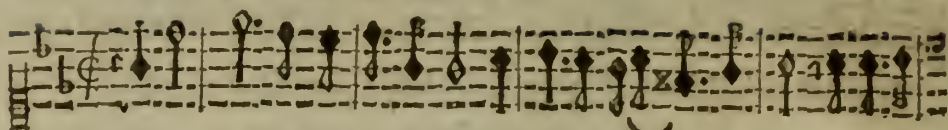
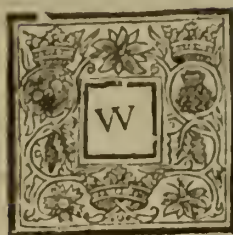


once, and out of sight ; if I do flye, he's wing'd, & then at the first step I'm caught again. Left one



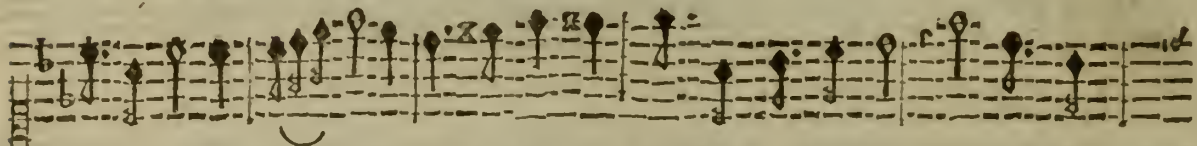
day thou thy selfe may'st suffer so, or clip the wantons wings, or break his Bow.



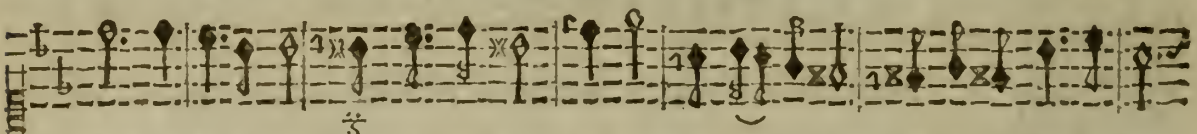
*To his Inconstant Mistress.*

Hen thou, poor Excommunicate from all the joyes of Love shalt see the

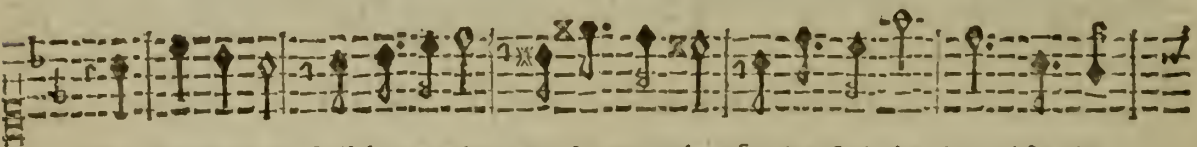
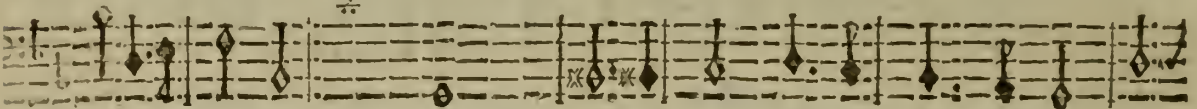
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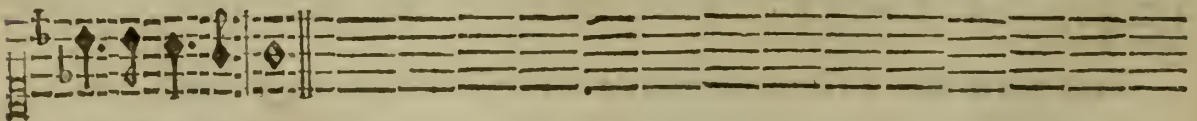
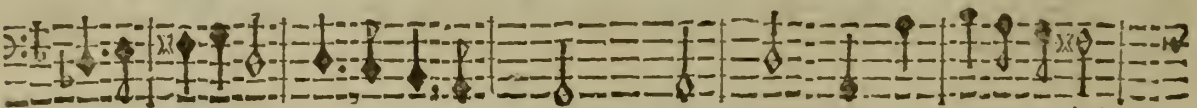
full reward and glo—ri—ous fate, which my strong faith hath purchas'd me, then curse thine



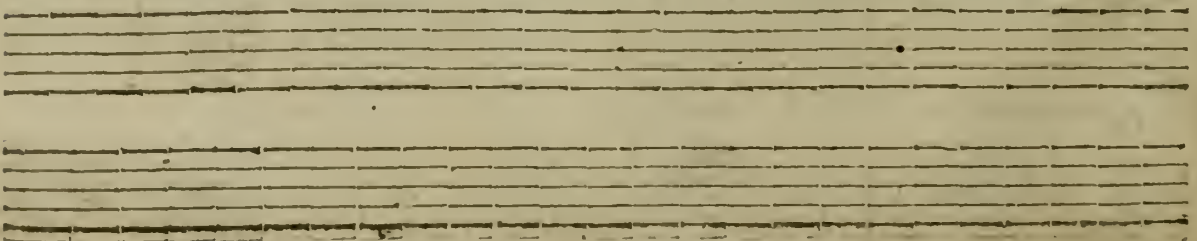
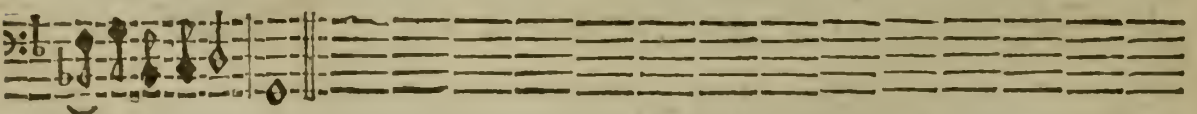
owne Inconstancy: for thou shalt weep, intreat, complaine to Love, as I did once to thee,



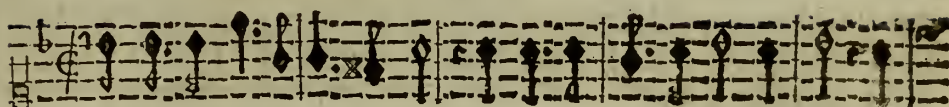
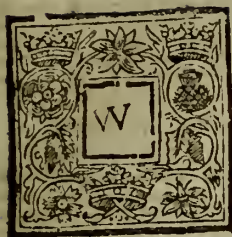
when all thy teares, shall be as vaine as mine were then, for thou shalt be damn'd for thy



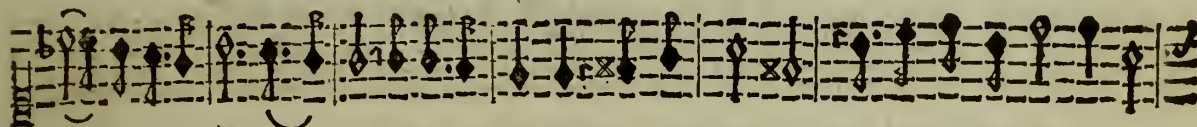
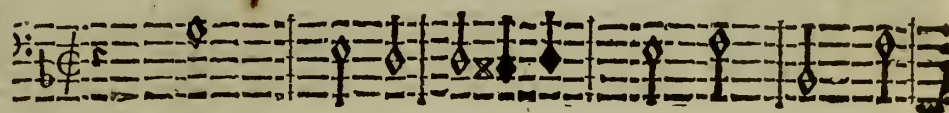
false A-po-sta-cy.



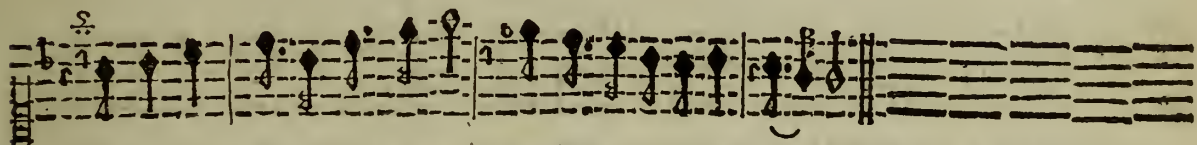
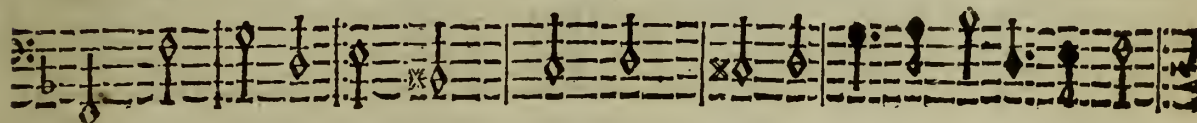


*In the Person of a Lady to her inconstant servant.*

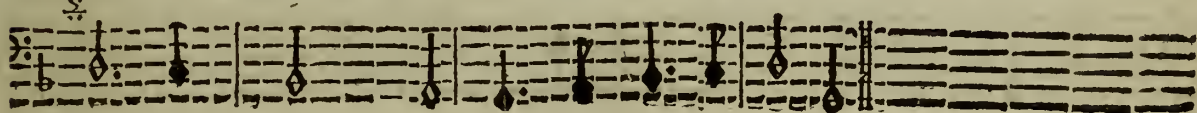
Hen on the Alt-ar of my hand (bedew'd with many' a kisse and teare,) thy



now revolted heart did stand an humble Martyr, thou didst swear, thus, and the God of Love did hear ;



By those bright glances of thine eye, unlesse thou pittie me I dye.



When first those perjur'd lips of thine,  
Bepal'd with blasting sighs, did scale  
Their violated faith on mine,  
From the bosome, that did heale  
Thee, thou my melting heart didst steale  
My soule enflam'd with thy false breath,  
Poyson'd with kisses, suck't in death.

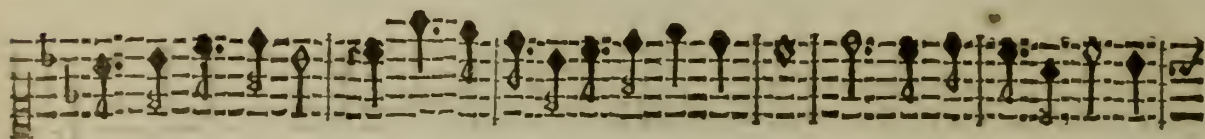
Yet I nor hand nor lip will move,  
Revenge or Mercy to procure  
From the offended God of Love;  
My curse is fatall, and my pure  
Love shall beyond thy scorn endure;  
If I implore the Godds, they'l find  
Thee too ingratfull, me too kind.



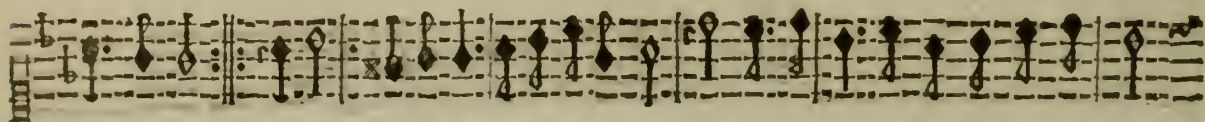
Henry Lawes.

*To his Mistress going to Sea.*

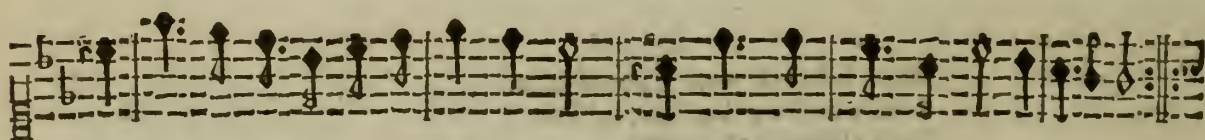
Arewell fair Saint, may not the sea and wind swell like the hearts and



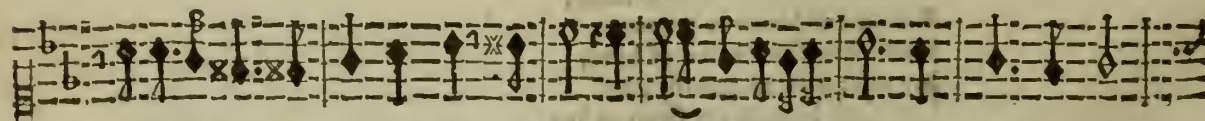
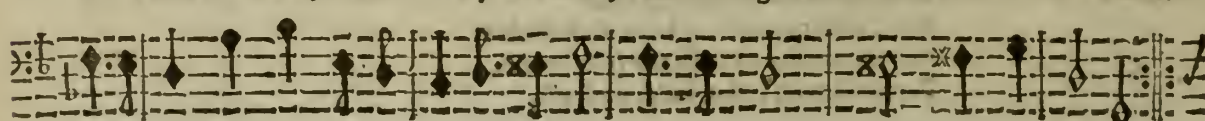
eyes you leave behind, but calme and gentle as the looks you beare, smile in your face and whisper



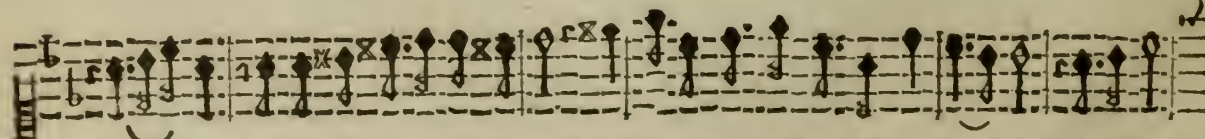
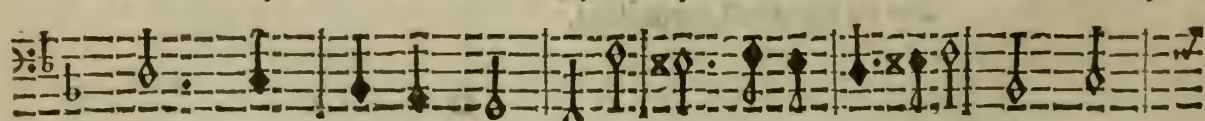
in your eare: Let no bold Billow offer to arise, that it may never look upon your eyes,



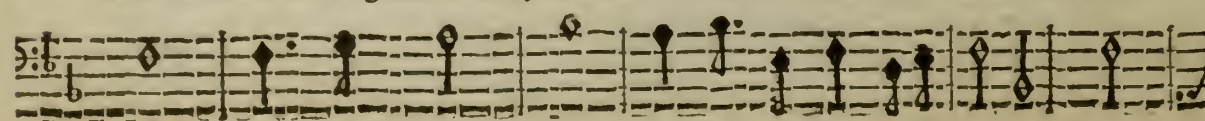
lest winde and wave, enamour'd of your Forme, should throng and crowd themselves into a storme:



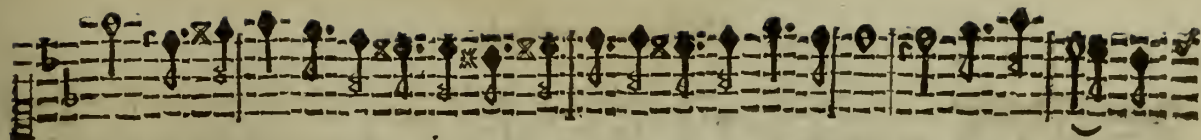
But if it be your Fate, vaste Seas, to love; of my becalmed breast learn how to move;



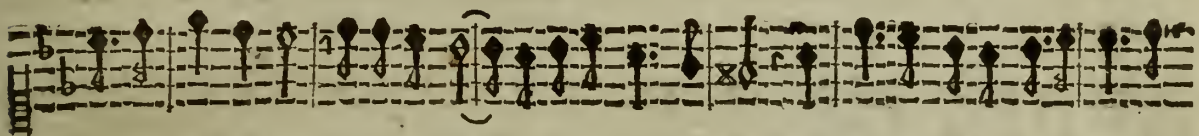
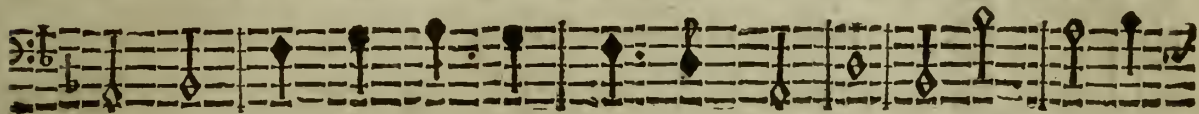
move then, but in a gentle Lovers pace, no furrows nor no wrinkles in your face; and ye fierce



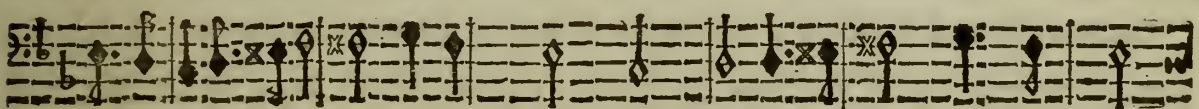




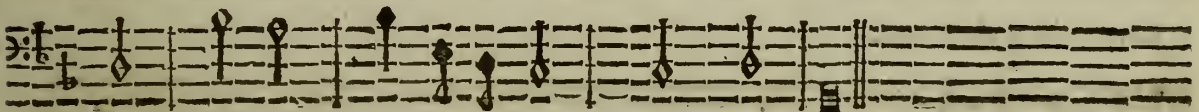
winds, see that you tell your tale in such a breath as may but fill her Sail : So whilst ye court her



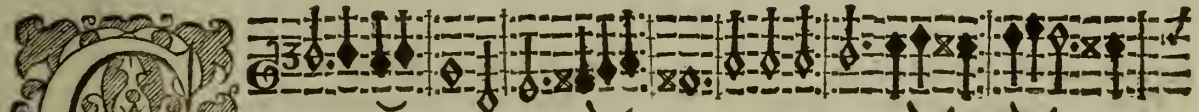
each your sev'ral way, ye may her safe-ly to her Port convey; and lose but in a noble way of



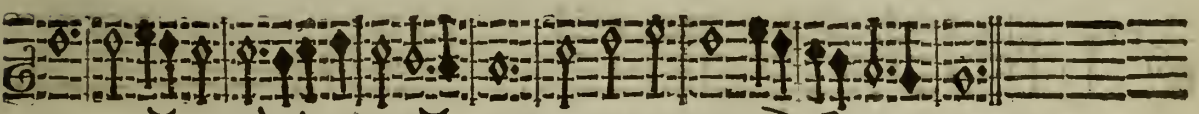
wooing, whilst both contribute to your owne un—do—ing.



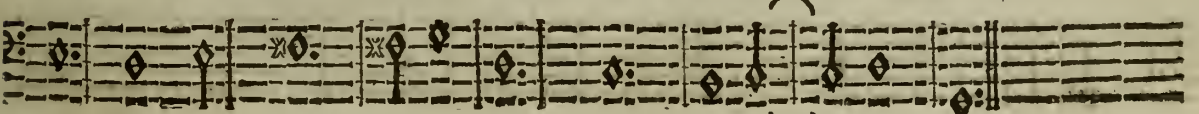
### *The Surprise.*



Areless of Love & free from Fears, I fate & gaz'd on Steel—la's



eyes, thinking my Rea—son or my Years might keep me safe from all surprize.

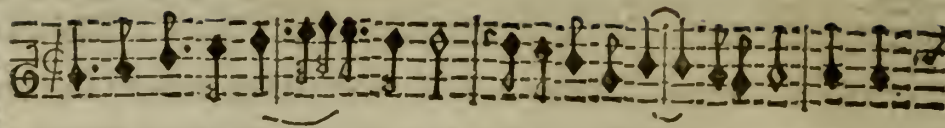


But Love, that hath been long despis'd,  
And made the Baud to others trust,  
Finding his Deity surpriz'd,  
And chang'd into degenerate Lust,

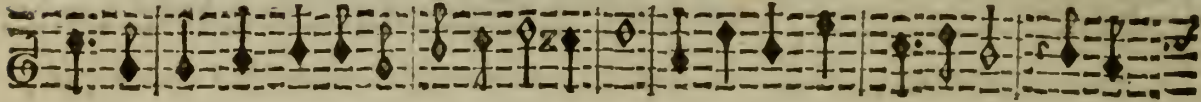
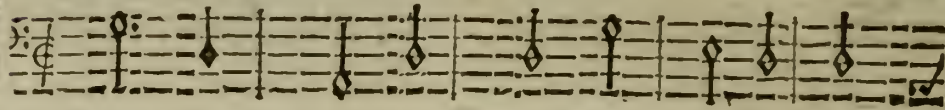
So that too late (alas) I finde  
No steeld Armour is of proof,  
Nor can the best resolv'd minde  
Resist her Beauty and her Youth.

Summon'd up all his strength and power,  
Making her face his Magazine,  
Where Virtue's grace, and Beauty's flow're  
He plac'd his Godhead to redeem.

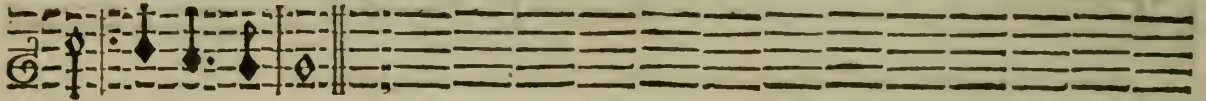
But yet the folly to untwist,  
That loving I deserve no blame;  
Were it not Atheisme to resist  
Where Godds themselves conspire her flame.

*Disdaine returned.*

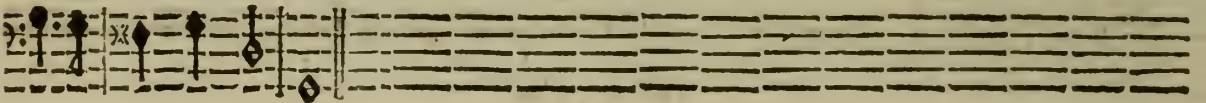
Et that love's a ro — sic cheek, or a Corall lip admires ; or from



Star-like eyes doth seek fu-ell to maintain his fires, as old time makes these de-cay , so his

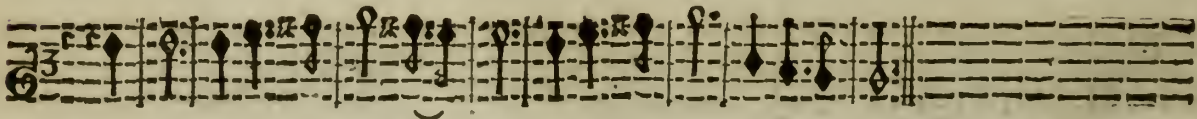


flames must waste a-way.

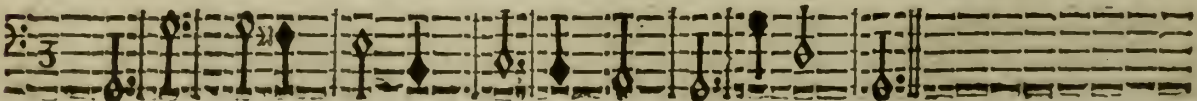


But a smooth and steadfast minde,  
Gentle thoughts, and calme desires,  
Hearts with equall love combin'd,  
Kindle never-dying fires :  
Where these are not, I dispise  
Lovely Cheekes, or Lips, or Eyes.

*Celia*, now no tears can win  
My resolv'd heart to return ;  
I have search'd thy soul within,  
And find nought but pride and scorn :  
I have learn'd those Arts, and now  
Can disdaine as much as thou.

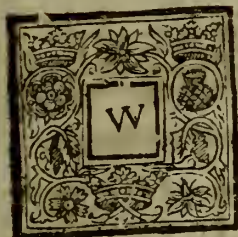


Some God in my revenge con—vey that Love to her I cast a-way.

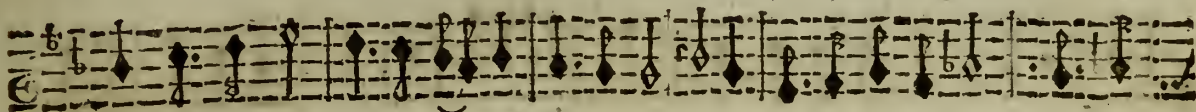
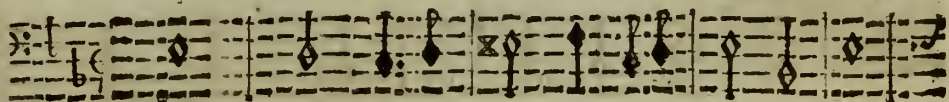




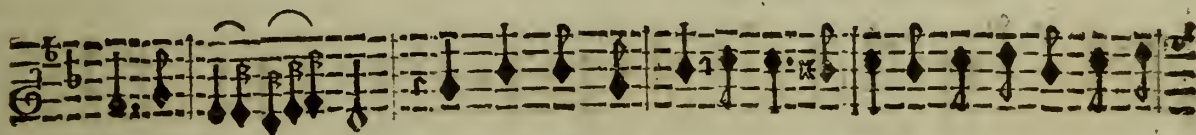
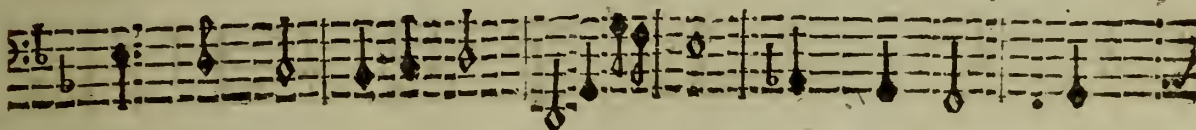
To a Lady singing.



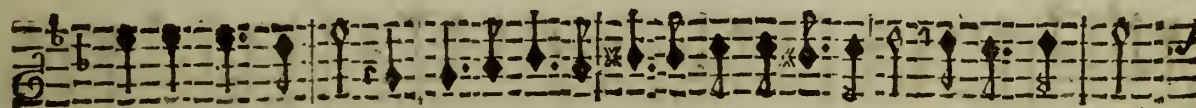
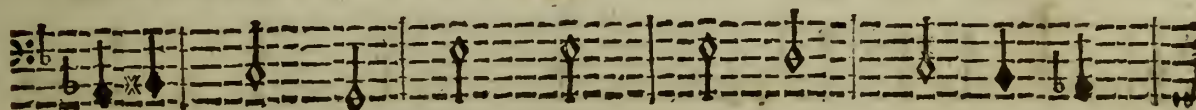
Hile I list—en to thy voyce, *Chloris*, I feele my life de—cay,



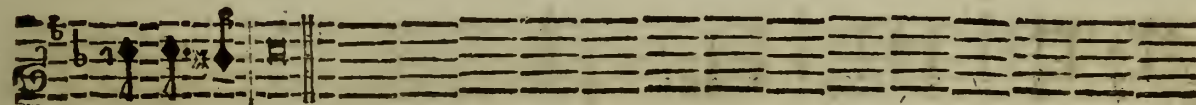
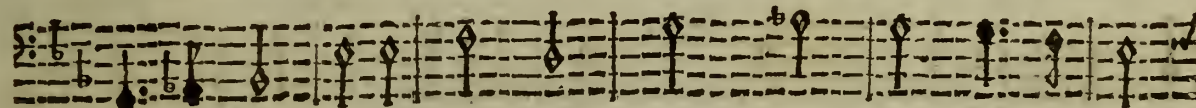
that pow'rfull noyse cal's my fleeting soul away; O suppress that magick sound, which de—



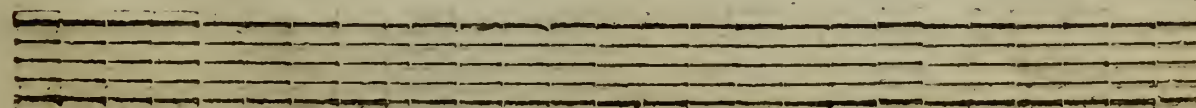
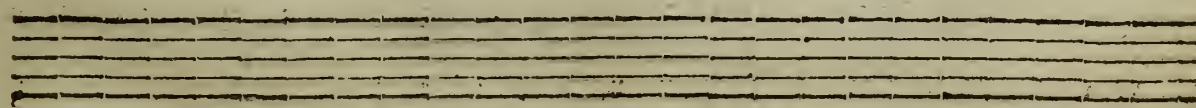
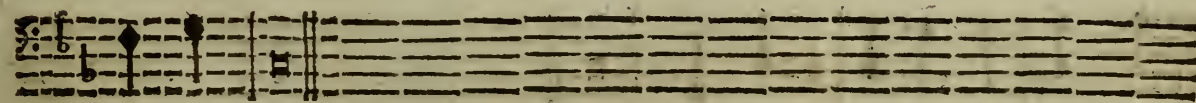
stroyes without a wound! peace! peace, *Chloris*, peace, or singing dye, that together thou and



I to heav'n may go; for all we know of what the blessed doe above, is that they sing,

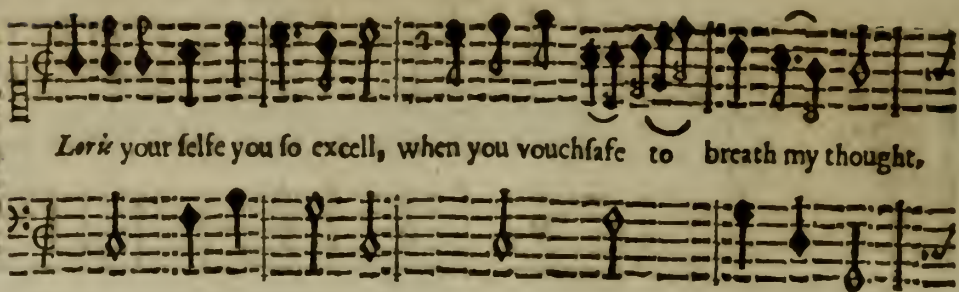


and that they love.

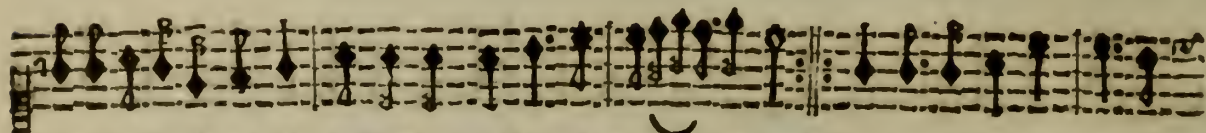




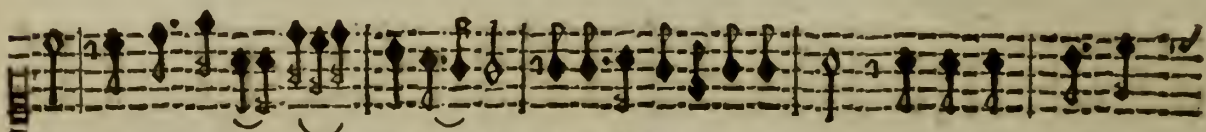
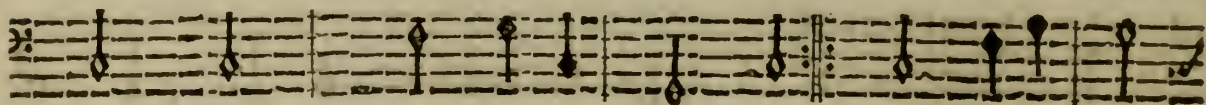
To the same Lady, singing the former Song.



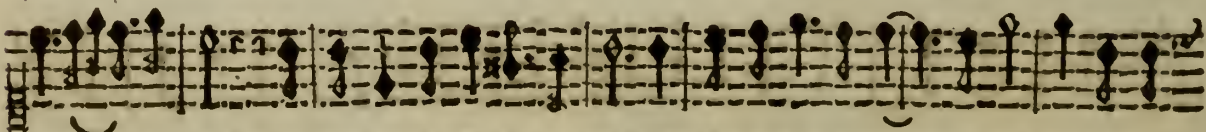
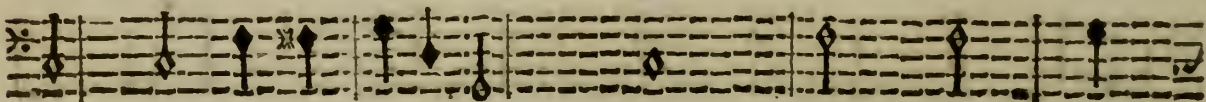
Lov<sup>e</sup> your selfe you so excell, when you vouchsafe to breath my thought,



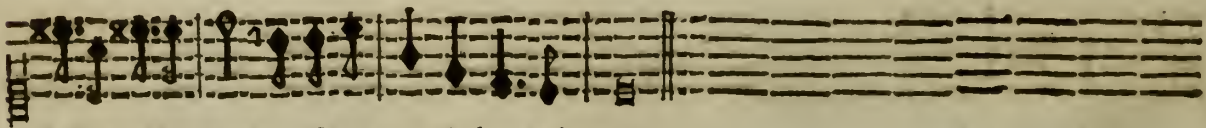
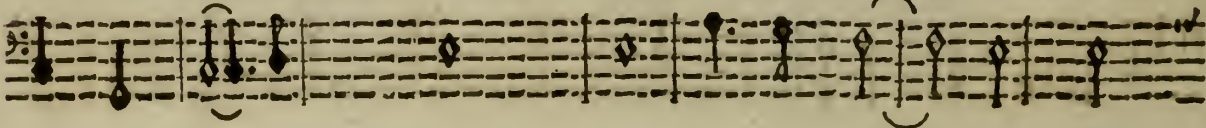
that like a spirit with this spell of mine own teaching I am caught. That Eagle's Fate and mine is



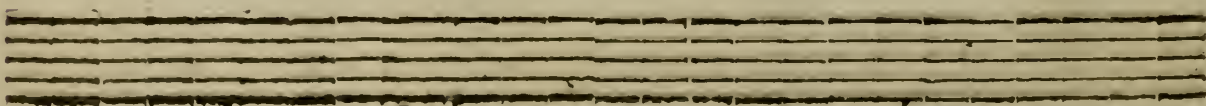
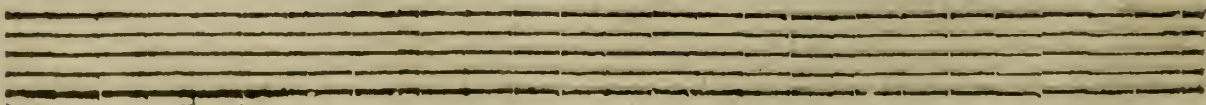
one, that on the shaft that made him dye, espy'd a Feather of his own, wherewith he wont to



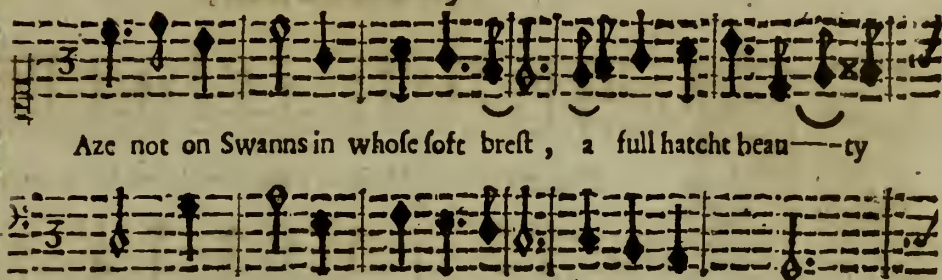
soare so high. Had Eccho with so swete a grace, *Narcissus* lowd complaints return'd, not for re-



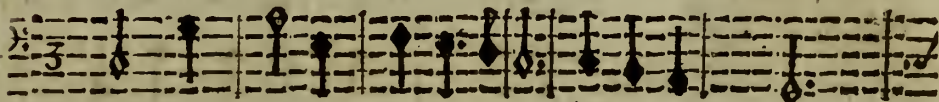
-flection of his face, but of his voyce the boy had mourn'd.





*Beasties Excellency.*

Aze not on Swanns in whose soft brest, a full hatcht bea—ty



seems to nest, nor snow which falling from the skye, hovers in it's virgini—ty.



Gaze not on Roses, though new blown,  
 Grae'd with a fresh complexion,  
 Nor Lillies which no subtle Bee  
 Hath rob'd by kissing Chymistry.

Gaze not on that pure milky way  
 Where night uses splendor with the day,  
 Nor Pearle whose silver walls confine  
 The Riches of an Indian Mine.

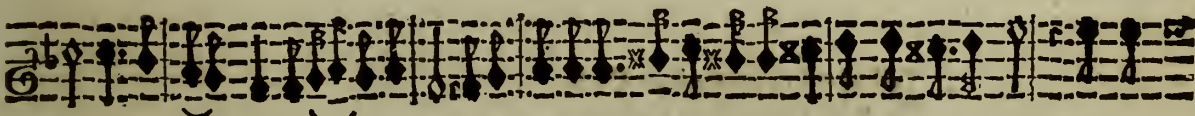
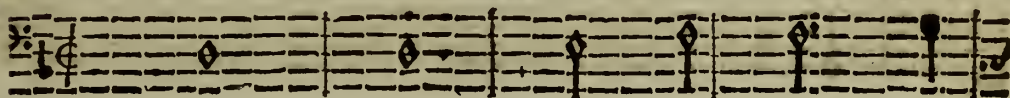
For if my Emp'ress appears,  
 Swanns moultring dye, snow melts to tears,  
 Roses do blush and hang their heads,  
 Pale Lillies shrink into their beds.

The milky way Rides post, to shroud  
 It's baffled glory in a Cloud,  
 And Pearls do climb into her eare,  
 To hang themselves for Envy there.

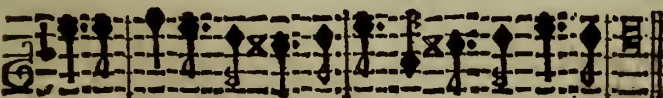
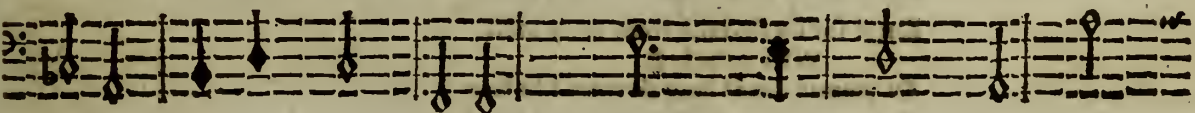
So have I seen Stars bigg with light  
 Preve Lanthorns to the Moon-ey'd night,  
 Which when Sol's Rayes were once display'd,  
 Sink in their Sockets, and decay'd.

*To Amarantha, To dishevell her haire.*

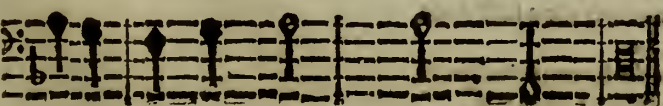
*Marantha* sweet & fair, forbear to brade that shining hair, as my curious hand or



eye, hov'ring round thee let it flye; let it flye as unconfin'd, as it's calm ravisher the wind, who ha's

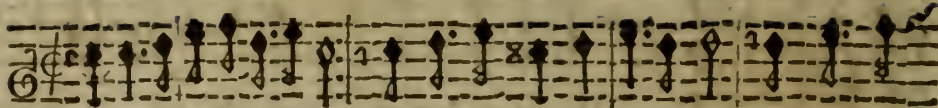


left his Darling the East, to wanton o're this spicy Nest.

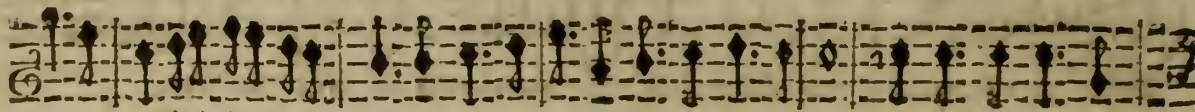
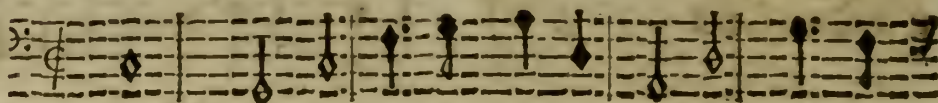


Ev'ry Tress must be confest,  
 But neatly tangled at best,  
 Like a clew of golden thread  
 Most excellently ravelled;  
 Do not then wind up that light  
 In Ribbands, and o're-cloud in Night,  
 Like the Sun in's early Ray,  
 But shake your head and scattter Day.

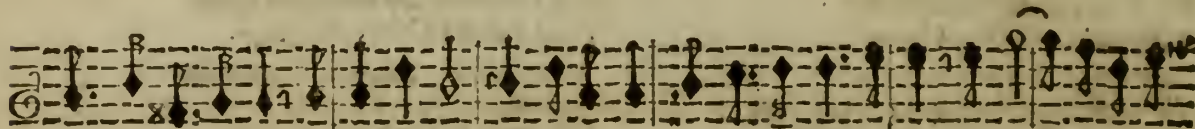
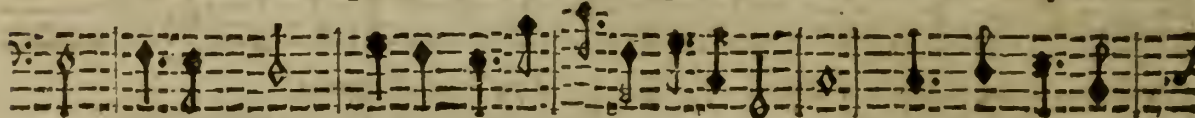




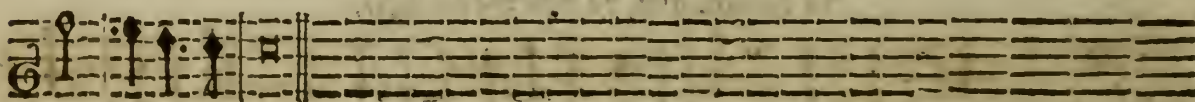
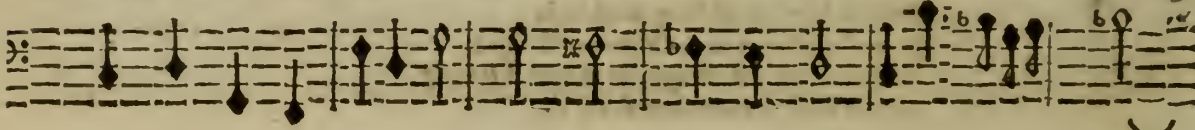
Ill now I never did believe a man could love for vertues sake; nor thought the



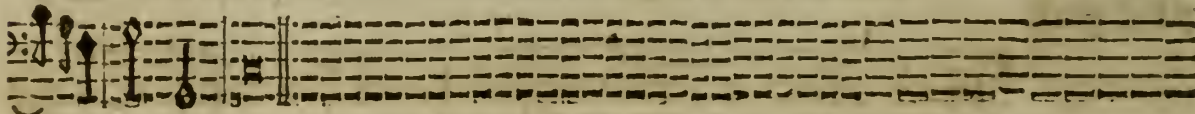
absence of one Love could grieve the man that freely might another take. But since mine eyes be-



-troth'd my heart to you, I find both true, thine Innocence hath so my Love refin'd, I mourn thy body's

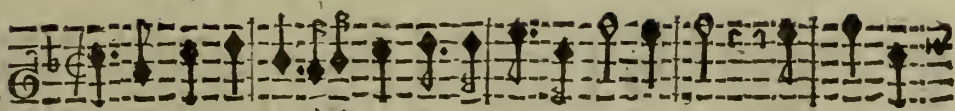


absence for thy mind.

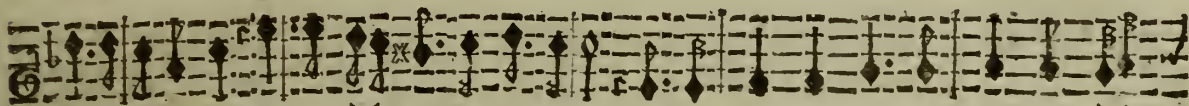
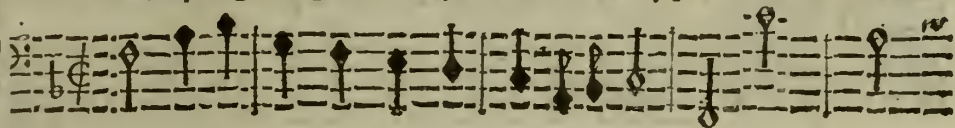


Tell now I never made an Oath  
But with a purpose to forswear,  
For to be fix'd upon one face were sloath;  
When every Ladyes eye is Cupids speare;  
But if she merits faith from every brest  
Who is the best  
Of woman-kind? how then can I be free  
To love another, having once lov'd thee?

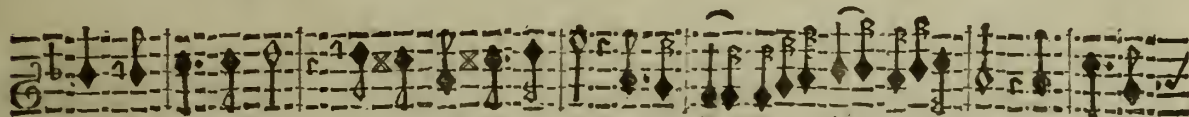
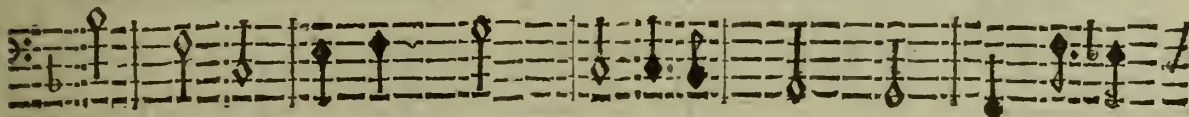
Such is the rare and happy pow'r  
Of Goodness, that it can dilate  
It selfe to make one vertuous in an houre;  
Who liv'd before, perhaps a reprobate;  
Then since on me this wonder thou hast done,  
Prithee work on  
Upon thy selfe, thy Sex doth want that grace  
My truth to love more then a better face.

*The Celestiall Mistress.*

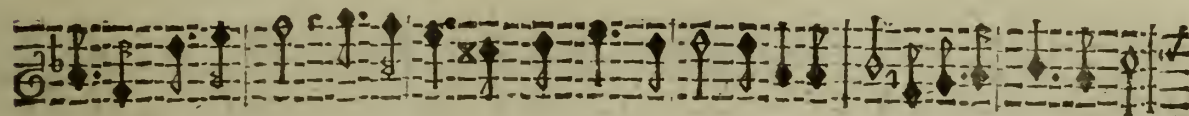
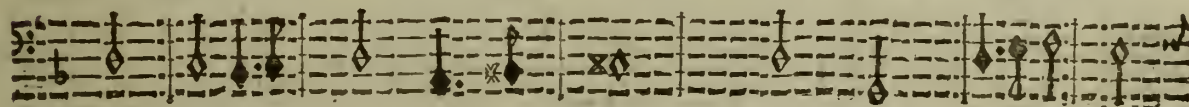
*Elia*, thy bright Angels face may be cal'd a heav'nly place: the whiteness



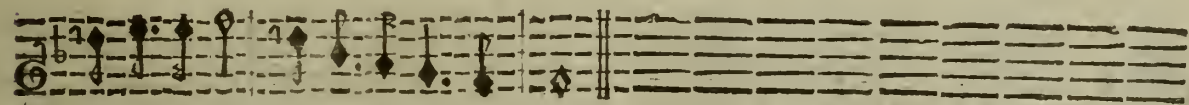
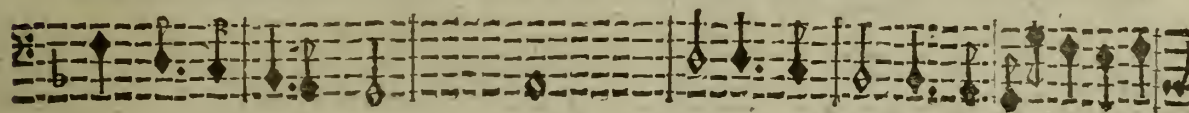
of the starry way na-ture did on thy forehead lay: but thine eyes have brightness woon, not from



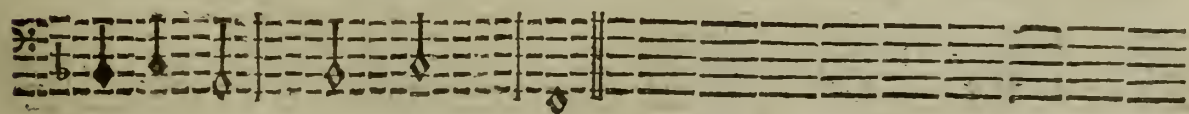
Stars, but from the Sun: the blushing of the Morn in thy Ro—sie cheek is worn, the Musick



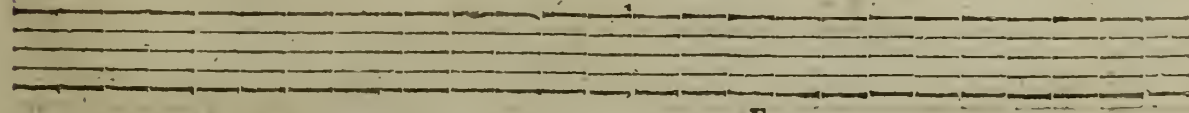
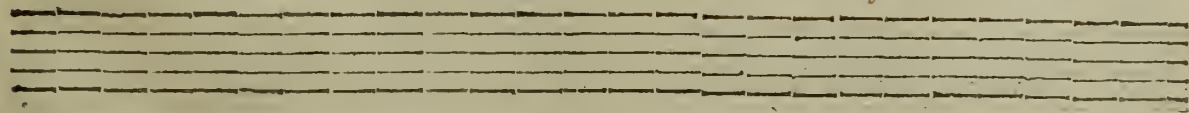
of the heav'nly Sphears in thy soul's winning voyce appears: happy were I, had I (like *Atlas*) grace,



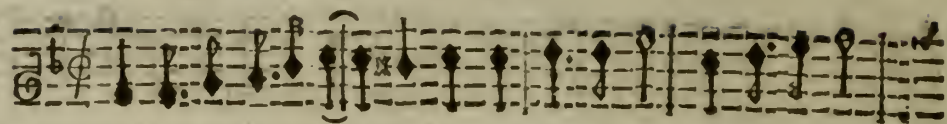
so faire a heav'n within mine Arms t' embrace.



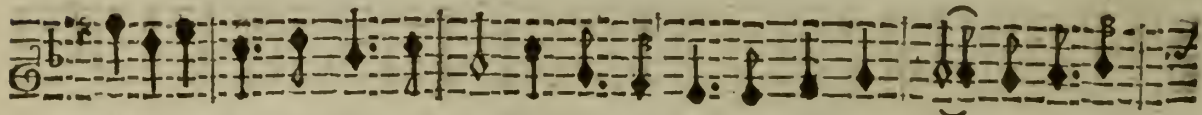
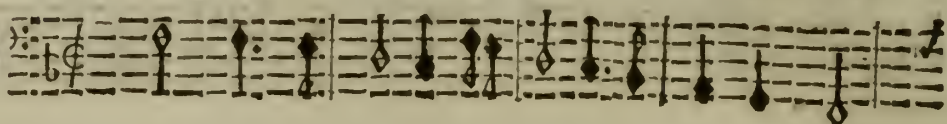
*Thomas Earle of Winchelsea*



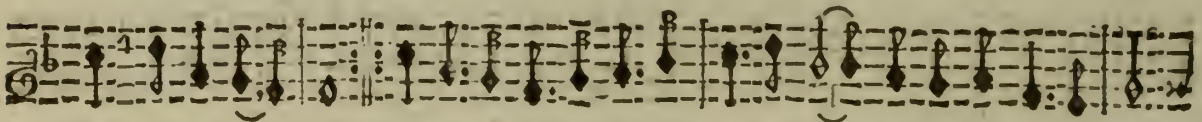
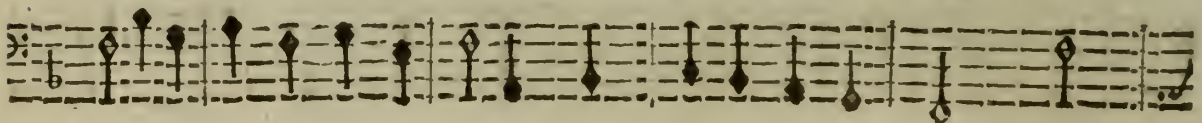


*Night and Day to his Mistress.*

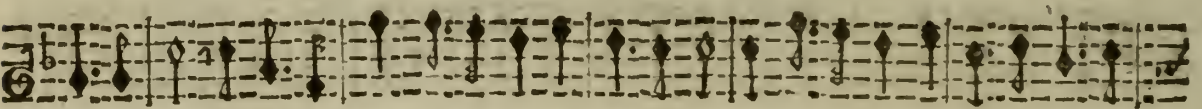
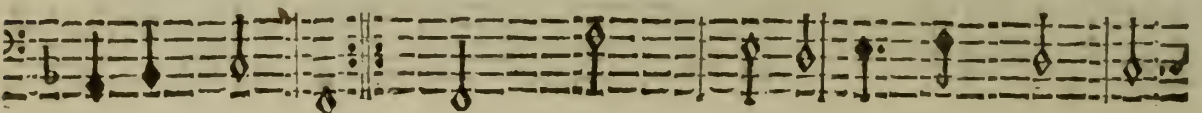
When the Sun at Noon displays his brighter rays thou but appear;



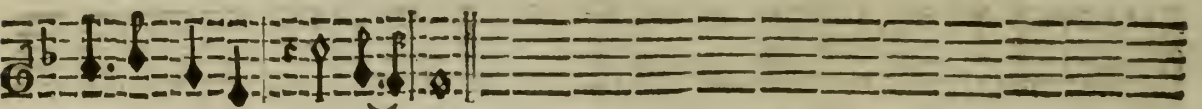
he then all pale with shame and fear, quencheth his light, and grows more dimme, compos'd to



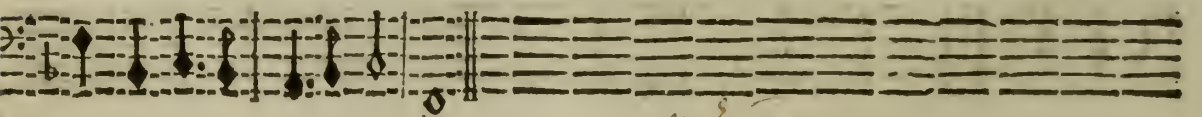
thee, then Stars to him. If thou but show thy face again, when darkness doth at midnight reign;



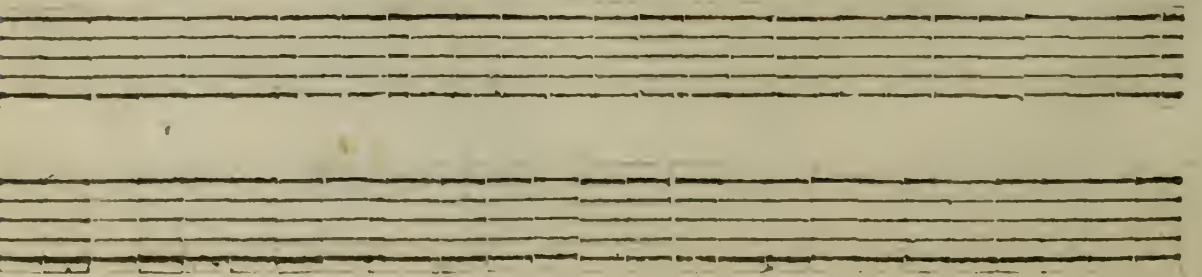
darkness fly's, and light is hurl'd round about the silent world; so as a-like thou driv'st away both



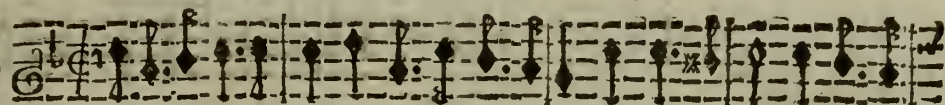
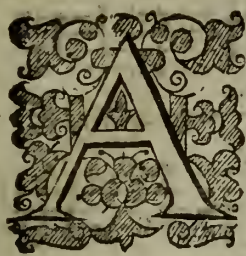
light and darkness, night and day.



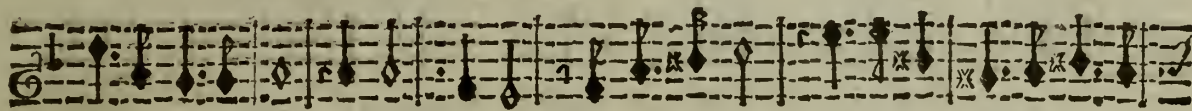
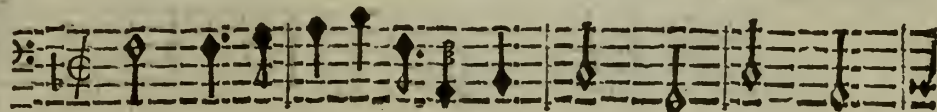
*m<sup>s</sup> Carznr*



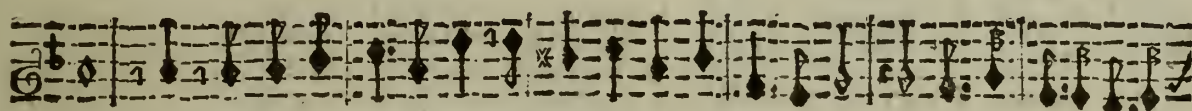
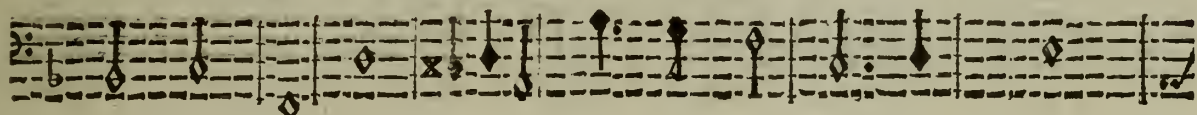


*To his Mistress objecting his Age.*

M I dispis'd because you say, and I believe, that I am gray? know, Lady,



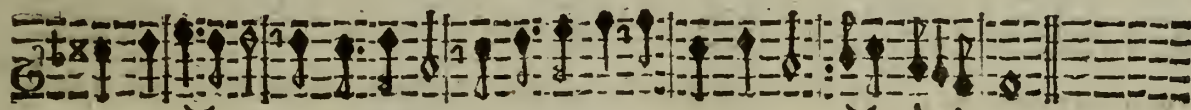
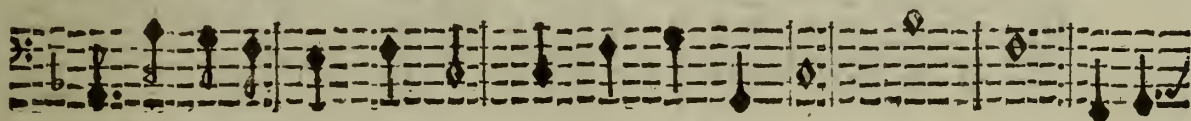
you have but your day, and night will come, when men will swear Time has spilt snow upon your



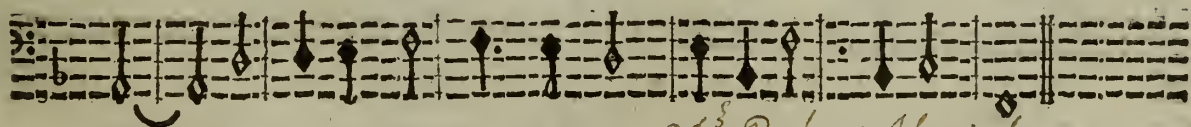
hair : Then when in your glass you seek, but find no Rose-bud in your cheek, no, nor the red to give the



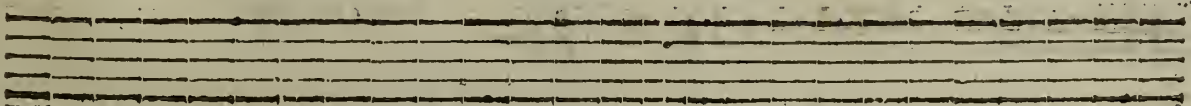
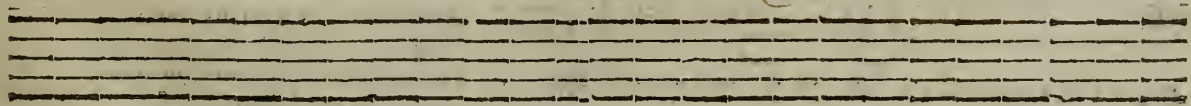
shew, where such a rare Carnation grew; and such a smiling Tulip too. Ah, then, too late, close in your



chamber keeping, it will be told, that you are old, by those true tears y<sup>e</sup> are weep-ing.

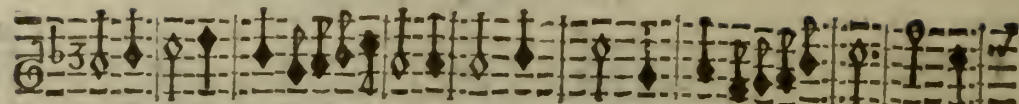


*M<sup>s</sup> Robert Herick*

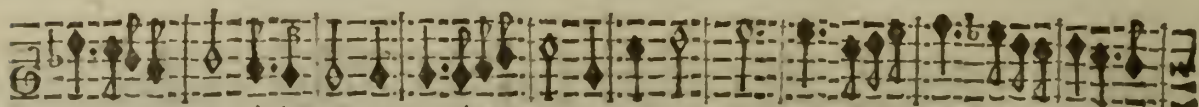
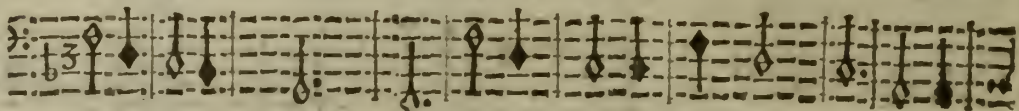




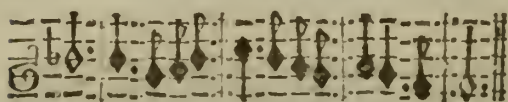
To his Mistress upon his going to travell.



Eareft do not now de—lay me, since thou knowft I must be—gene; Wind &



Tyde 'tis thought doth stay me, but 'tis wind that must be blown from thy breath, whose na-tive



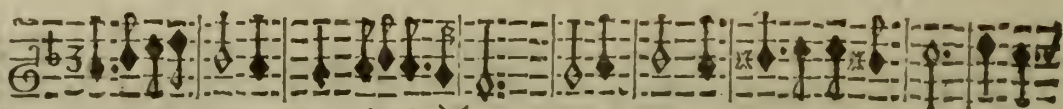
smell Indi—an Odours doth ex-cell.

O then speak, my Dearest Fayre,  
Kill not him who vowes to serve thee,  
But perfume the Neigh'ring Ayre,  
For dumb silence else will starve me  
'Tis a word is quickly spoken,  
Which restrain'd, a heart is broken.

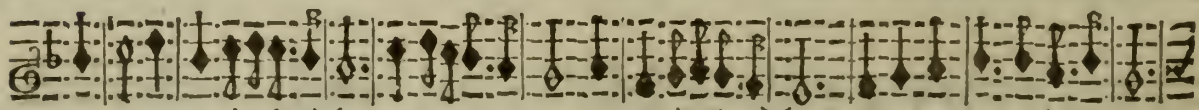
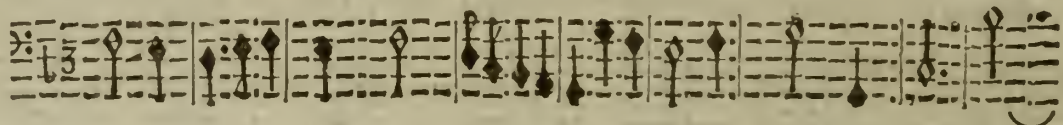


Love above Beauty.

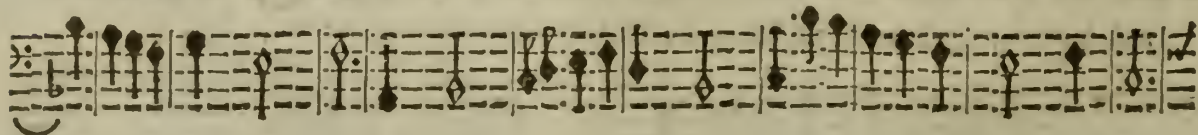
*M<sup>s</sup> Henry Harrington*



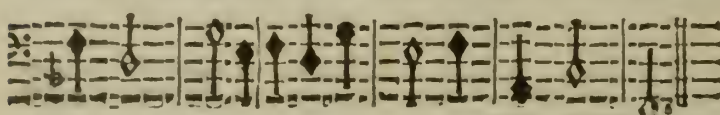
Ove—ly Chloris though thine eyes far out shine the jewels of the skies; that grace



which all admire in thee, no nor the beauties of thy brest, which far out-blaze the rest, u



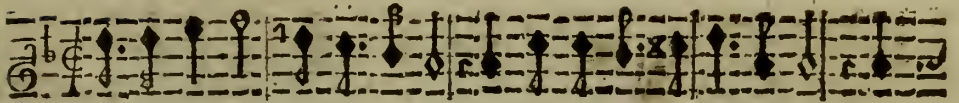
might e're compared be to my fi—de—li—ty.



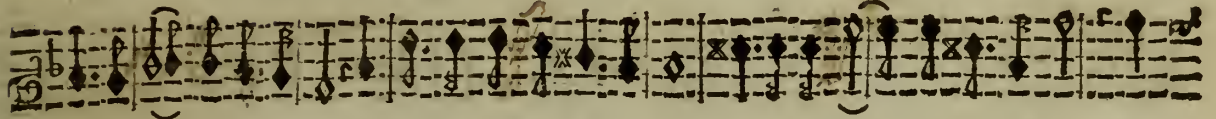
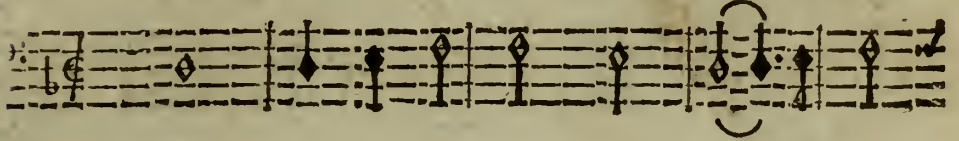
Those alluring smiles that place  
An eternall April on thy face;  
Such as no Sun did ever see,  
No, nor the Treasures of thy brest,  
Which far out-blaze the rest,  
Might e're compared be  
To my Fidelitie.

*M<sup>s</sup> Henry Harrington*

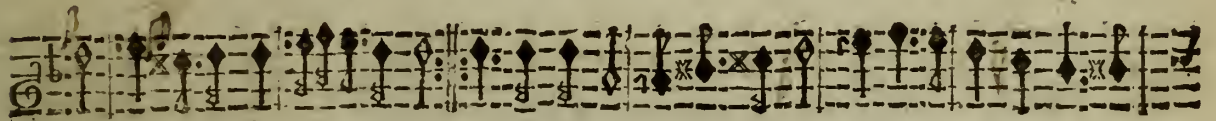
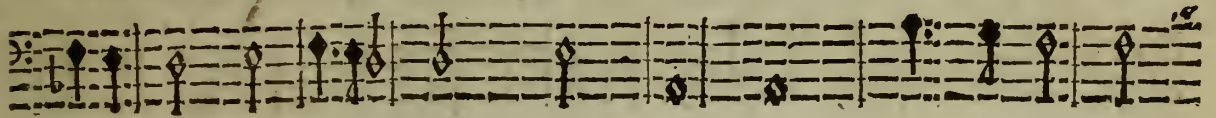


*Mediocrity in Love rejected.*

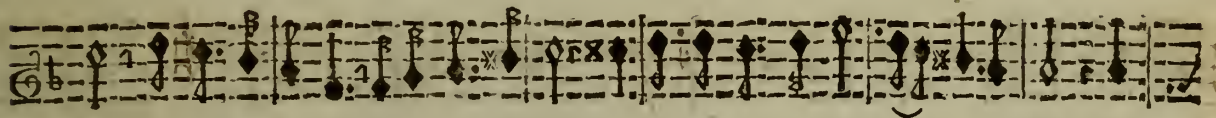
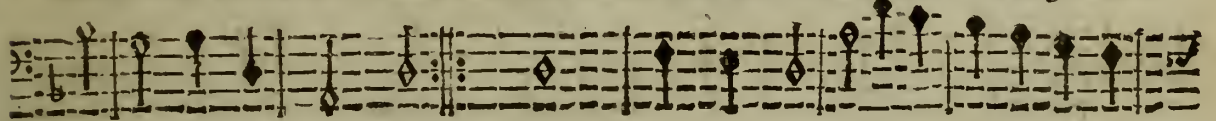
Ive me more Love, or more Disdain, the Torrid or the Frozen Zone bring



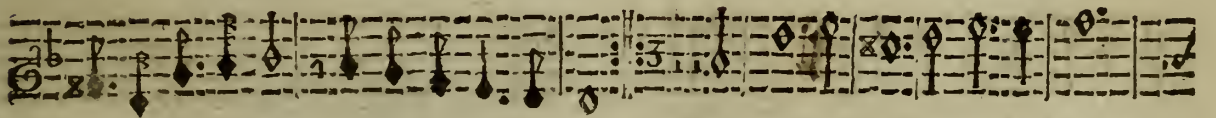
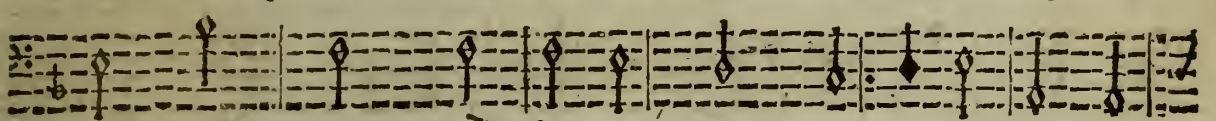
equall ease unto my pain, the Temperate affords me none ; either extream of Love or Hate is



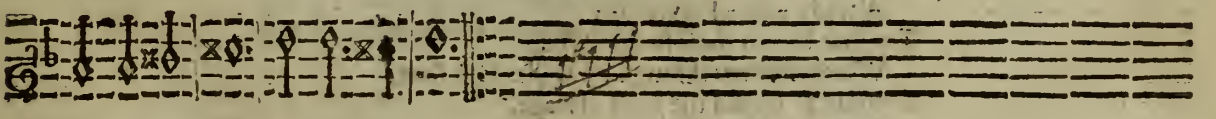
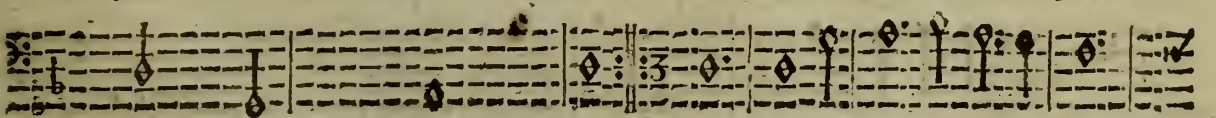
sweeter then a calme Estate. Give me a storm, if it be Love, like *Dana* in that golden



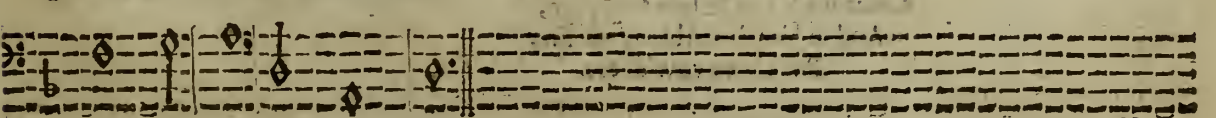
showre, I swim in pleasure ; if it prove Disdain, that torrent will devour my vulture hopes, and



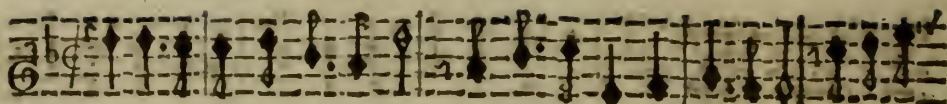
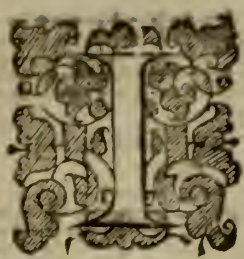
he's posselt of Heav'n, that's but from hell releast ; then Crown my joyes or Cure my pain,



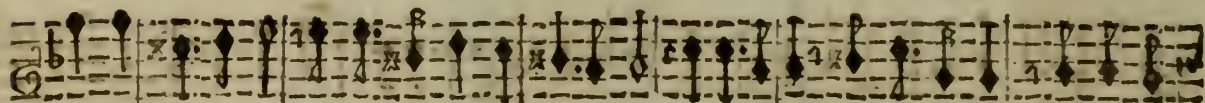
give me more Love or more Disdain.



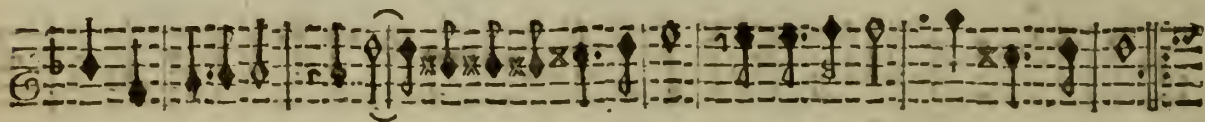
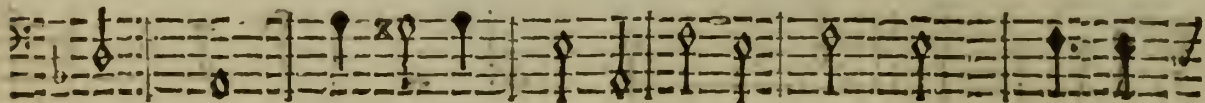


*The selfe Banished.*

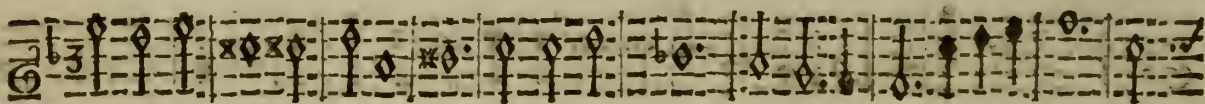
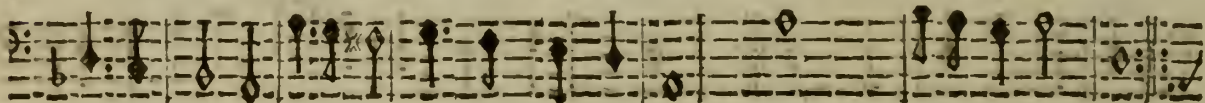
T is not that I love you lesse, then when before your feet I lay, but to pre-  
 ♯ 14



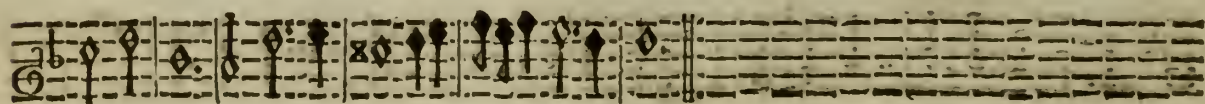
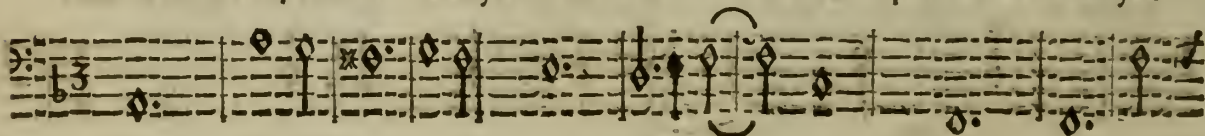
-vent the sad encrease of hopeles Love I keep away : In vain a-las for ev'ry thing that I have



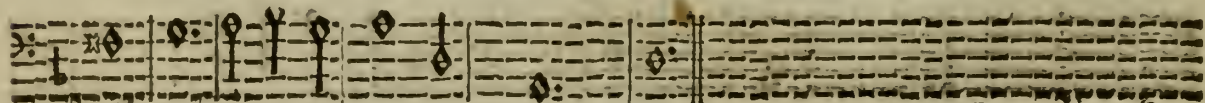
known belong to you, your form dares to my fan-cy bring, and make my old wounds bleed a--new.



But I have vow'd, and never must your banish'd ser—vant trouble you for if he break you

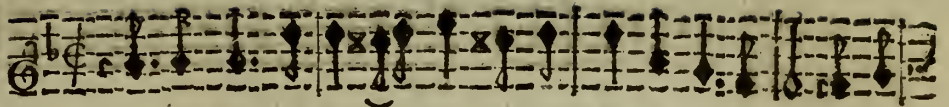


may distrust, the vow he made to love you too.

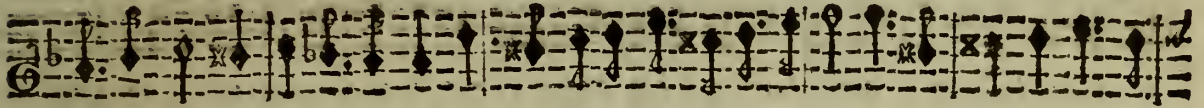
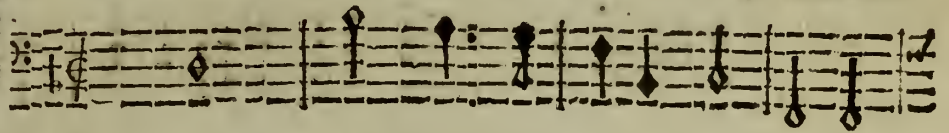


Who in the Spring from the new Sun  
 Already hath a Feaver got;  
 Too late begins those shafts to shun  
 Which *Phabus* through his veins hath shot,  
 Too late he would the pains awage,  
 And to thick shadows does retire,  
 About with him he bears the rage,  
 And in his tainted bloud the fire.  
 But I have vow'd, &c.

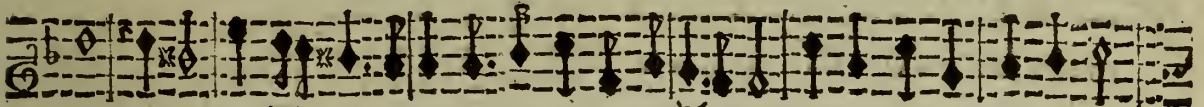


*The Heart entire.*

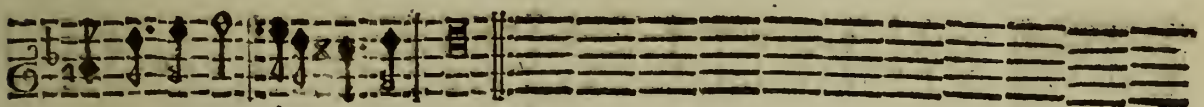
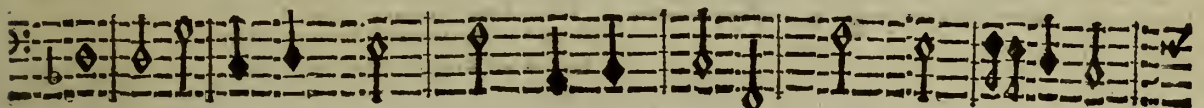
And thou love me and yet doubt so much Falshood in my heart, that a



way I should find out to impart fragments of a broken Love to you, more then all b'ing lesse then ?



due : O, no! Love must clear Distrust, or be eaten with that Rust; short Love liking may find Jarrs,



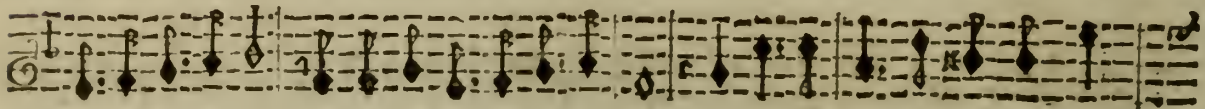
the Love that lasteth knows no Warrs.



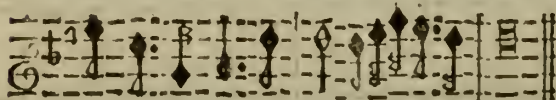
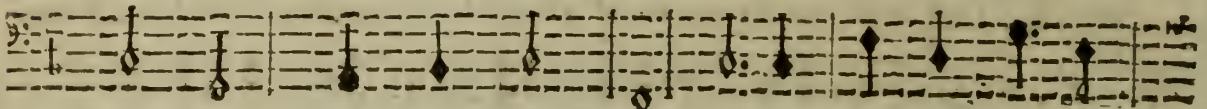
There, Beliefe begets Delight,  
And so satisfies Desire,  
That in them it shines as Light  
No more Fire ;  
All the burning Qualities appeas'd,  
Each in others joying pleas'd,  
Not a whisper; not a thought  
But 'twixt Both in comon's brought,  
Even to seem Two they are loath,  
Love being only Soul to both.

*The Bud.*

Arise on yonder swell-ing Bush, big with many a comming Rose, this early



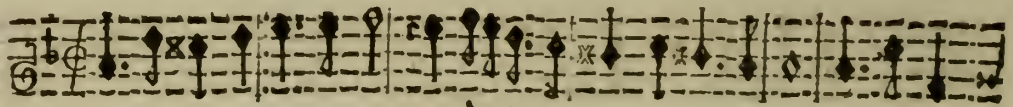
Bud began to blush, and did but halfe it selfe disclose : I pluckt it though no bet-ter Grow'n,



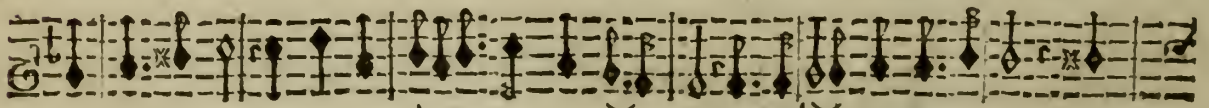
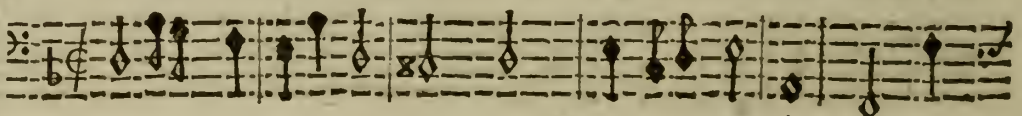
yet now you see how full 'tis blow'n.



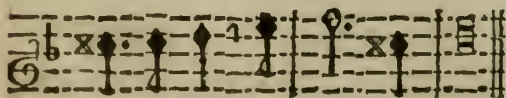
Still as I did the Leaves Inspire  
With such a purple Light they shone,  
As if they had been made of fire,  
And spreading so would flame anon,  
All that was meant by Ayre, or Sun,  
To this yong Flow'r, my breath ha's done.  
If our loose Breath so much can do,  
What may the same in forms of Love ?  
Of purest Love and Musick too,  
When *Flavia* it aspires to move :  
When that which liveless Buds perswades  
To wax more soft, her youth invades.

*The Primrose.*

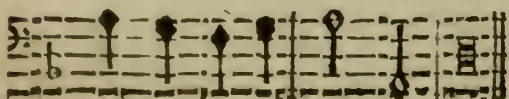
Aske me why I send you here, this first-ling of the Infant yeere; aske me why



I send to you, this Primrose all be-pearl'd with dew, I must whisper to your Eares, the

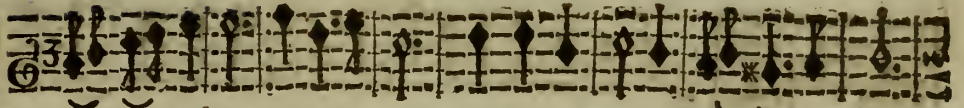


sweets of Love are wash'd with teares.

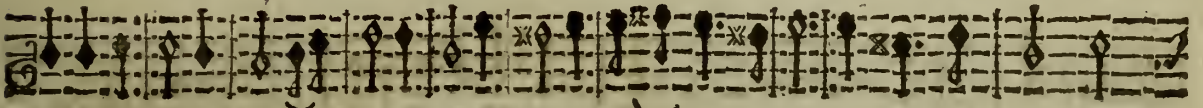
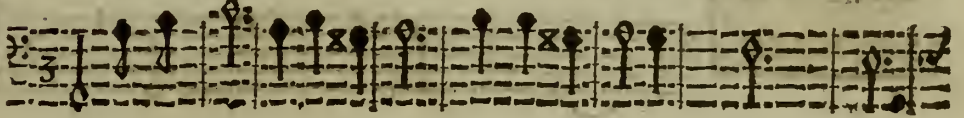


Aske me why this Rose doth show  
All yellow, green, and sickly too ?  
Aske me why the stalk is weak,  
And yielding each way, yet not break ?  
I must tell you, these discover  
What doubts and fears, are in a Lover;

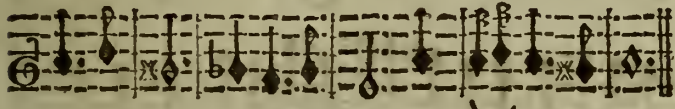




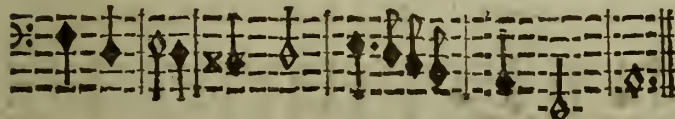
ill I beheld fair *Coelia's* face, where perfect Beauty keeps her Court;



a Lovers passion found no place in me, who counted Love a sport: I thought the whole world



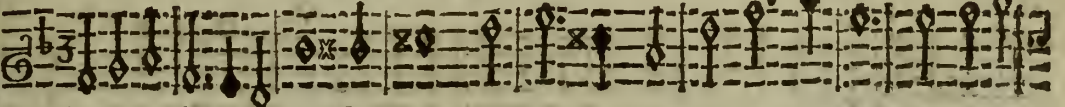
could not move a well re-sol—ved heart to love.



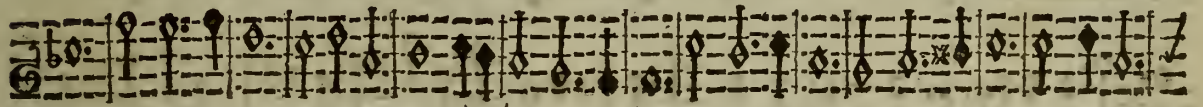
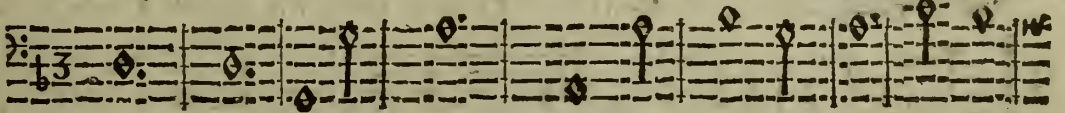
Wounded by her I now adore  
Those pow'rs of Love I have def'd,  
I court the flames I scorn'd before,  
And am repaid with Scorn and Pride:  
In such unpitt'y'd Flames to dwell,  
Is not a Martyrdome, but Hell.

Cupid can't help me, nor wound her,  
He'l rather prove my Rivall hence,  
Though blind he'l turn Idolater,  
For she hath Charms for ev'ry sence;  
Should he her voyce's musick heare,  
Soft Love would enter Love's own Eare.

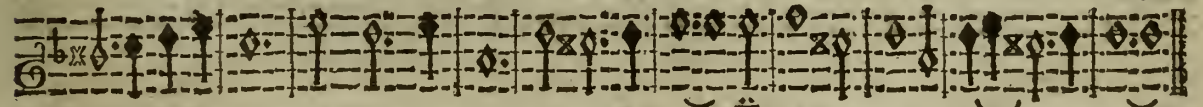
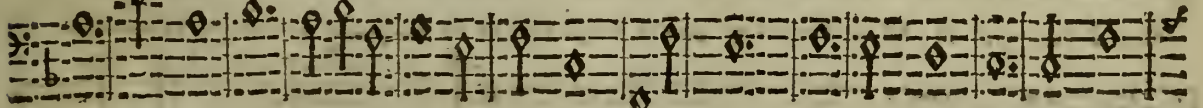
*Love and Loyalty.*



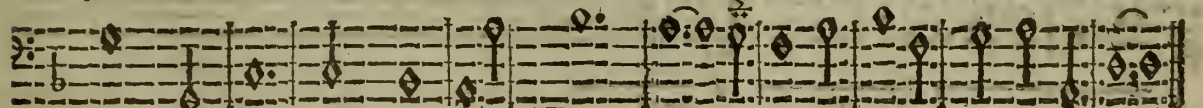
Ome my *Luca-sta* heer's the Grove, where Nightingales perfume the Ayre; why dost thou



start? O'tis not Love, for perfect Lo—vers dare not fear. No dangers in this Arbour ly, our courage



keeps all others hence, ther's none shal dare approach but I, the strongest Love is best de—fence.

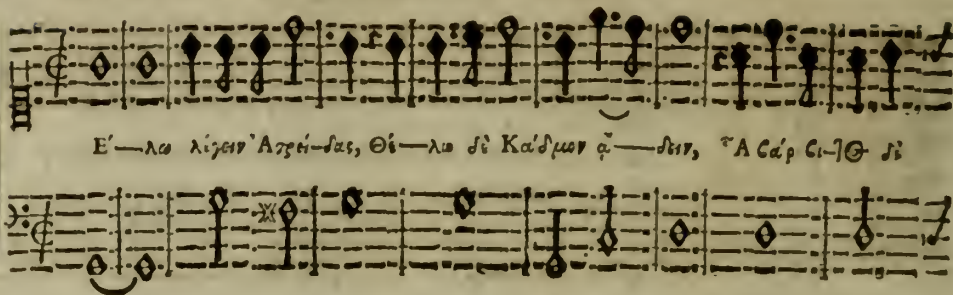
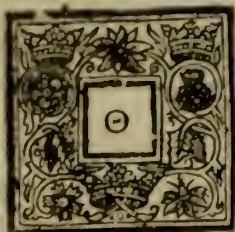


Here we'l discourse, and think, and smile;  
Let guilty men seek how to scape;  
He cannot love that can beguile,  
And none but Foes commit a Rape.

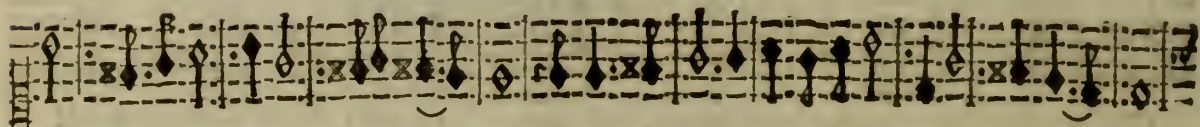
This Evening's worth Ten Thousand yeere,  
Then let's resolve since thou must go,  
We'l meet again to morrow here,  
Would Kings and Queens might do so too;



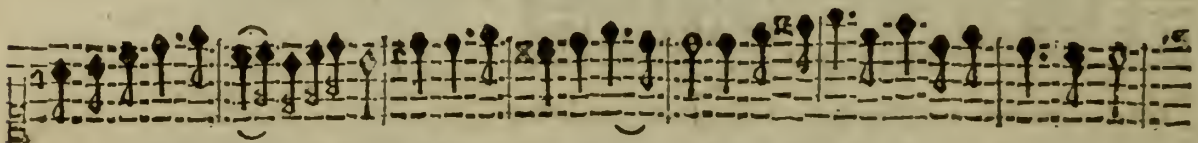
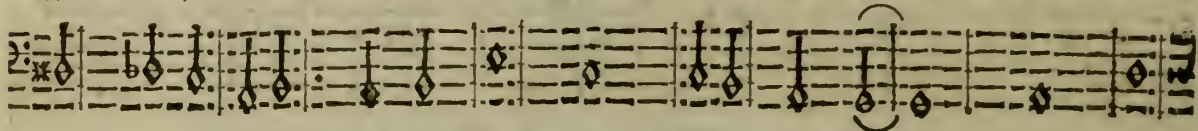
Τῶν ἈΝΑΚΡΕΟΝΤΟΣ εἰς Λύρα. α.



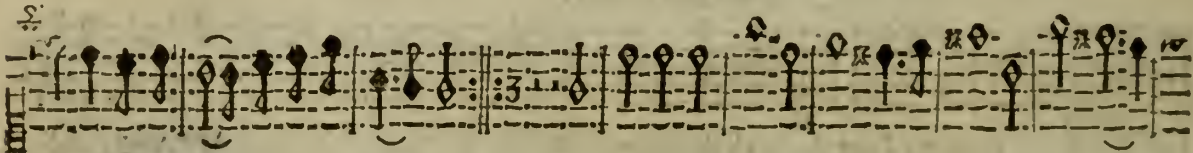
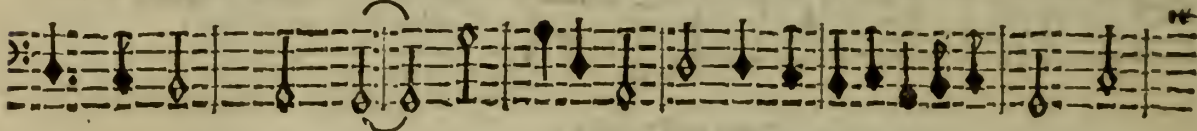
Εἴ—λα λῆγιν Ἀγρί—δα, Θεί—λα δὲ Κἀδμον ᾄ—διν, Ἄ—Cάρ Cι—Cι δὲ



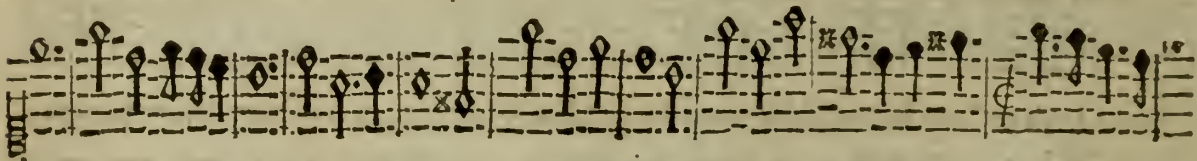
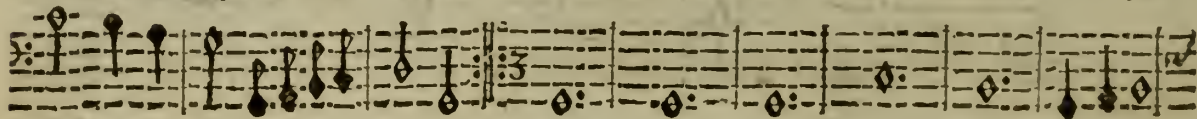
Χρ—δαῖς Εἴρω—τα μῦ—ρον ἡ—χῆ. Ε—γὼ δ' ἔχων νόη—μα Ἄβυ—λον, ἐκ ἐ—πί—δω.



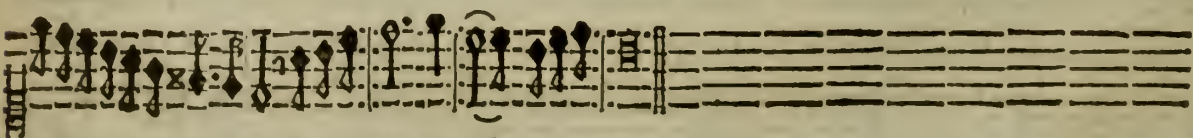
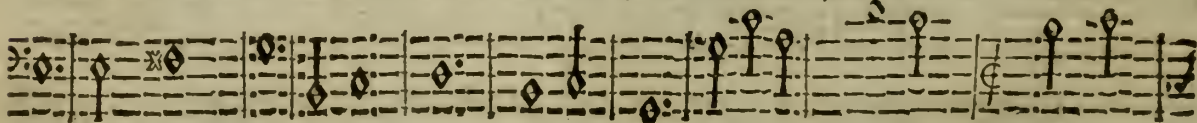
Ἦ—μη—ψα νεῦρα παρὼ—λιν, Καὶ τίω λό—βω ᾄ—πα—πα. Κἀγὼ μὲν ἦ—σον ᾄθ—λως Ἡερ—χλί—ως.



λυ—ρη δὲ Ἦ—ρω—τας ἀν—τι—φώ—ρει. Καί—εσι—Cι χρί—εσι—Cι λοι—πὸν ἡ—μῖν Ἦ—ρω—



ως. ἡ λύ—ρη γὰρ Μό—νος Ἦ—ρω—τας μὴ—ως Ἦ—ρω—τας μὴ—ως Ἦ—ρω—τας Ἦ—ρω—τας Ἦ—ρω—



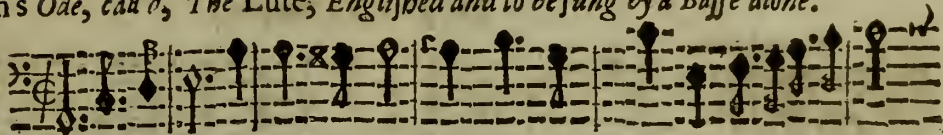
—τας Ἦ—ρω—τας ᾄ—διν.

735

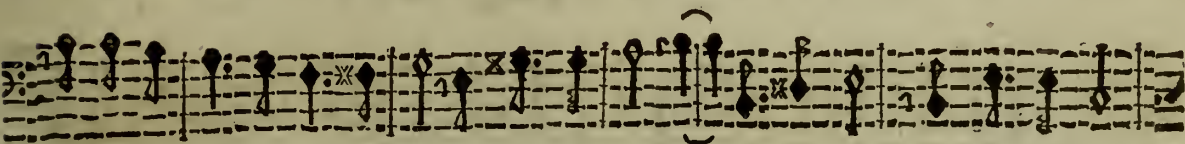
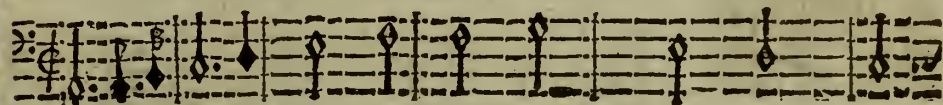




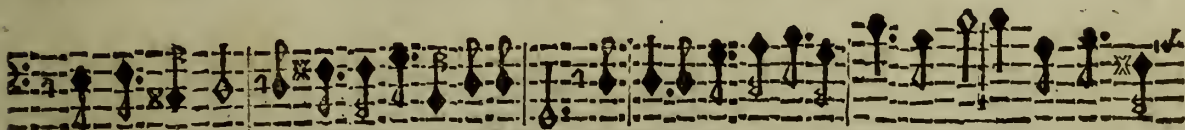
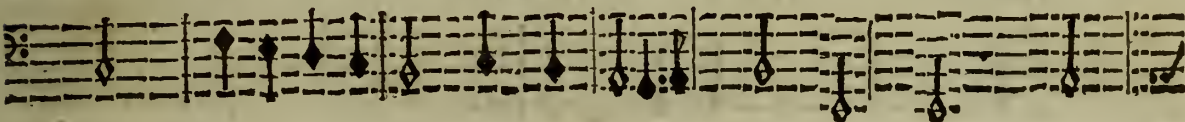
Anacreon's Ode, call'd, *The Lute*, Englished and to be sung by a Basse alone.



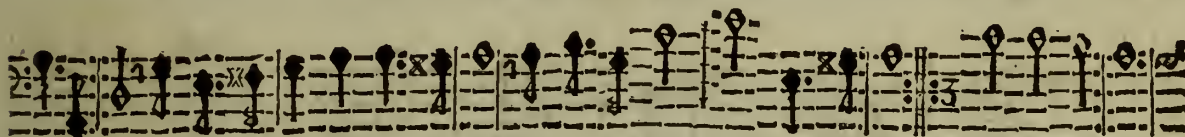
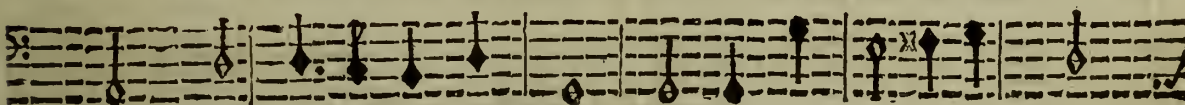
Long to sing the seidge of *Troy*; or *Thebe's* which *Cadmus* rear'd so high;



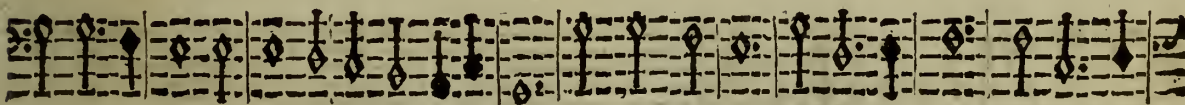
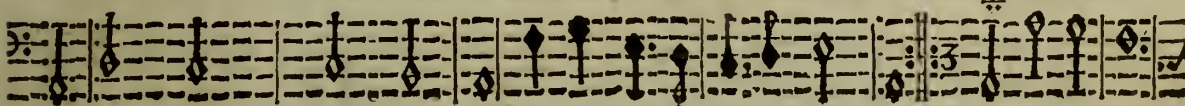
but though with hand & voice I strove, my Lute will sound nothing but *Love*. I chang'd the strings,



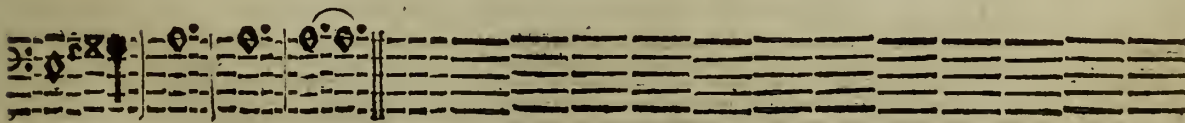
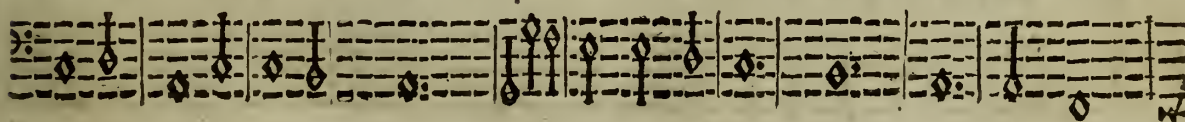
but 'twould not do't; at last I took an other Lute; & then I tri'd to sing the praise of All-performing



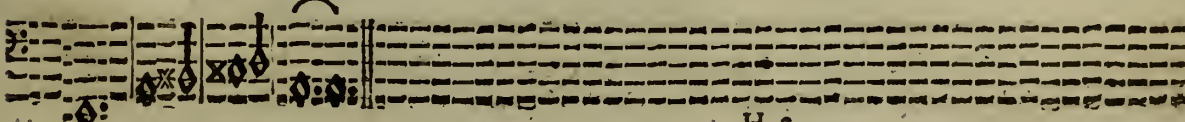
*Hercules*. But when I sung *Alcide's* name, my Lute refoinds *Love, Love* again. Then farewell all



ye *Gracian* Peers, and all true *Trojan* Cavalleers: Nor Godds nor men my Lute can move; 'Tis dumb to



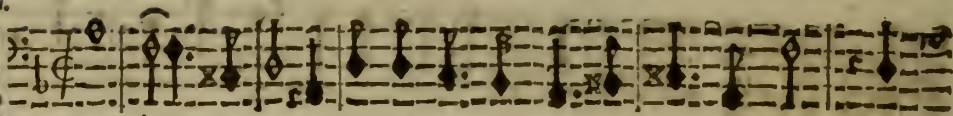
all but *Love, Love, Love*.



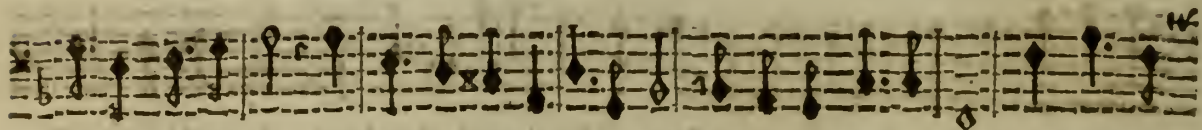
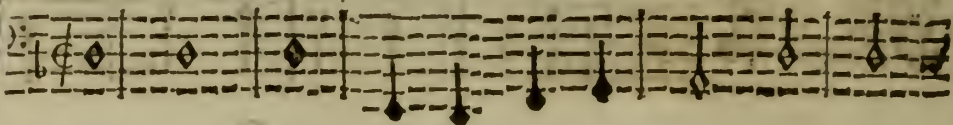
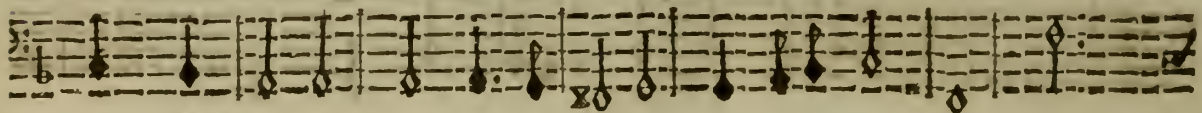


## Desperato's Banquet.

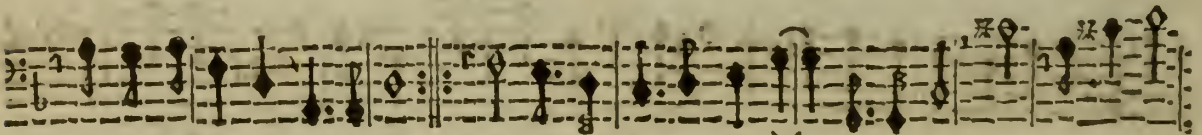
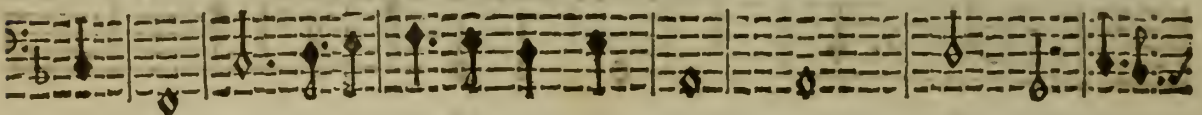
For a Bass alone.



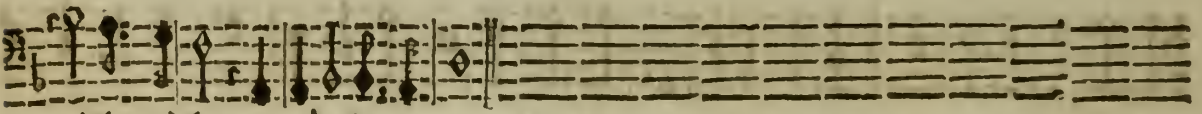
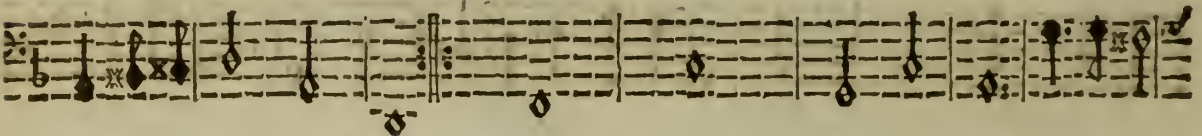
Ome hea—vy Souls, oppressed with the weight of crimes, and pangs, or

want of your delight; come drown in *Lethes* sleepy Lake, what ever makes you ake; drink healths from

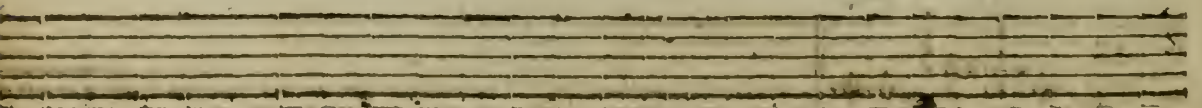
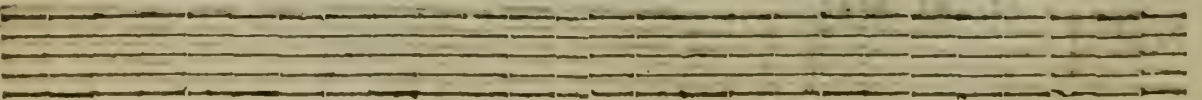
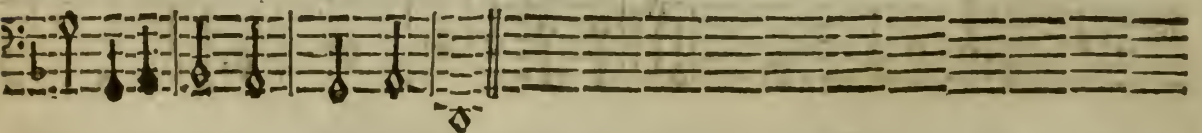
poys'ned bowls, breath out your cares together with your Souls; cool death's a salve that all may have,



ther's no distinction in the Grave. Lay down your loads before death's Iron door; sigh, and sigh out,

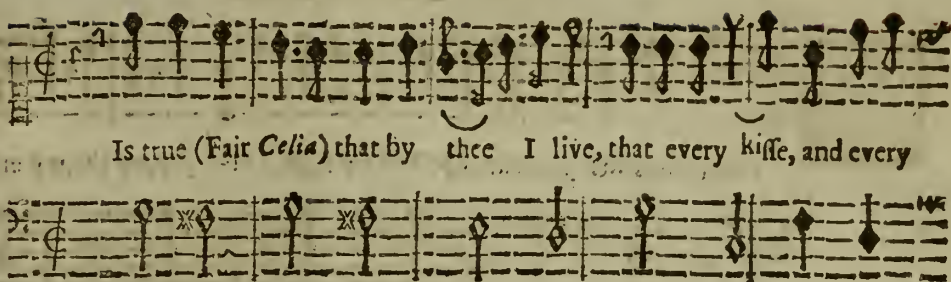


groan once, and groan no more.

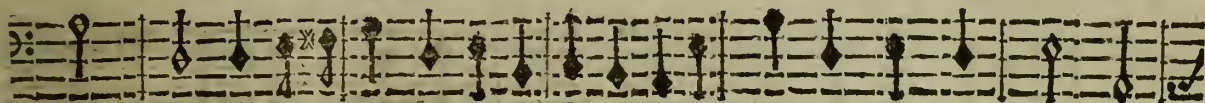




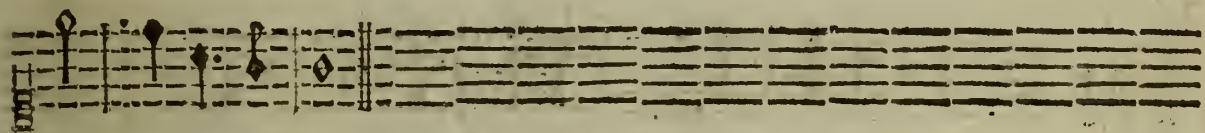
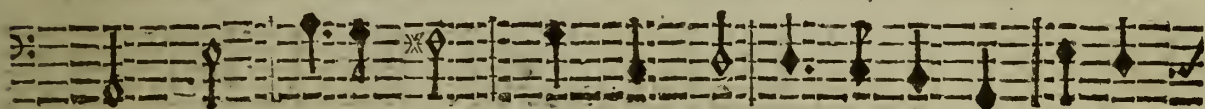
## To Cælia, inviting her to Marriage.



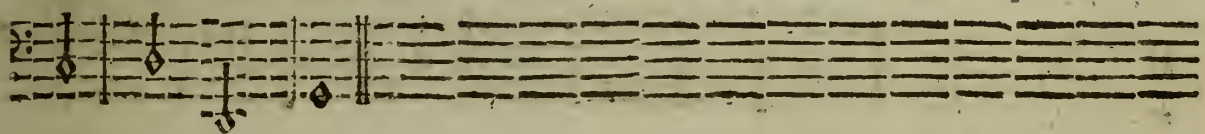
fond embrace form's a new Soul within me, and doth give a balsome to the wound made by thy face :



Yet still me thinks I misse that blisse which Lovers dare not name, and only then described is, when



flame doth meet with flame.



Those favours which do blisse me every day,  
Are yet but Empty, and Platonicall.  
Think not to please your servants with halfe pay,  
Good Gamesters never stick to throw at all.  
Who can endure to misse

That blisse

Which Lovers dare not name,  
And only then described is,  
When flame doth meet with flame ?

If all those sweets within you must remaine  
Unknown, and ne'r enjoy'd, like hidden treasure,  
Nature, as well as I, will lose her name ;  
And you, as well as I, your youthfull pleasure.

We wrong our selves to misse  
That blisse

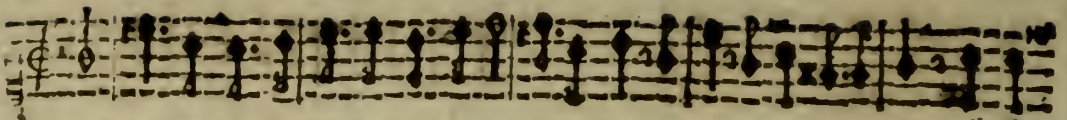
Which Lovers dare not name,  
And only then described is,  
When flame doth meet with flame.

Our Souls, which long have peep'd at one another  
Out of the narrow Casements of our Eyes,  
Shall now, by Love conducted, meet together  
In secret Cavern's, where all pleasure lyes.

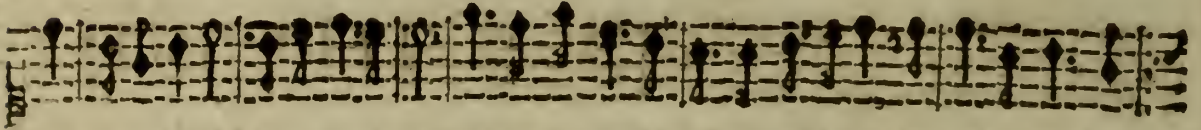
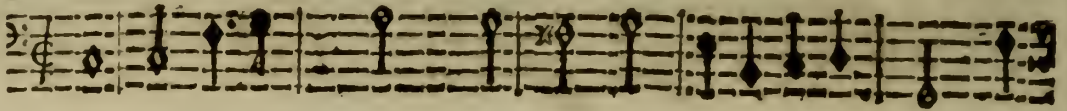
There, there we shall not misse  
That blisse

Which Lovers dare not name,  
And only then described is,  
When flame doth meet with flame.

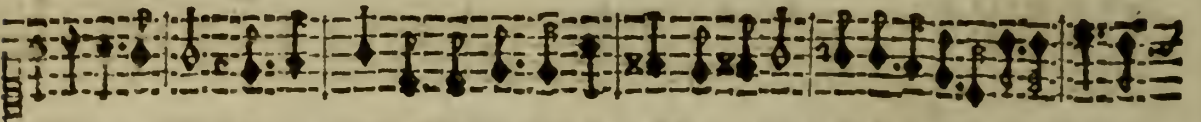
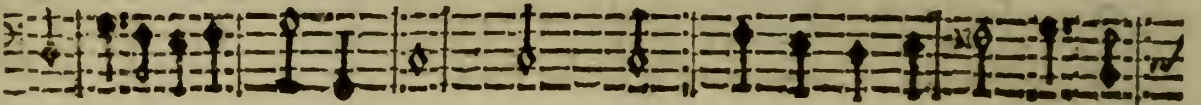


*Beauty Paramount.*

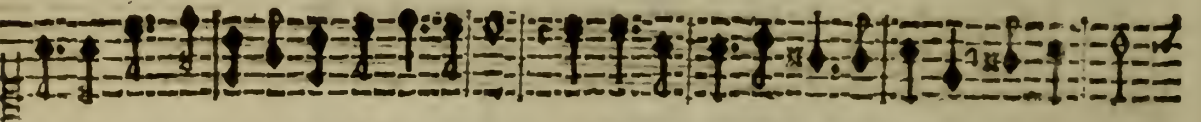
Ome, come, thou glorious object of my sight, O my Joy, my life, my only delight! may this



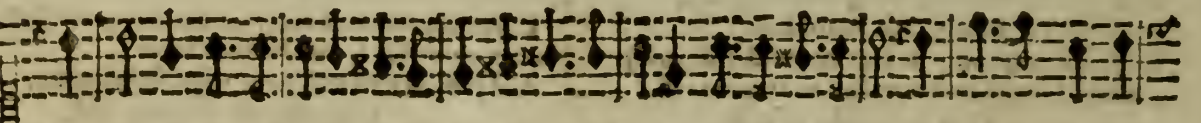
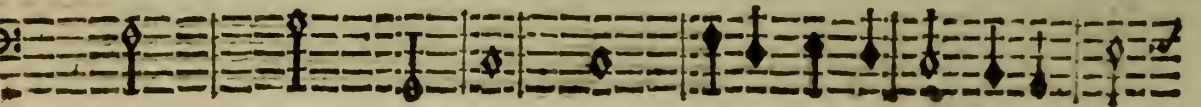
glad minute be blest to e-ter-ni-ty. See how the glim'ring Tapers of the sky do gaze and wonder



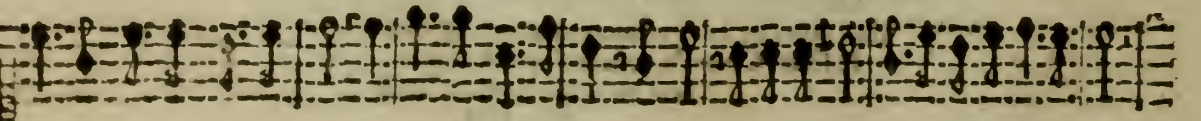
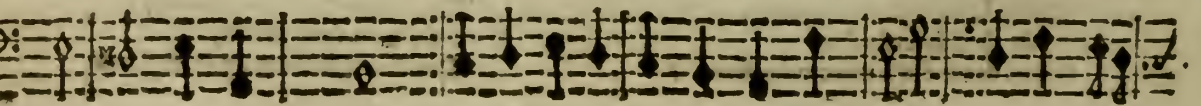
at our constancy! how they crowd to behold what our Arms do enfold! how all do envy our fe-li-ci-



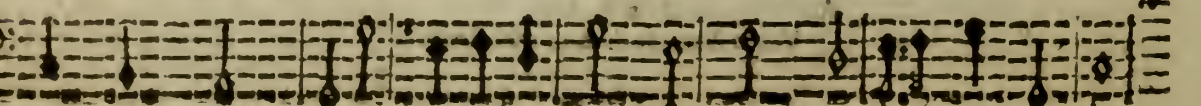
-ty, and grudge the triumph of *Selindras* eyes! how *Cynthia* seeks to throwd her crescent in yond cloud,



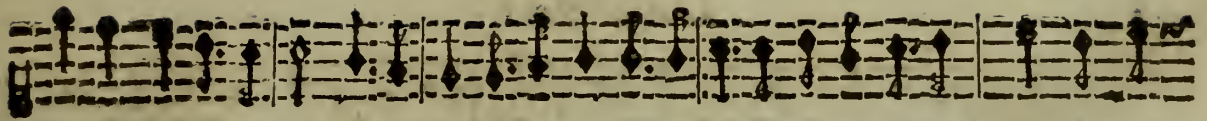
where sad night puts her sable mantle on, thy light mistaking, hasteth to be gone, her gloomy shades give



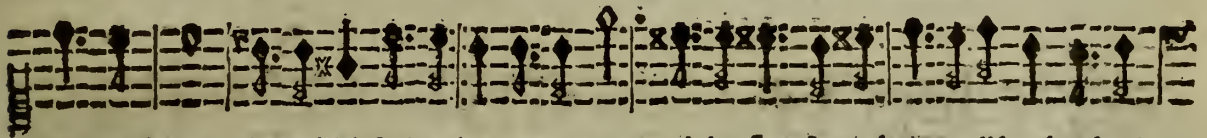
way as at th' approach of day, and all the Planets shrink for fear to be eclips'd by a brighter Deity.



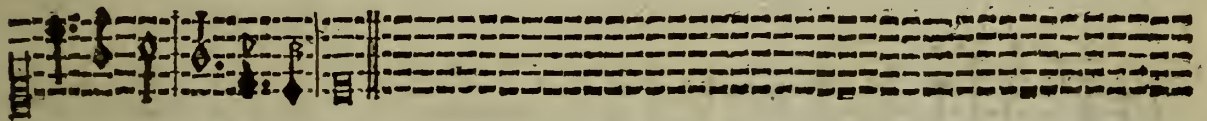
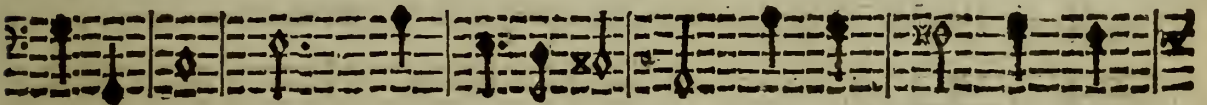




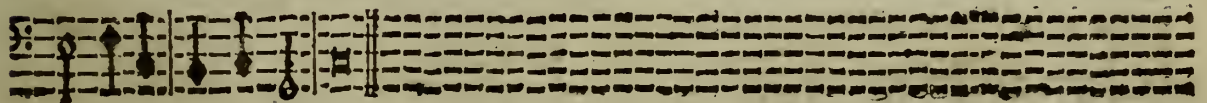
Look, O look how the pale lights do fall & adore what before the Heavens have not shown, nor their



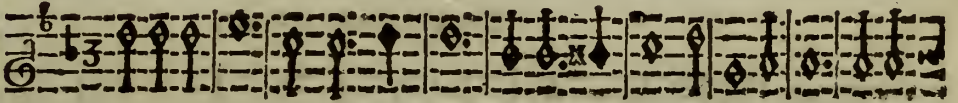
God-head known, such a faith, such a love, as may move mighty *Jove* from above, to descend and re-



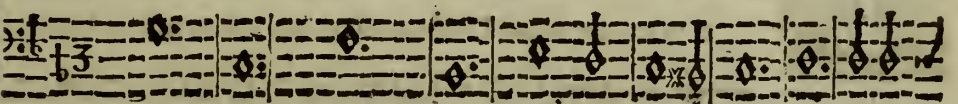
-tain among Mortals a-gain.



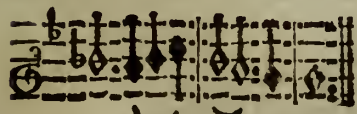
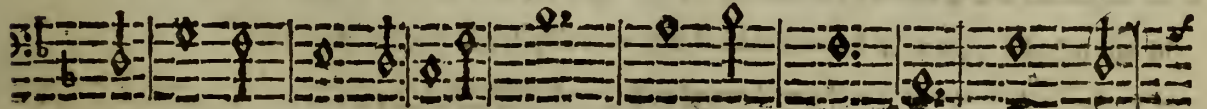
### *Youth and Beauty.*



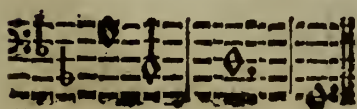
Thou art so fair, and yong withall, thou kind'lt yong desires in me, restore-



-ing life to leaves that fall, and sight to Eyes that hard-ly see, halfe those fresh



Beauties bloom in thee.



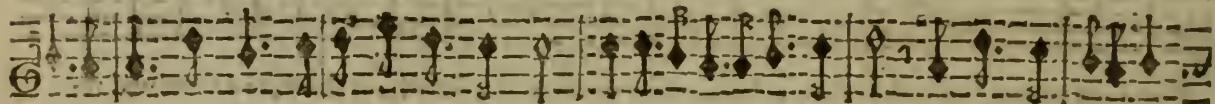
Those under sev'ral Hearbs and Flowr's  
Disguis'd, were all *Medea* gave,  
When the recal'd Times flying bowrs,  
And aged *Aeson* from his grave,  
For Beauty can both kill and save.

Youth it enflames, but age it cheers,  
I would go back, but not return,  
To twenty but to twice those years;  
Nor blaze, but ever constant burn,  
For fear my Cradle prove my Urn.

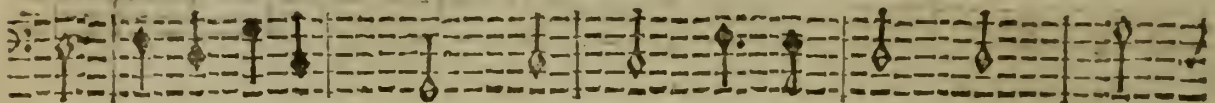


*Love and Musick.*

Ome my Sweet, whilst ev'ry strain calls our souls in-to the Eare, where the greedy



listning fain would turn into the sound they heare; lest in desire to fill the quire themselves they rye to



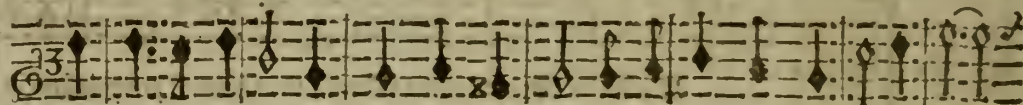
harmony, let's kiss & call them back a-gain.



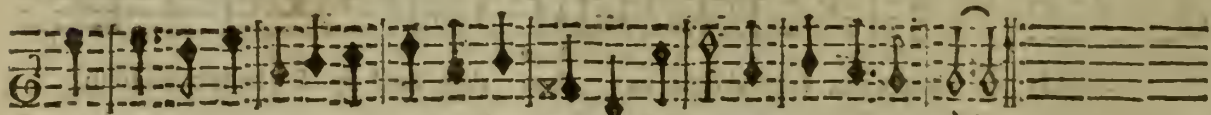
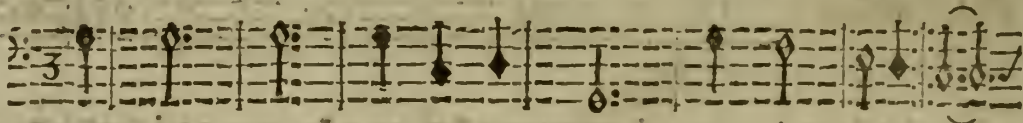
Now let's orderly convey  
Our Souls into each other's Brest,  
Where enterchanged let them stay  
Slum'ring in a melting rest :

Then with new fire  
Let them retire,  
And fill present  
Sweet fresh content  
Youthfull as the early day.

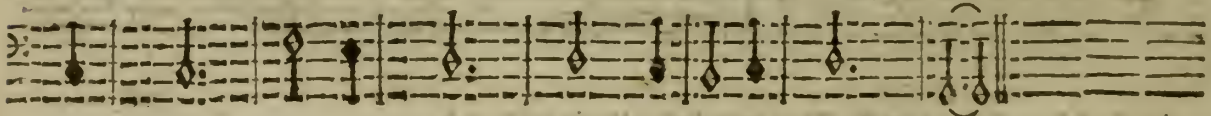
Then let us a Tumult make,  
Shutting to our souls, that we  
Careless who did give o' take,  
May not know in whom they be,  
Then let each for other  
And taste the other,  
Till we expire  
In gentle fire,  
Scorning the forgetfull Lake.

*The Excellency of wine.*

Is Wine that inspires, and quencheth Lov's fires, teaches fools how to rule a State,



M. yds ne'r did approve it, because those that love it dispise and laugh at their hare.

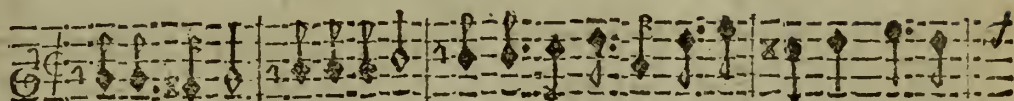


The Drinkers of Beer  
Did ne'r yet appear  
In matters of any weight ;  
'Tis he whose designe  
Is quickn'd by Wine  
That raises things to their height.

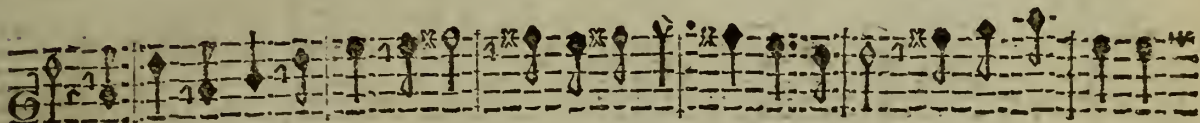
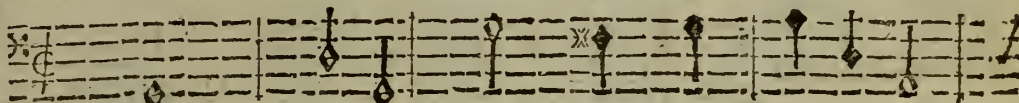
We then should it prize,  
For never black eyes  
Made wounds which this could not heale ;  
Who then doth refuse  
To drink of this Juice,  
Is a Foe to the Common-weale.



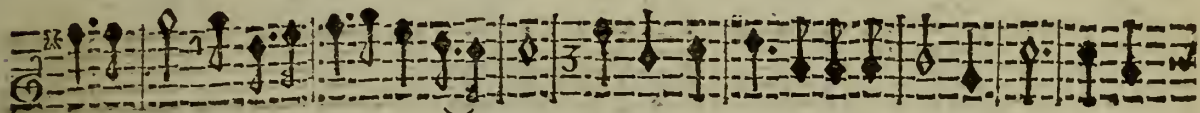
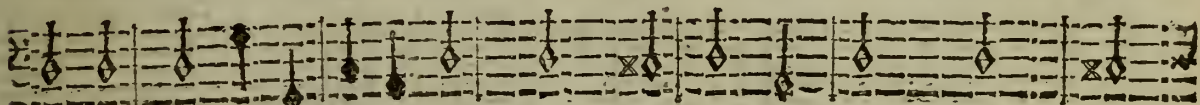
*An Anniversary on the Nupials of John Earle of Bridgewater, July 22. 1652.*



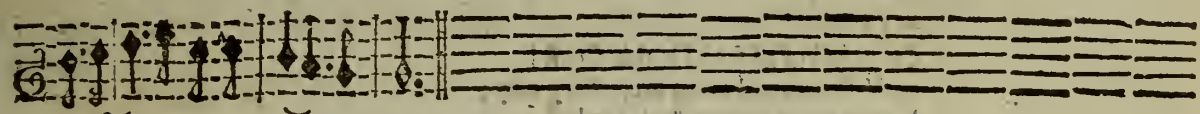
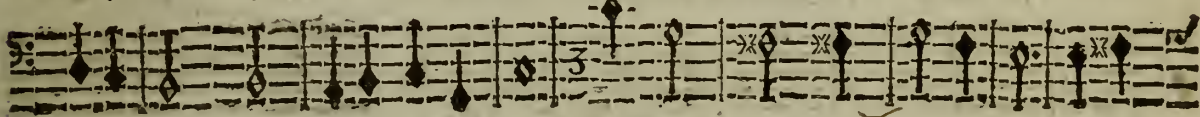
He Day's return'd, and so are we, to pay our Offering on this great *Thanksgiving*.



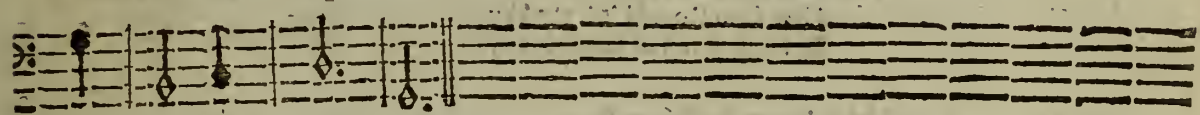
day. 'Tis His, 'tis Her's, 'tis Both, 'tis All; Though now it rise, it ne'r did fall; Whose Honour shall as



lasting prove, as our Devotion or Their Love : Then let's rejoyce; and by our Joy ap-pear, In this



one Day we offer all the Year.

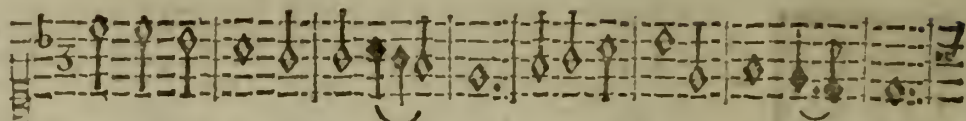


2  
See the bright Pair, how amiably kind;  
As if their Souls were but this Morning Joyn'd :  
As the same Heart in Pulses clef't,  
This for the Right Arme, that the Left ;  
So His and Her's in sever'd parts  
Are but two Pulses, not two Hearts :  
Then Let's, &c.

3  
Let no bold Forraign noise their Peace remove,  
Since nothing's strong enough to shake their Love;  
Blesse Him in Her's, Her in His Arms,  
From suddain (true or fals) Alarms ;  
Let ev'ry Year fill up a score,  
Born to be One, but to Make more :  
Then let's, &c.

4  
This Day Ten years to Him and Her did grant  
What Angels Joy, and Joyes which Angels want :  
Our Lady-Day, and our Lord's too,  
'Twere sin to rob it of its due,  
'Tis of both Genders, Her's and His,  
We stay'd twelve Months to welcome this.  
Then let's rejoyce, and by our Joy appear  
In this one Day we offer all the Year.

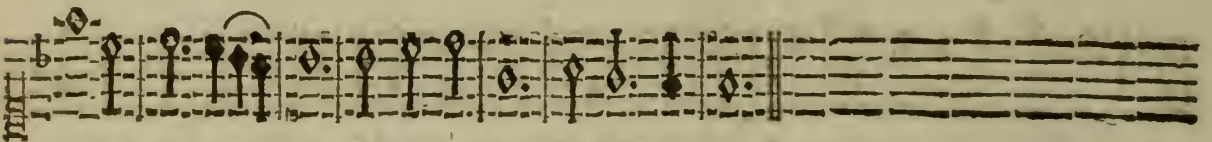
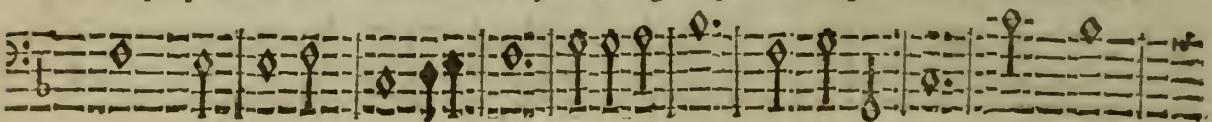
Staying in London after the Act for Banishment, and going to meet a Friend who sail'd  
the hour appointed.



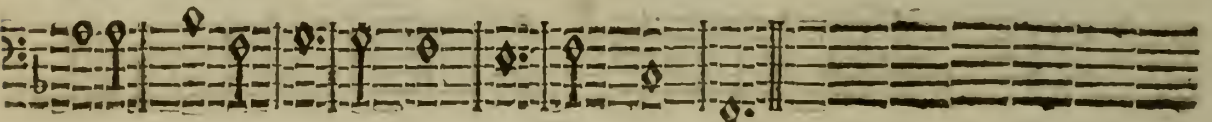
Wo hundred minutes are run down, since I and all my Grief fare here;



(Whom yet you will nor save nor drown) In a long Gasp 'twixt Hope and Fear: Thus *Lucian's*



tortur'd Fool did cry, He could not live, and durst not dye.

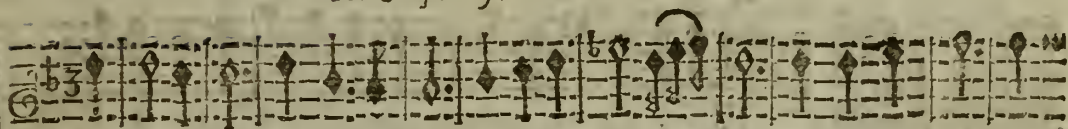


How full of Mischief is this Coak !  
Villains and Fooles peep every way ;  
If once these *Seekers* find, I'm lost ;  
I dare not go, I dare not stay :  
Here I am Rooted 'till the Sky  
Be hung as full of Clouds as I,

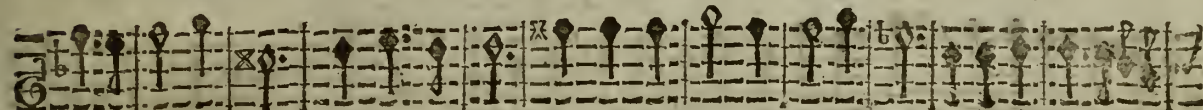
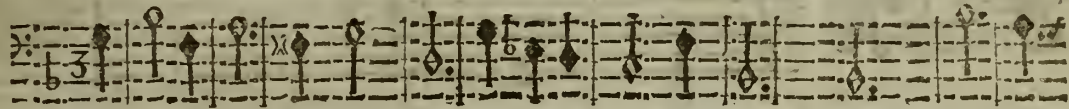
All Islanders are prisoners Born,  
We, Slaves to Slaves, in Five-mile Chaines ;  
I Theirs, and Yours, but most forlorn  
Where Purgatory Hell our-pain's :  
I'm in a new third Dungeon here,  
Shackles on Shackles who can wear ?

Sad and unseen I view the Row  
Which through this Street do ebb and flow ;  
Some few have Business, most without ;  
Their Pace this trundling Rithm does go :  
O tear me hence, for I am grow'n  
As empty-base as all this Town !

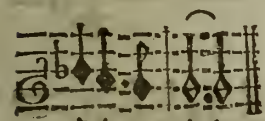
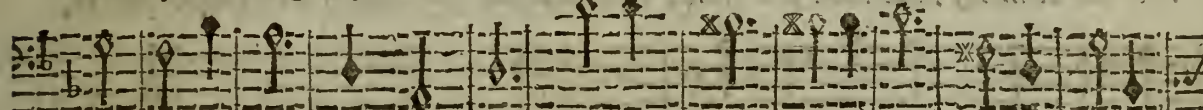


*No Constancy in Man.*

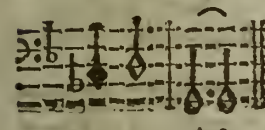
E gone, be gone thou perjur'd man, and never more re——turn, For know that thy In-



constancy hath chang'd my Love to Scorn: Thou hast awak'd me, and I can see clearly ther's no



Truth in Man.



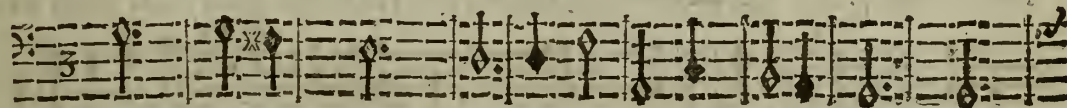
My Love to thee was chaste and pure,  
As is the Morning dew,  
And 'twas alone like to endure,  
Hadst thou not prov'd untrue;  
But I'm awak'd, and now I can  
See clearly ther's no Truth in Man.

Thou mayst perhaps prevail upon  
Some other to believe thee,  
And since thou canst love more than one,  
Ne'r think that it shall grieve me;  
For th' hast awak'd me, and I can  
See clearly ther's no Truth in Man.

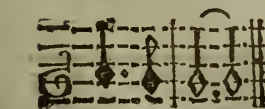
By thy Apostasy I find  
That Love is plac'd amiss,  
And can't continue in the mind  
Where Virtue wanting is:  
I'm now resolv'd, and know there can  
No constant Thought remain in Man.

*Beauties Eclips'd.*

Adies who gild the glit—t'ring Noon, and by reflecti—on mend it's Ray, whose lustre



makes the spright—full Sun to dance as on an East—er Day: What are ye? what are ye now the



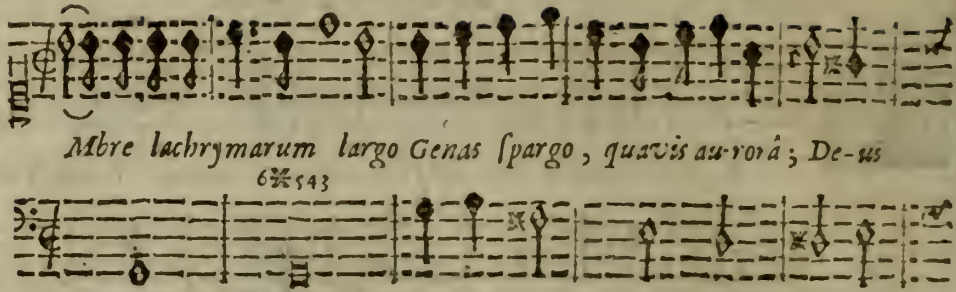
Queen's a—way?



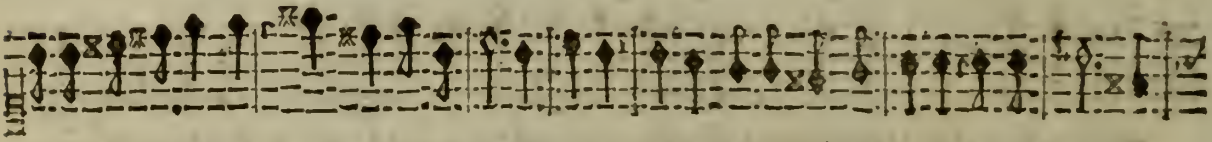
Couragious Eagles which have whet  
Your Eyes upon Majestick light,  
And thence deriv'd such martiall heat  
As still your Looks maintain'd the fight.  
What are ye since the King's good night.

As an obstructed Fountain's head  
Cut's the Intaile off from the streams,  
All Brooks are Disinherited,  
Honour and Beauty are but Dreams,  
Since Charles & Mary lost their Beams.

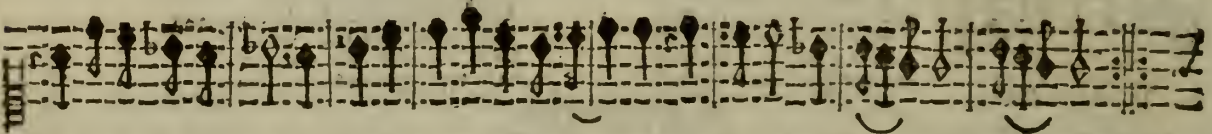
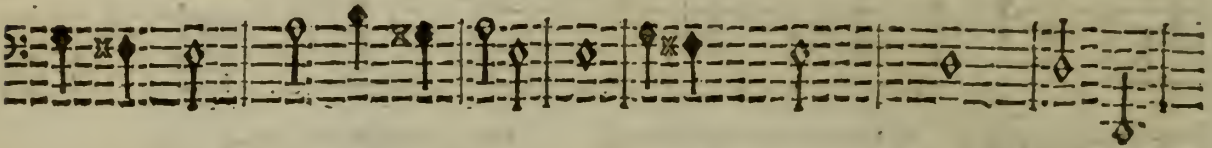




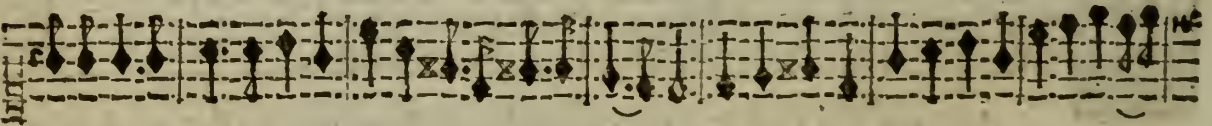
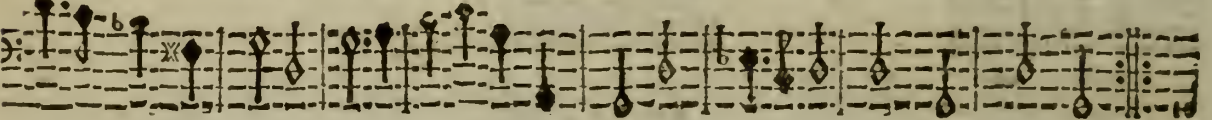
*Albre lachrymarum largo Genas spargo, quavis au-rorâ; De-us*  
6<sup>4</sup> 5 4 3



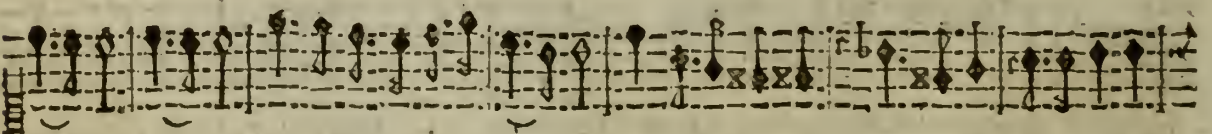
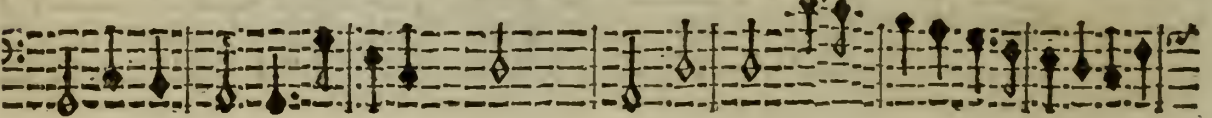
*citò tu ve-ni-to, nunc nunc sine morâ, Ora: Hoc non valet, semper o-ro, semper plo-ro,*



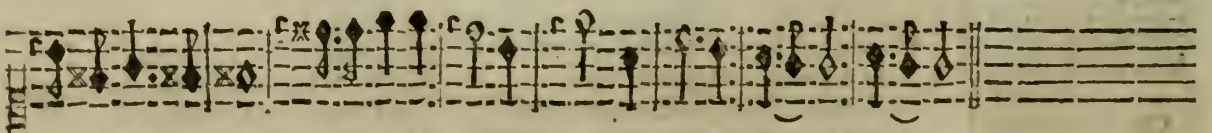
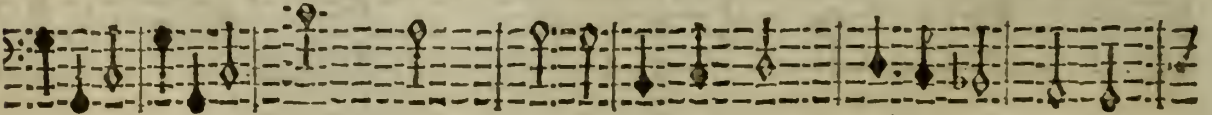
*cor de-fi-cit do-len-do; Te te a-me, ad te cla-mo, da-to finem flen-do En,—do,*



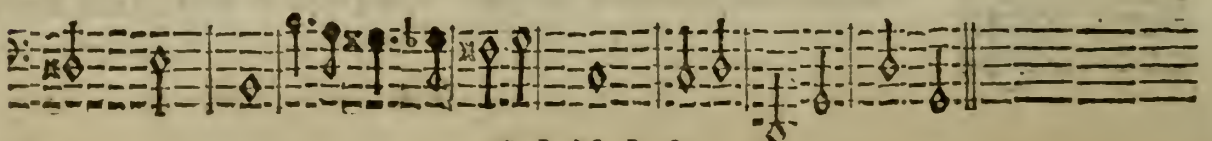
*Pecca-to-rum primus ego, hoc non nego, fateor ve—ro: sed tu De-us esto meus, in te solum*



*spe—ro, e—ro: vox pergrata satis, sa—tis, jam cedam fa-tis; mor—tu-us; vi-vam tamen:*



*Hic cum mori—or, calo orior, magnum magnum hoc so-la—men. A-men.*



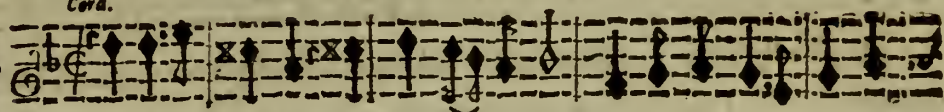


# PASTORALL DIALOGUES.

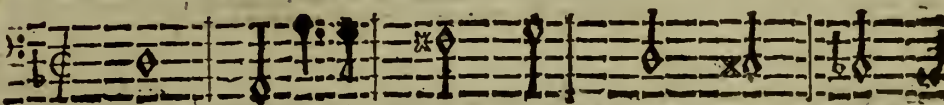
*A Dialogue betwixt Cordanus and Amoret, on a Lost Heart.*

For two Trebles.

*Cord.*

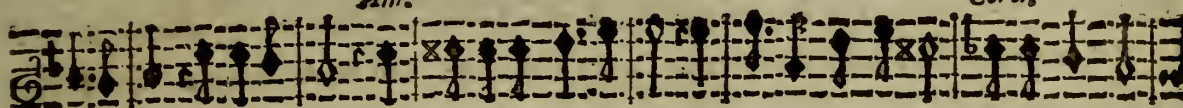


Istressed Pilgrim whose dark clouded eyes speaks thee a Martyr to Love's

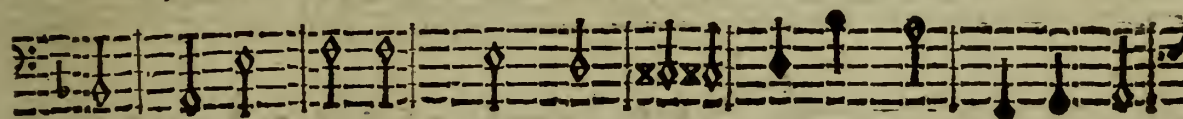


*Am.*

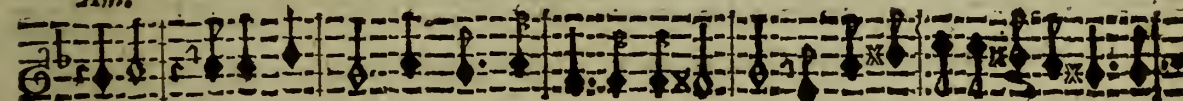
*Cord.*



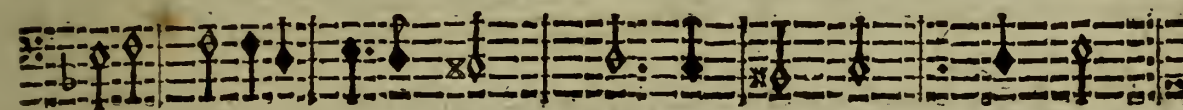
cruelties; whither away? What pit-tying voyce I hear calls back my flying steps? Prithee draw near



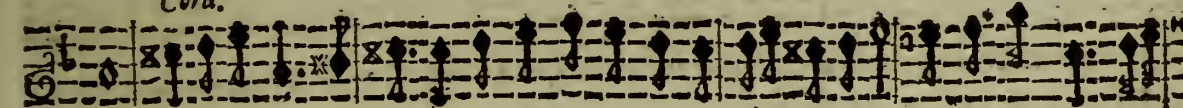
*Am.*



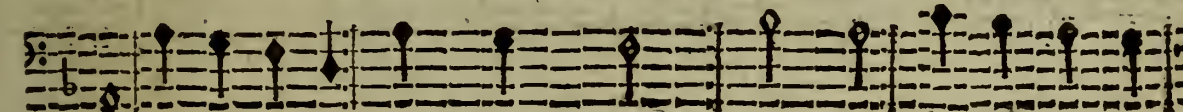
I shall but say kind Swain what doth become of a lost heart, e're to *E-li-xi-um* it wounded



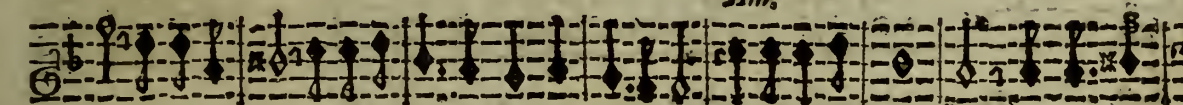
*Cord.*



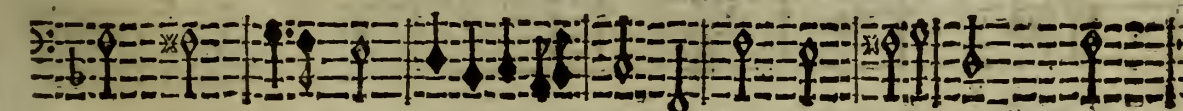
walks? First, it does free-ly fly in-to the pleasures of a Love—ers eye, but once condemn'd to



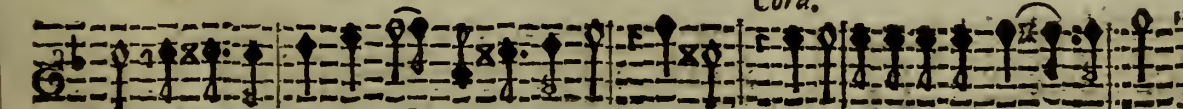
*Am.*



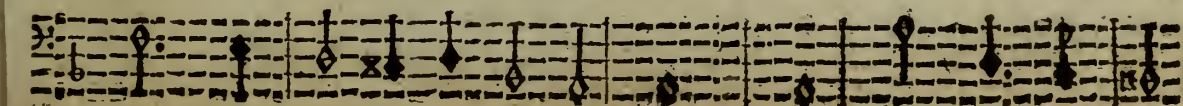
scorn, it fether'd lies an ever bowing slave to tyrannies. I pit-ty its sad Fate, since its of-



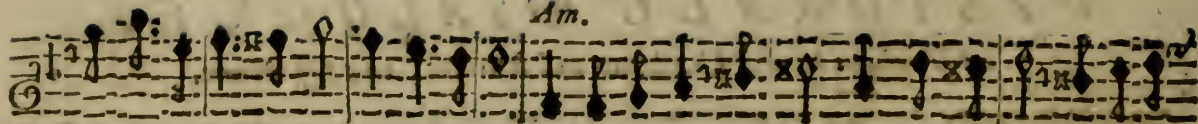
*Cord.*



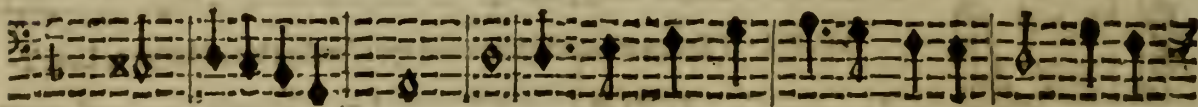
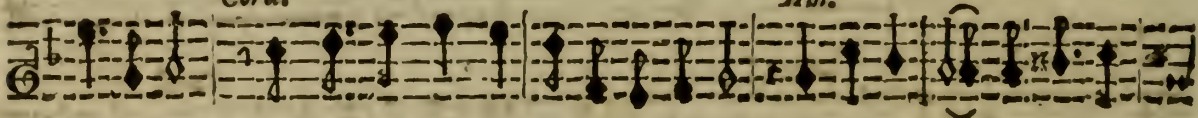
fence was but for Love, can't tears recall it thence? O no, such tears as do for pit—ty call,



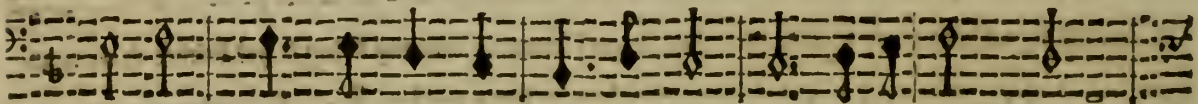


*Am.*

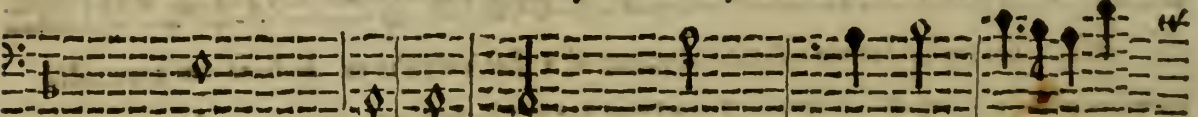
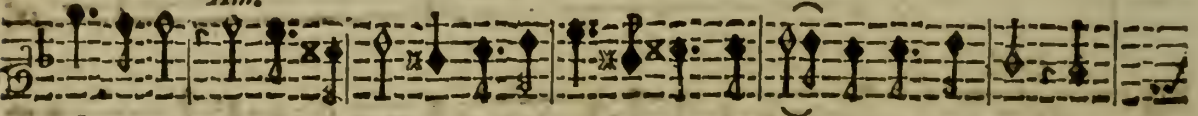
the proudly scorns, & glories at their fall. Since neither sighs nor tears, kind Shepherd tell, will not a

*Cord.**Am.*

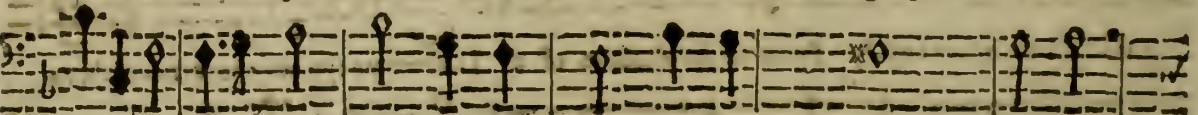
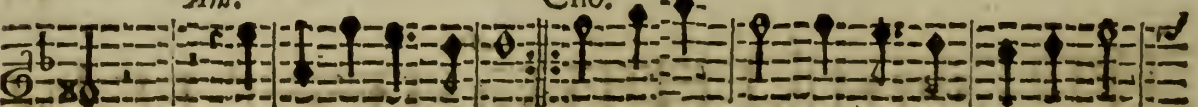
kisse prevaile? Thou may'st as well court Ec-cho with a kisse. Can no Art move a sacred

*Cord.*

vi--olence to make her love? O no, 'tis on-ly De-sti-ny and Fate fashions our Wils. Either to

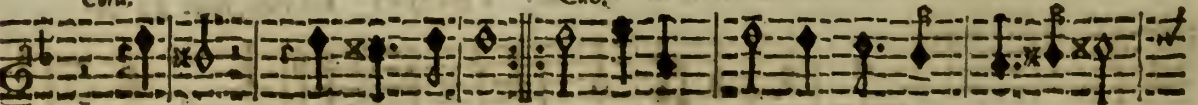
*Am.*

love or hate. Then captive heart, since that no humane spell hath pow'r to graspe thee his fare-

*Am.**Cho.*

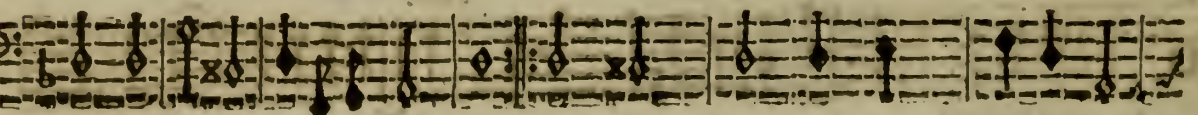
well.

Farewell, farewell, farewell. Lost hearts like Lambs drove from their Folds by fears,

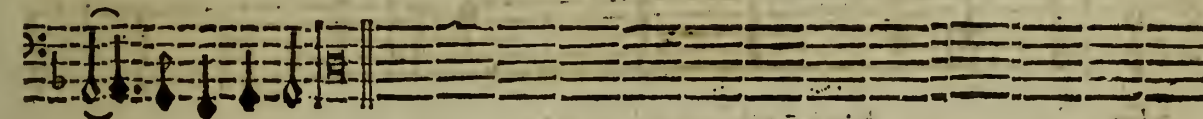
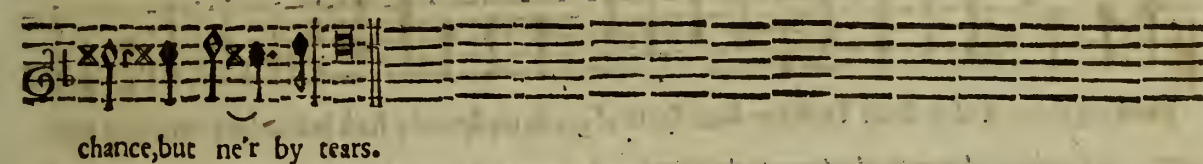
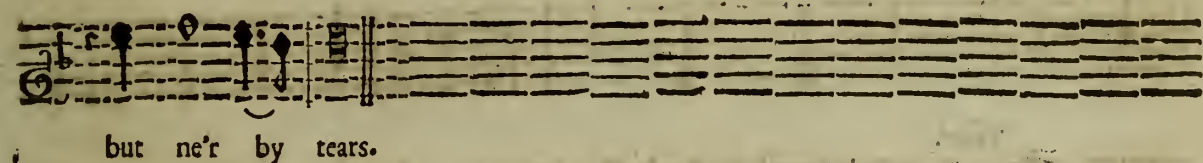
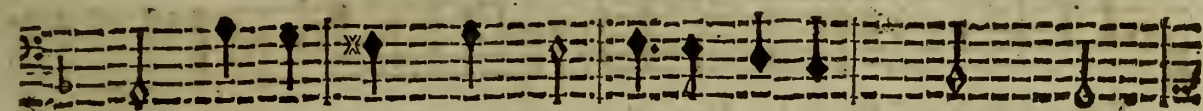
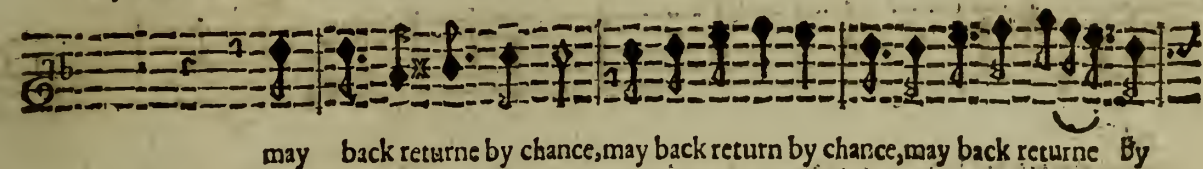
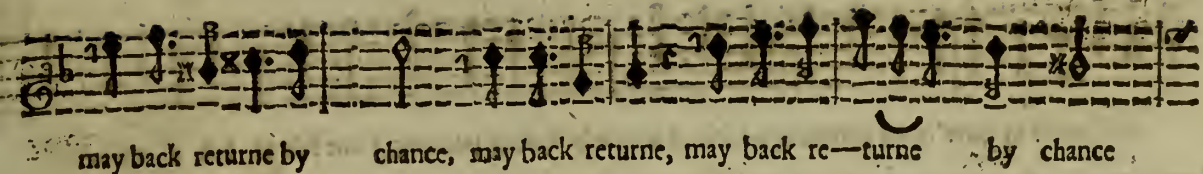
*Cord.**Cho.*

farewell.

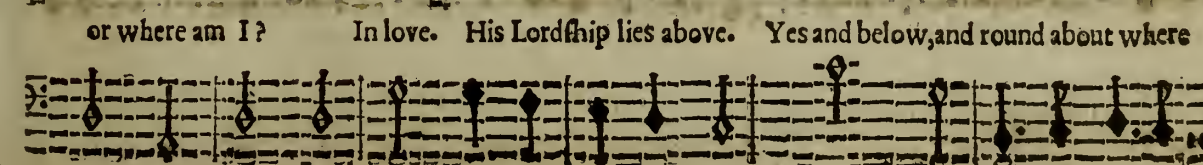
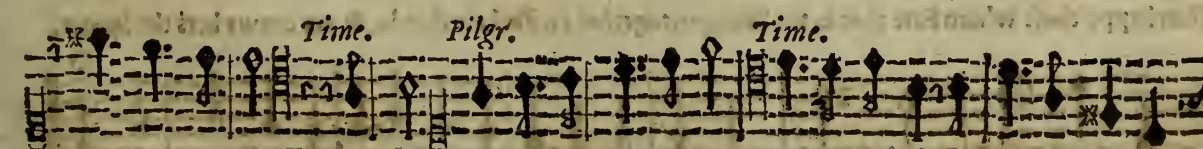
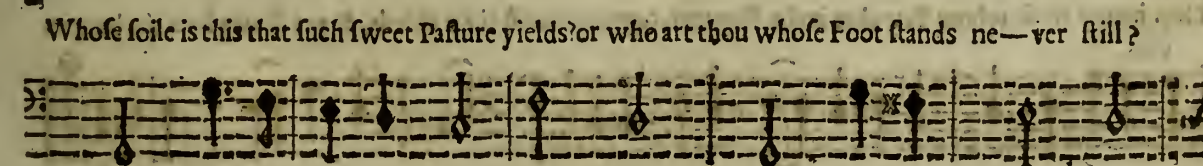
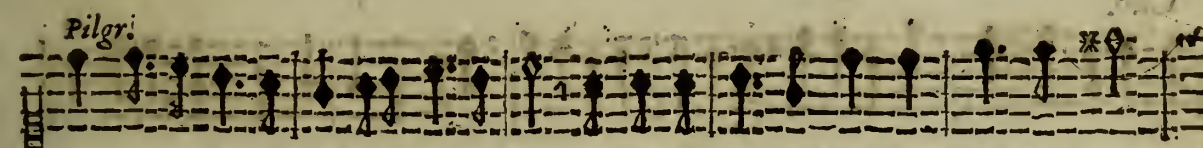
Farewell, farewell. Lost hearts like Lambs drove from their Folds by fears,



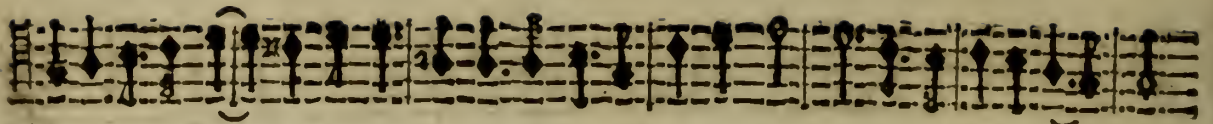




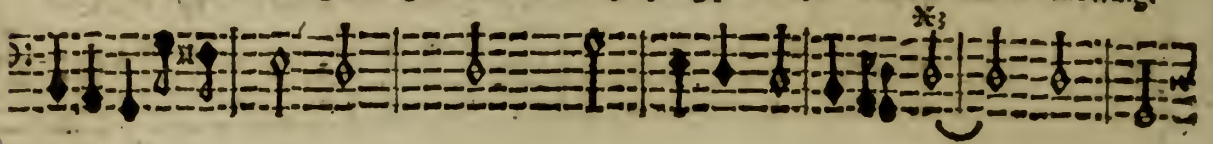
*A Dialogue betwixt Time and a Pilgrime.*



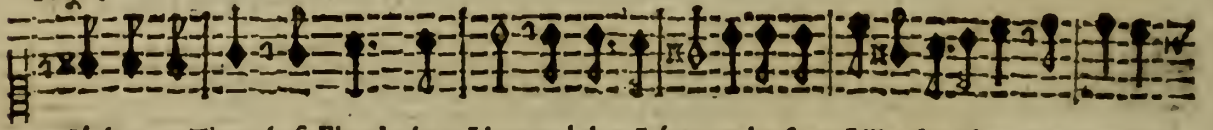




in all sorts of flow'rs are growing which as the early Spring puts out, Time falls as fast a mowing.



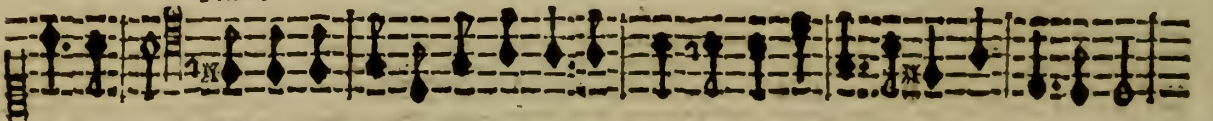
*Pilgr.*



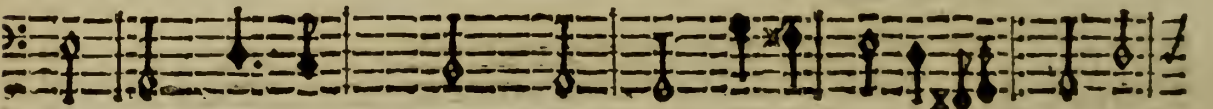
If thou art Time, these Flow'rs have Lives, and then I fear, under some Lilly she I love may now be



*Time.*



growing there. And in some Thistle or some spyre of grasse, my lyth thy stalk before hers come may passe.

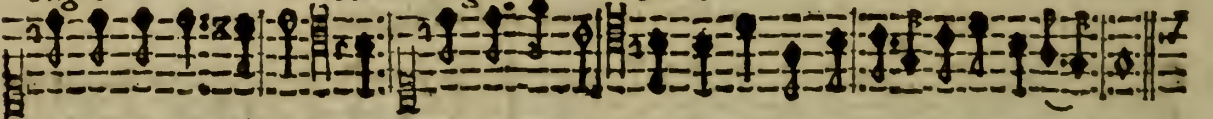


*Pilgr.*

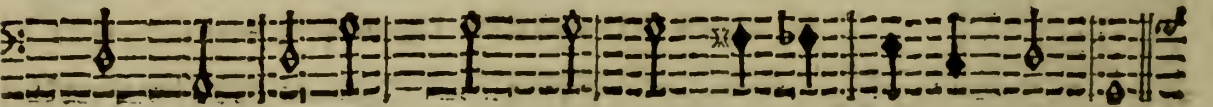
*Time.*

*Pilgr.*

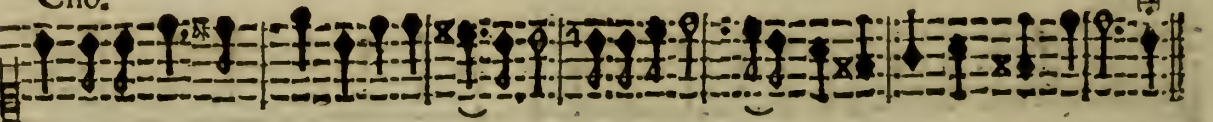
*Time.*



Wilt thou provide it may ? No. All ease the cause. Because Time cannot alter but obey Fates Laws.

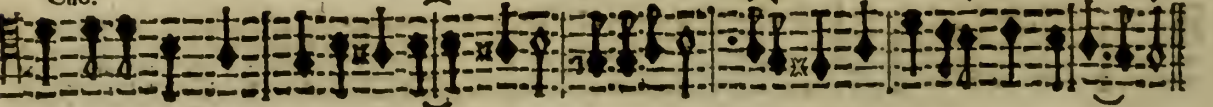


*Cho.*

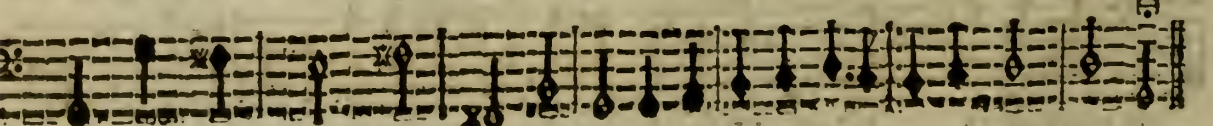


Then happy those whom Fate that is the stronger, together twist their threads, & yet draws hers the longer.

*Cho.*



Then happy those whom Fate that is the stronger, together twist their threads, & yet draws hers the longer.

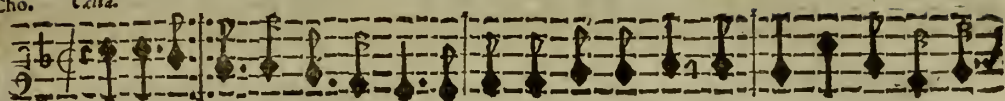
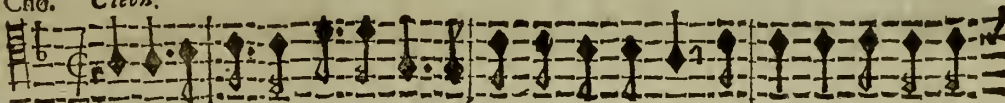
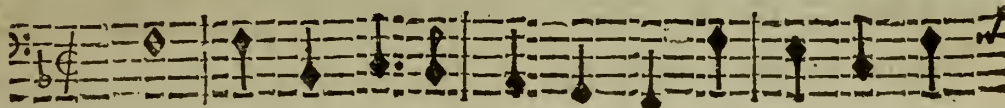




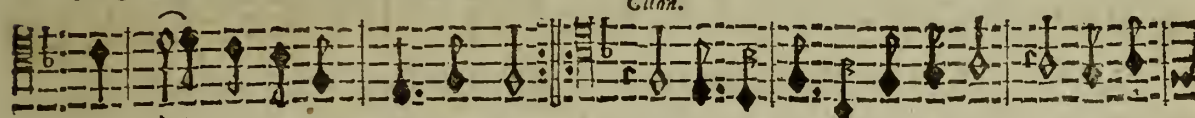
*A Pastoral Dialogue betwixt Cleon and Cælia.*

Cho.

Cælia.

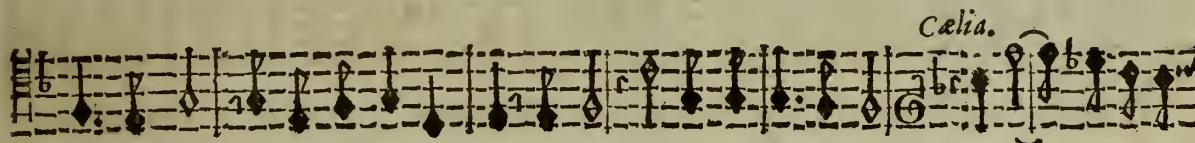
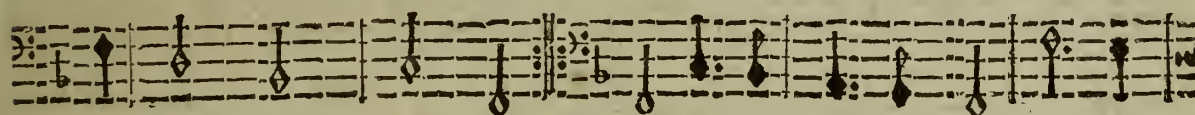
S *Cælia* rested in the shade with *Cleon* by her side, the Swain thus courted theCho. *Cleon.*S *Cælia* rested in the shade with *Cleon* by her side, the Swain thus courted the

yong Mayd, and thus the Nymph reply'd.

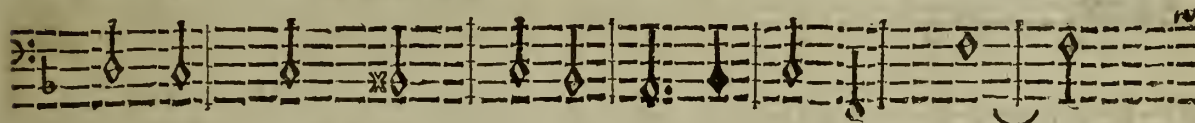


yong Mayd, and thus the Nymph reply'd.

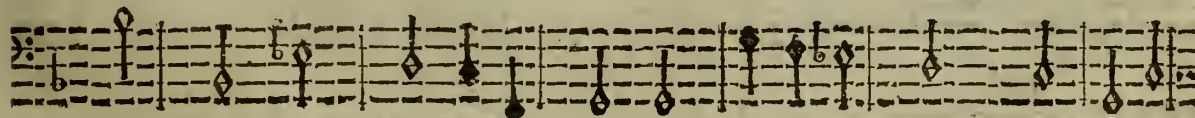
Sweet let thy captive fetters wear made by thine



arms &amp; hands, 'till such as thraldome scorn, or fear, envy those happy bands. Then thus my willing

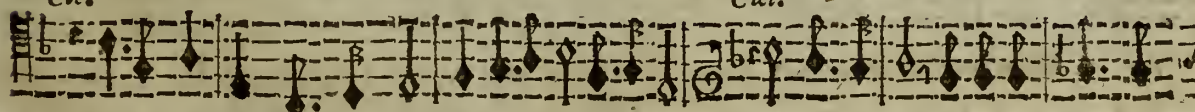


arms I wind about thee, and am so thy pris'ner, for my selfe I bind untill I let thee go.



Cle.

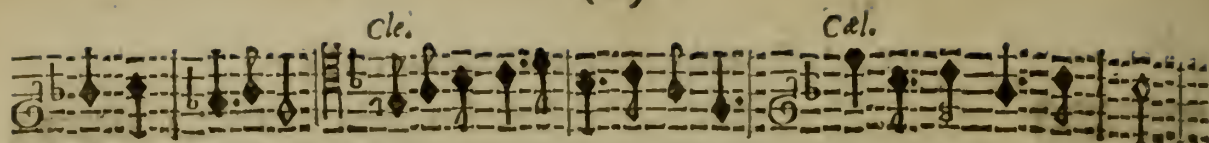
Cælia.



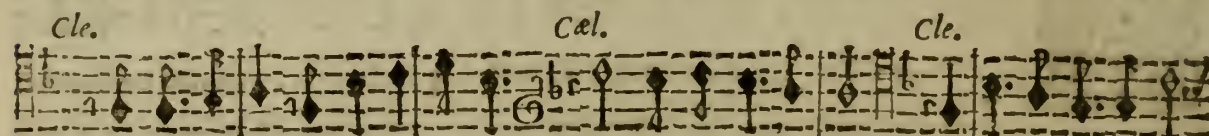
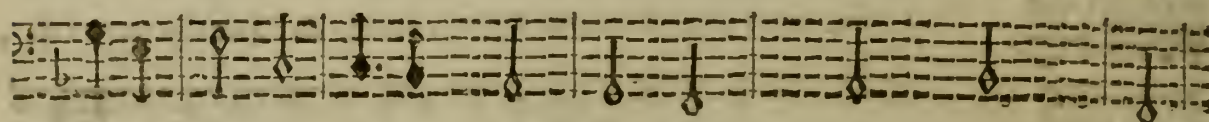
Happy that slave whom the fair foe ties in so soft a chain. Far happier I, but that I know thou



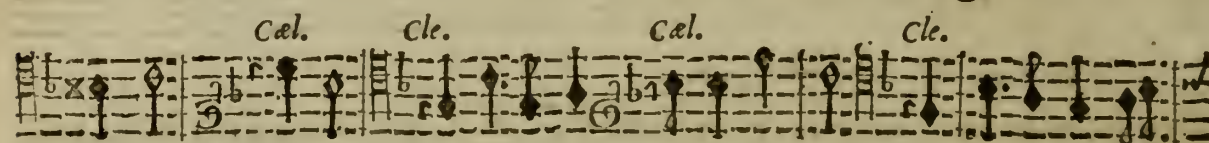
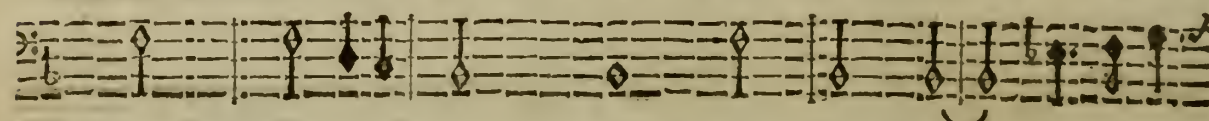




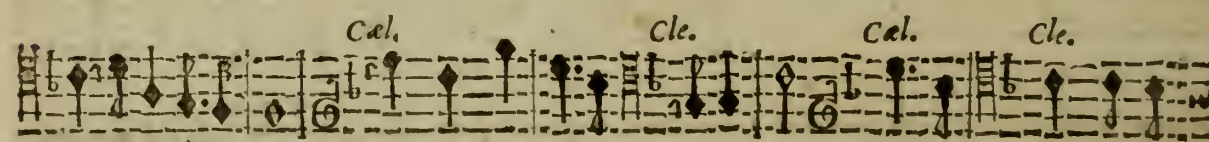
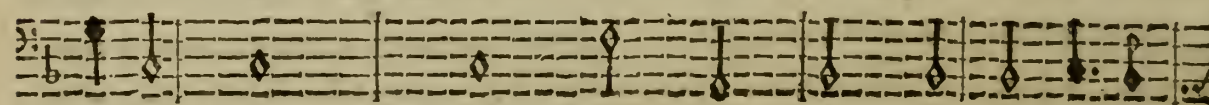
wilt break loose again. By thy immortal Beauties never. Fraile as thy Love's thine Oath.



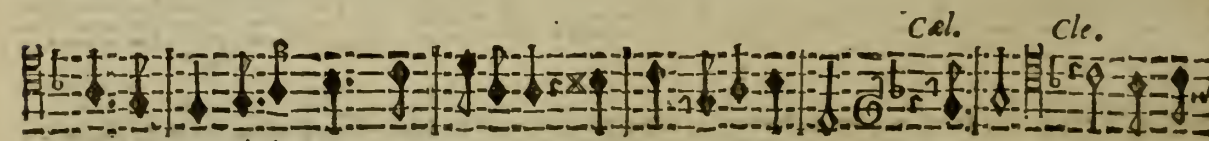
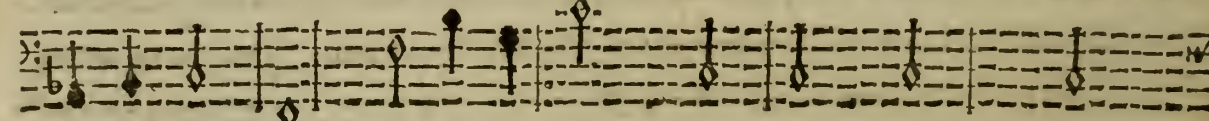
Though beauty faile my faith lasts ever. Time will destroy them both. I doat not on that snow-



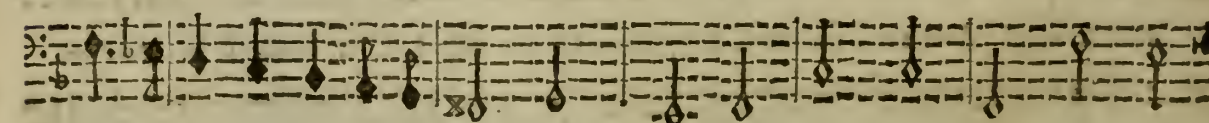
white skin. What then? Thy purer mind. It lov'd too soon. Thou hadst not been so



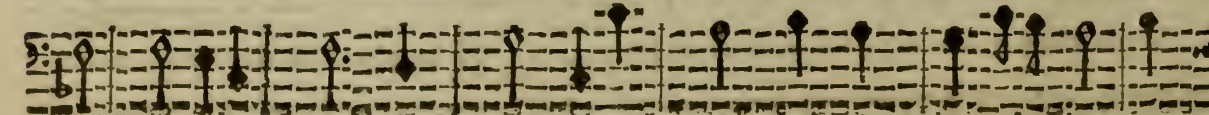
fair, if not so kind. O strange vain fancy! But yet true. Prove it. Then make a



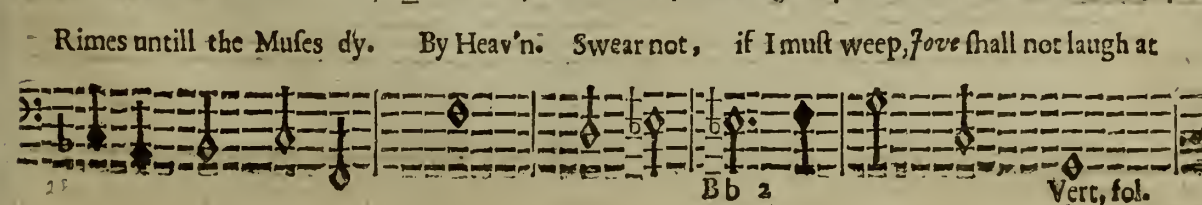
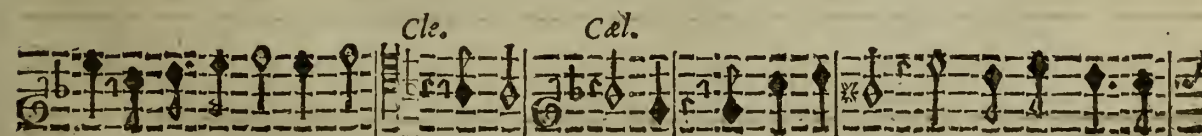
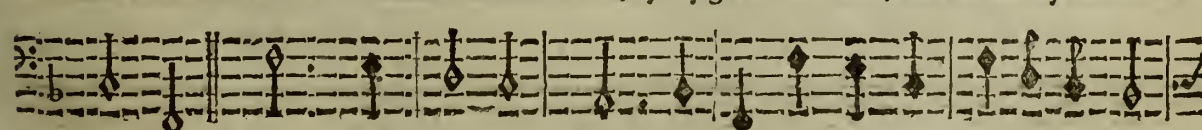
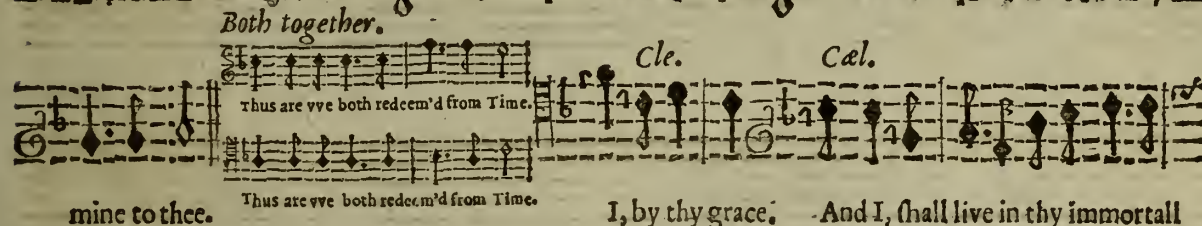
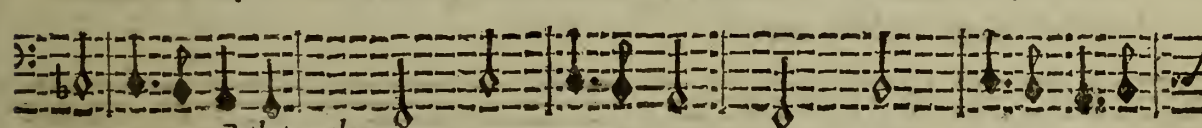
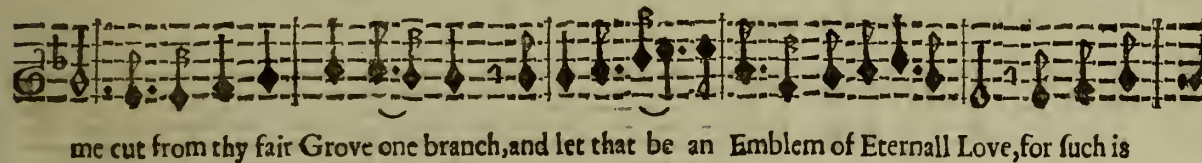
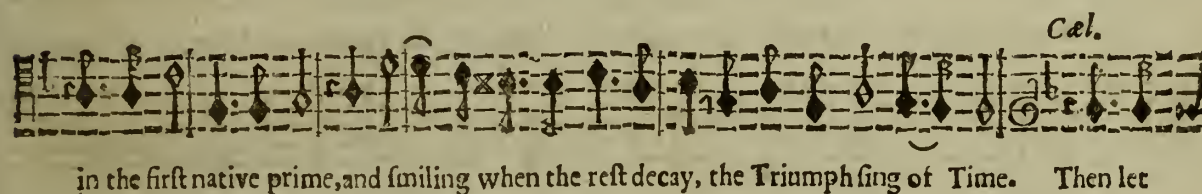
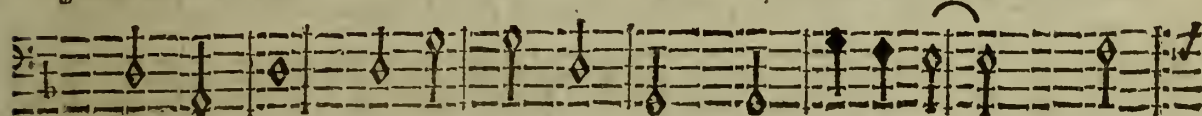
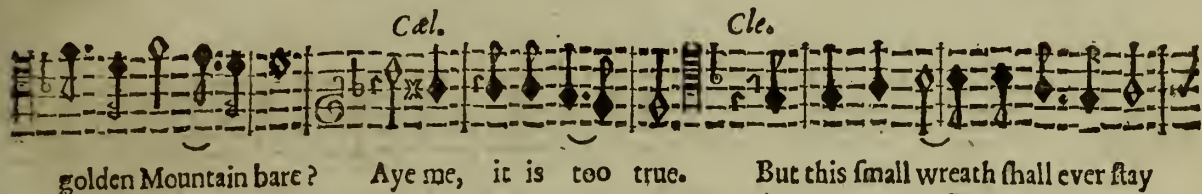
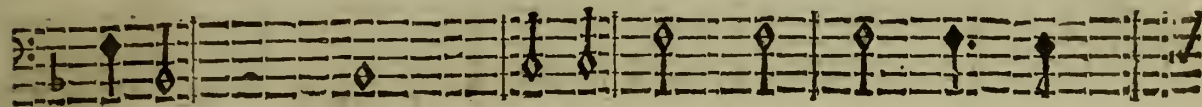
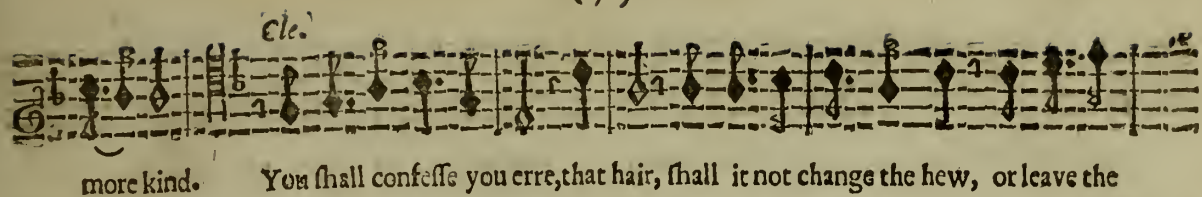
Brade of those loose flames which circle you, my Sun's & yet your shade. 'Tis done. Now give it

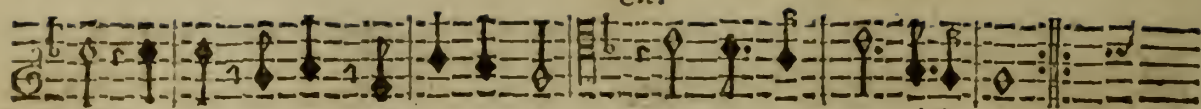


me. Thus thou shalt thine own error find; if these were Beauties, I am now lesse fair, because

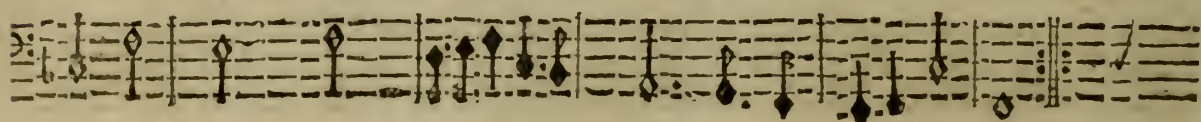




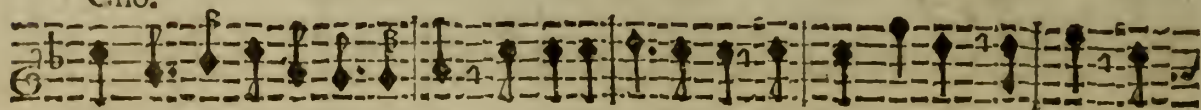




me, this kisse, my heart, and thy faith keep. This breath's my soule to thee.

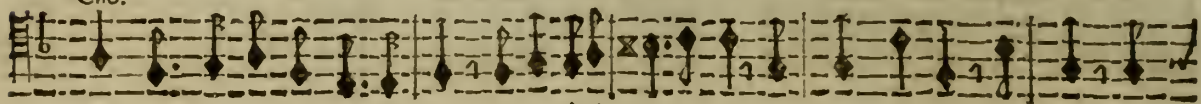


Cho.

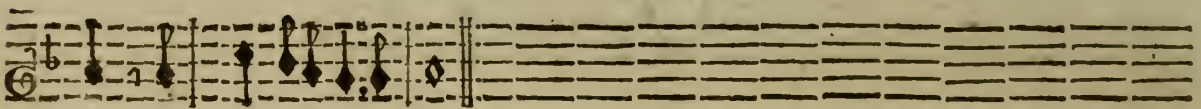
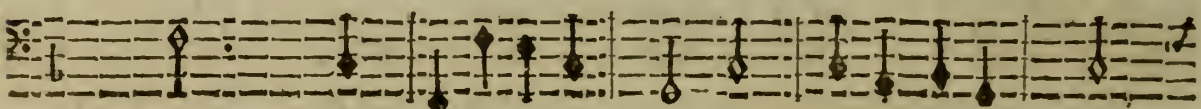


Then forth the thicket *Thirfis* rusht, where he saw all the play, the Swain stood still, and smil'd, and

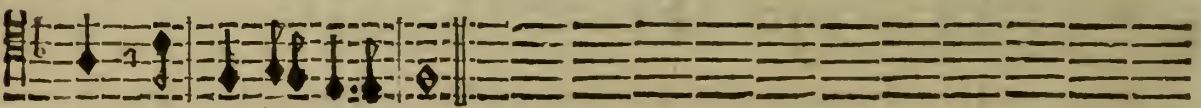
Cho.



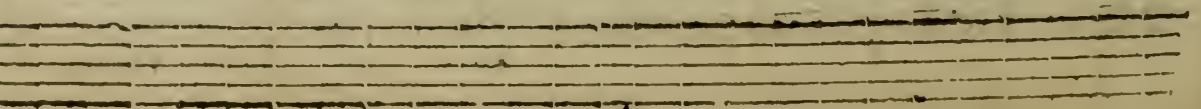
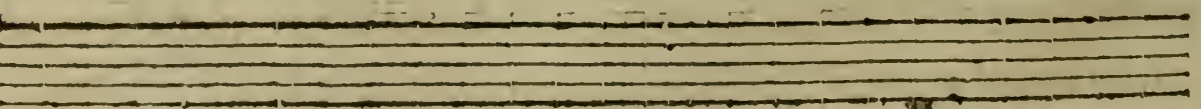
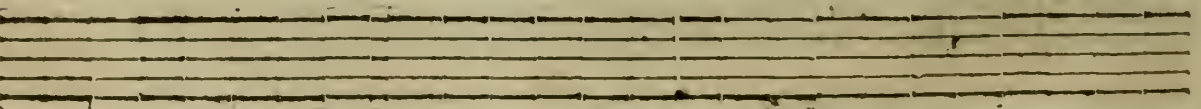
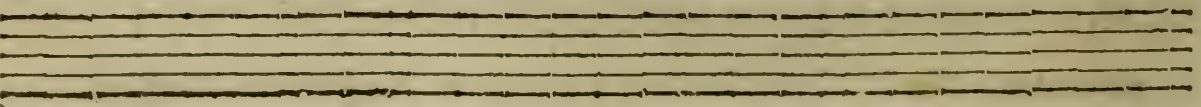
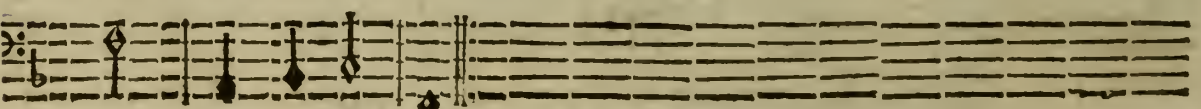
Then forth the thicket *Thirfis* rusht, where he saw all the play, the Swain stood still, and smil'd, and



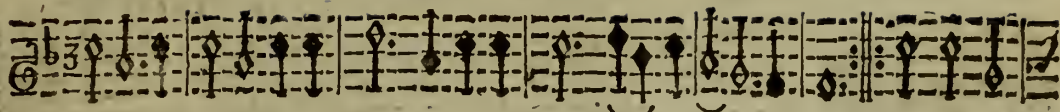
blush'd, the Nymph fled fast a-way.



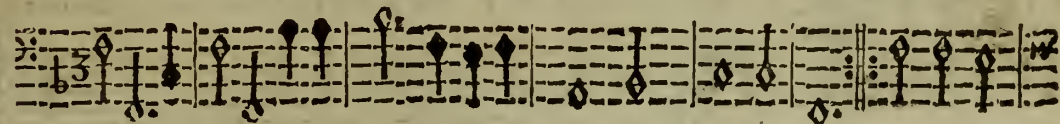
blush'd, the Nymph fled fast a-way.



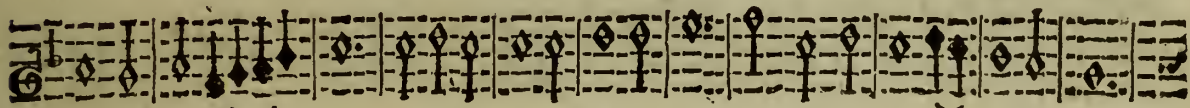




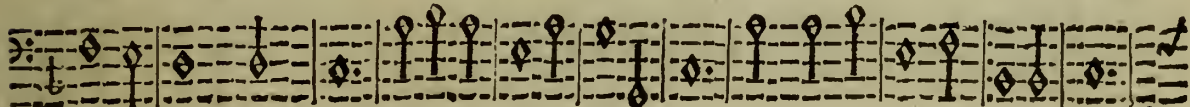
*Acchus, I-acchus*, fill our Brains as well as Bowls with sprightly strains: Let Souldiers



*Acchus, I-acchus*, fill our Brains as well as Bowls with sprightly strains: Let Souldiers



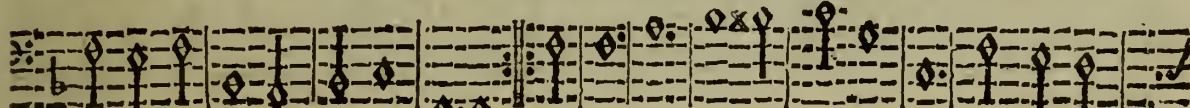
fight for pay or praise, and many be the Misers with, poor Schollers stu-dy all their dayes,



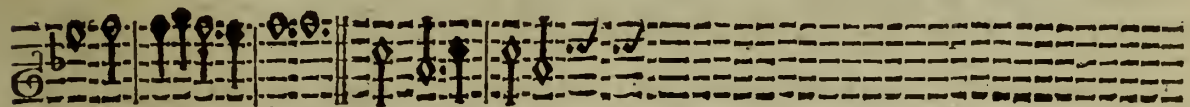
fight for pay or praise, and many be the Misers with, poor Schollers stu-dy all their dayes,



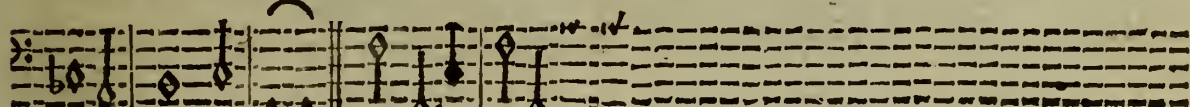
and Gluttons glo-ry in their dish: 'Tis wine, pure wine, revives sad souls, therefore give



and Gluttons glo-ry in their dish: 'Tis wine, pure wine revives sad souls, therefore give



us the cheer in Bowls. *Bacchus, I-acchus, &c.*



us the cheer in Bowls. *Bacchus, I-acchus, &c.*

*Bacchus, I-acchus, &c.*

Let Minions Marshall ev'ry hair,  
Or in a Lovers lock delight,  
And Artificial colours wear,  
We have the Native Red and White:  
'Tis Wine, pure Wine, &c.

*Bacchus, I-acchus, &c.*

Take Pheasant Poults, and calved Sammon,  
Or how to please your pallats think,  
Give us a salt West-phalia Gammon,  
Not meat to eat, but meat to drink:  
'Tis Wine, pure Wine, &c.

*Bacchus, I-acchus, &c.*

Some men want Youth, and some want health,  
Some want a Wife, and some a Punke,  
Some men want wit, and some want wealth,  
But they want nothing that are drunke:  
'Tis Wine, pure Wine, &c.

*Bacchus, I-acchus, &c.*

Some have the Pstifick, some the Rhume,  
Some have Palsie, some the Gout,  
Some swell with fat, and some consume,  
But they are found that drink all out:  
'Tis Wine, pure Wine, &c.

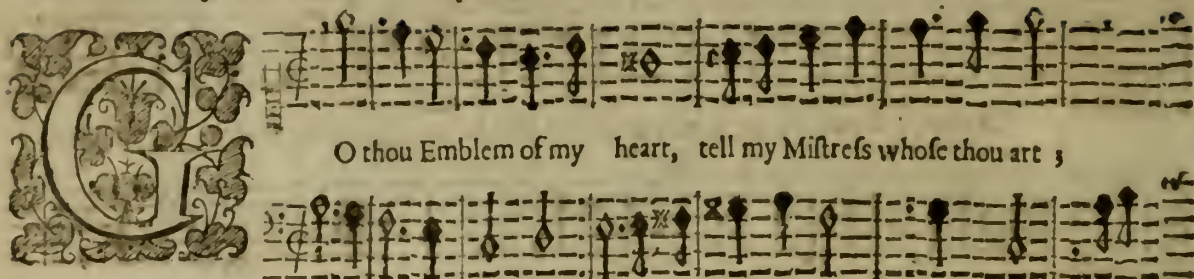
*Bacchus, I-acchus, &c.*

The backward spirit it makes brave,  
That forward which before was dull;  
Those grow good fellows that were grave,  
And kindness flows from cups brim full:  
'Tis Wine, pure Wine, &c.

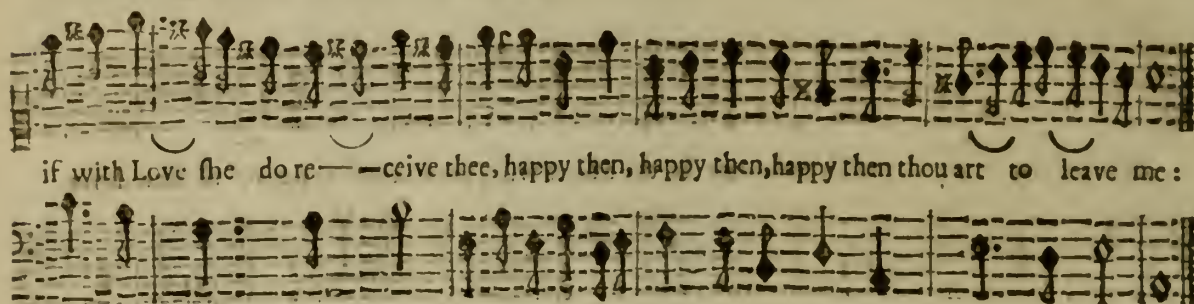


A. 2. Voc. Bass. &amp; Cant.

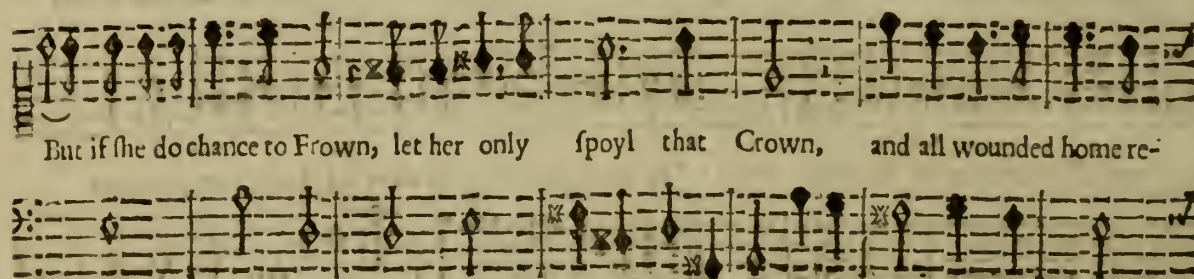
Upon a Crown'd Heart sent to a Cruel Mistress.



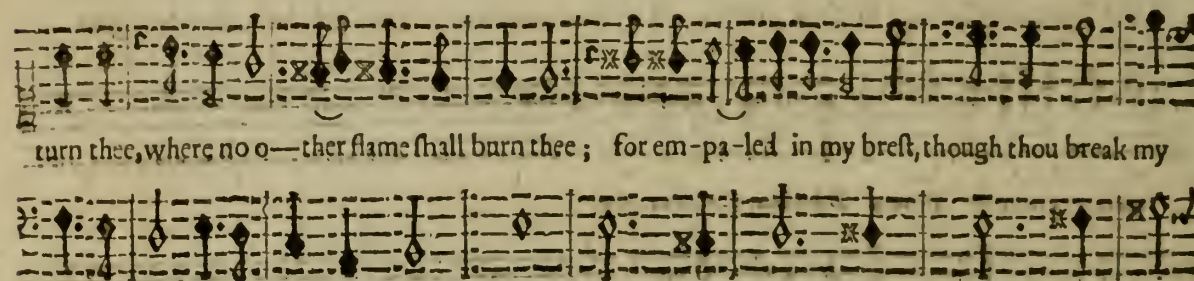
O thou Emblem of my heart, tell my Mistress whose thou art ;



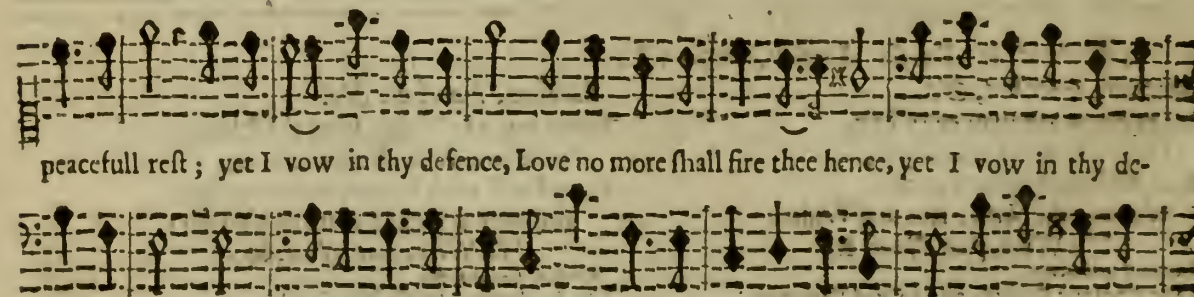
if with Love she do re—ceive thee, happy then, happy then, happy then thou art to leave me :



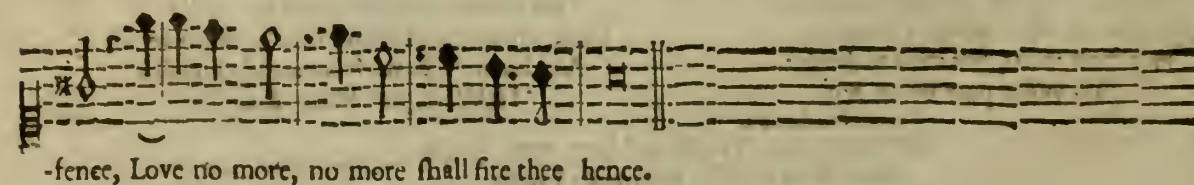
But if she do chance to Frown, let her only spoyl that Crown, and all wounded home re—



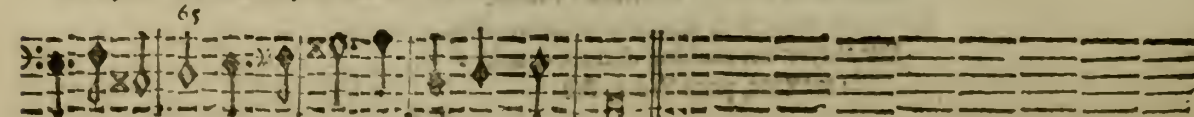
turn thee, where no o—ther flame shall burn thee ; for em—pa—led in my brest, though thou break my



peacefull rest ; yet I vow in thy defence, Love no more shall fire thee hence, yet I vow in thy de—



-fence, Love no more, no more shall fire thee hence.





B A S S U S.

A. 2. Voc. Bass & Cant.

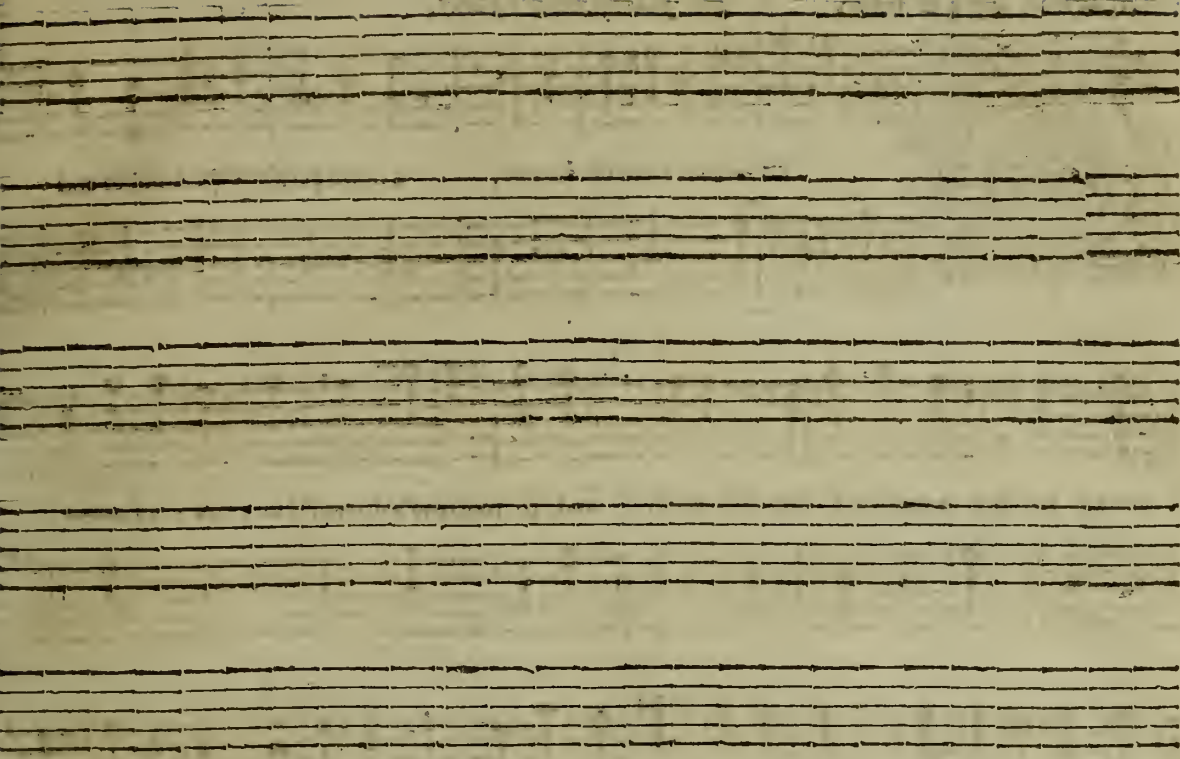


O thou Emblem of my heart, tell my Mistres whole thou art, if with Love she  
do receive thee, happy then, happy then, happy then thou art to leave me :

But if she do chance to Frown, let her on-ly spoil that Crown, and all wounded  
home return thee, where no other flame shall burn thee; for em-pa-led in my brest, though thou

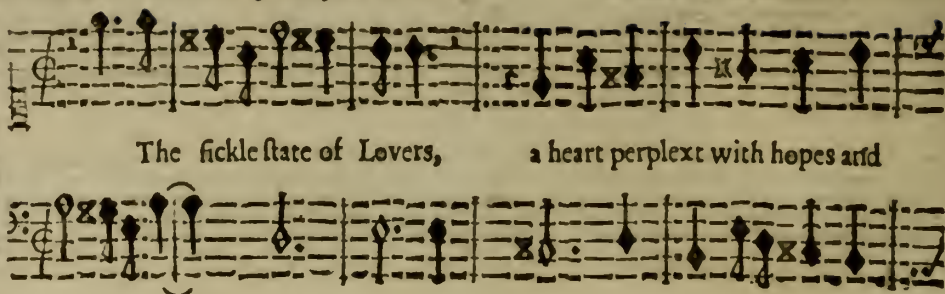
break my peacefull rest; yet I vow in thy defence, Love no more shall are thee hence, yet I

vow in thy defence, Love no more, no more shall are thee hence

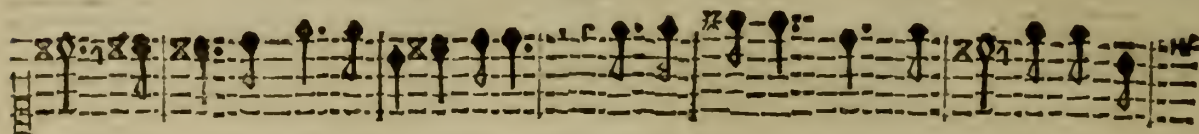




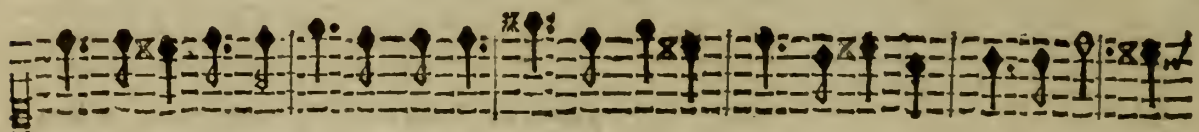
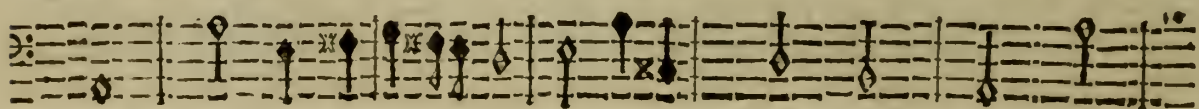
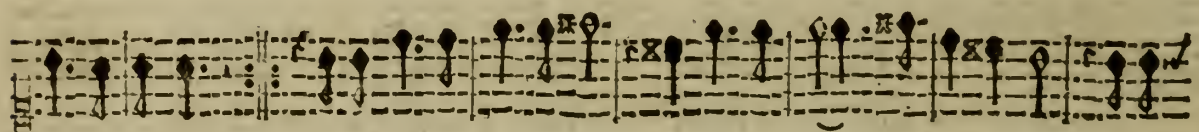
A. 2. Voc. Bass &amp; Cant.

*The fickle state of Lovers.*

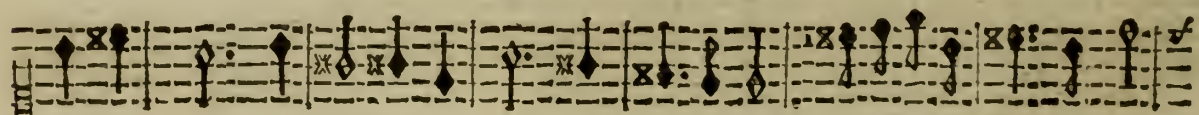
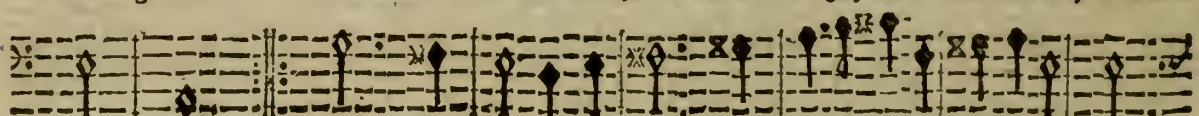
The fickle state of Lovers, a heart perplext with hopes and



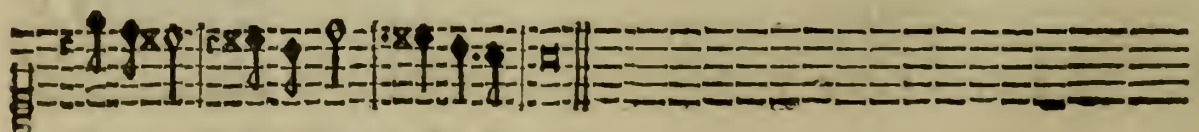
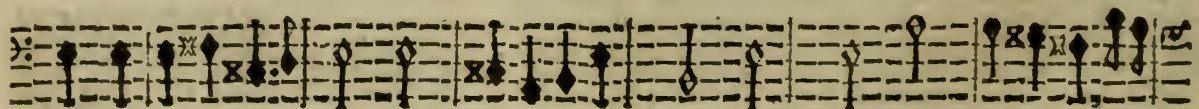
fears; to day a world of Joy discover's, and to morrow's drown'd in tears : a Lovers

state's like *April's*, like *April's* weather, Rain and Sun-shine, Rain and Sun-shine, Rain and Sun-shine:

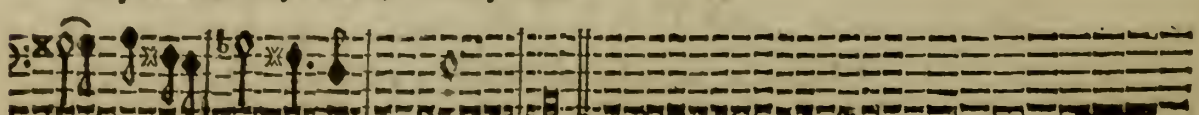
both to-gether : If his Mistress do but smile, a Heav'n of Joy is in his heart, if her



Brow but frown a while, Hell can send no greater smart; in a Lovers breast doth dwell



very Heav'n, very Heav'n, or very Hell.

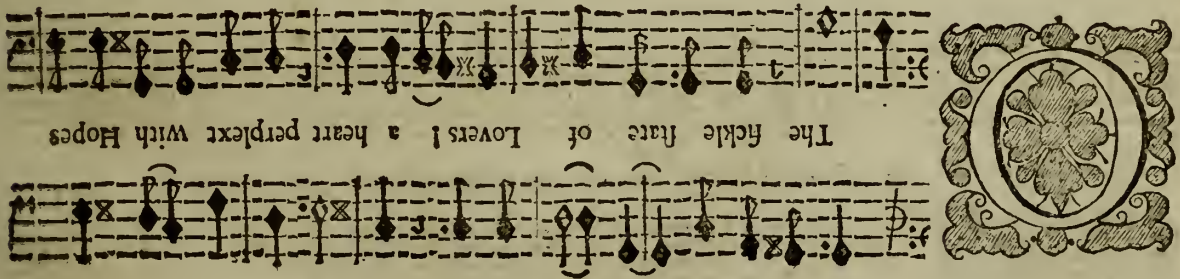




B A S S U S.

*The fickle state of Lovers.*

*A. 2. voc. Bass & Cant.*



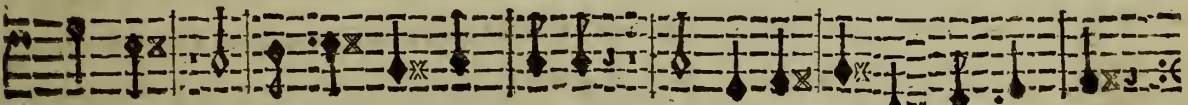
The fickle state of Lovers! a heart perplex with Hopes

and Fears; to day a world of Joy dis-covers, and to-morrow, & to


morrow's drow'd in tears : a Lovers state's like *April's* weather, Rain and Sun-shine,



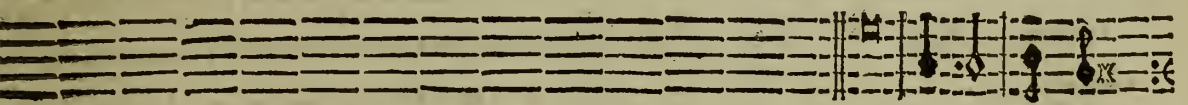
Rain and Sun shine, Rain and Sun-shine both to-gether : If his Mistrels do but smile,



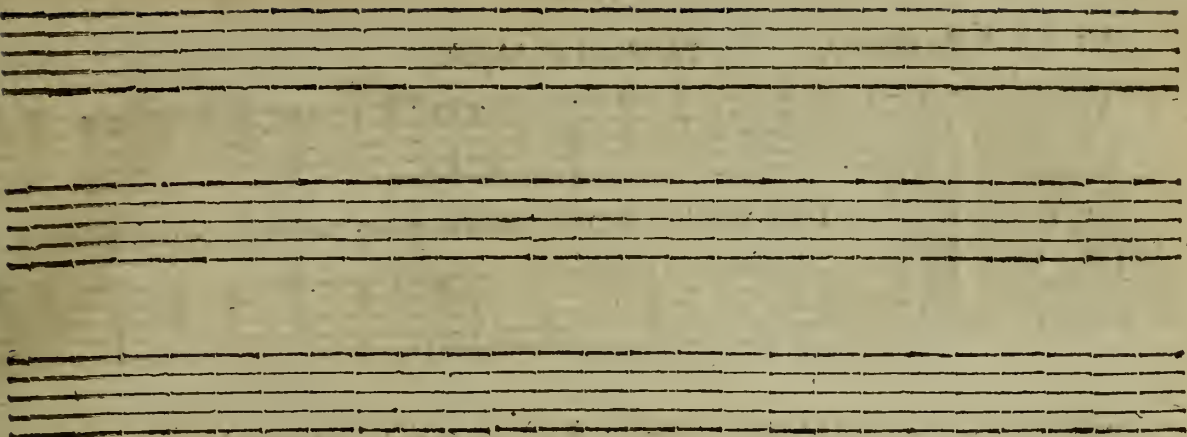
a Heav'n of Joy is in his heart, if her Brow but frown a while, He'll can



lend no greater smart; in a Lovers brest doth dwell very Heav'n, or very Hell, very



Heav'n, or very Hell.







Ufick, Musick, thou Queen of souls, get up and string thy pow'rfull Lute,

and some sad, some sad Requiem sing, 'till Mountains greet the Eccho's with a Groan, and the

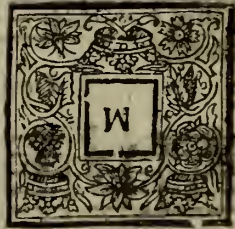
broken Rocks repeat the dul-ler tone ; then on a suddain with a nimble, with a nimble hand,

Run ——— gently, run ——— gently o're the Cords, and so command the

Pyne to dance, the Oake his Roots for—go, the Holm and aged E'me to foot it too ;

Mirdles shall caper , lofty Cedars run, & call the courtly Palm to make up one ; then in the





Ulick, Mallick, thou Queen of souls, get up, get up, and string thy pow'r full

Lute, and some sad Requiem sing, 'till Mountains greet the Echo's with

a Croan, and the broken Rocks repeat the duller tone; then on a sudden with a nimble, with

a nimble hand Run — gently, Run — gently, gently o're the Cords, and

to command the Pyne to dance, the Oak his Roots forgo, the Holme and A-ged Elme to foot it

too; Mirrles shall caper, lofly Cedars run, and call the courtly Palme to make up one; then in the

midst of all their jolly Train, strike a sad note, and fix them Trees a—gain.

midst of all their jolly train, strike a sad note, and fix them Trees a—gain.

midst of all their jolly train, strike a sad note, and fix them Trees a—gain.

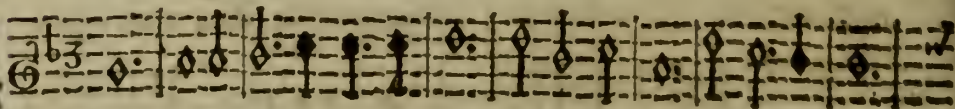
midst of all their jolly train, strike a sad note, and fix them Trees a—gain.

midst of all their jolly train, strike a sad note, and fix them Trees a—gain.

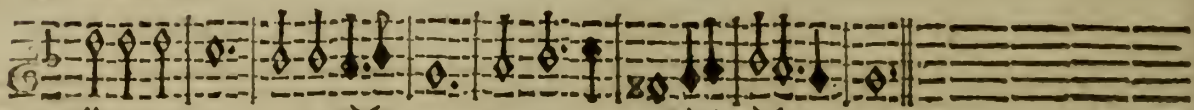
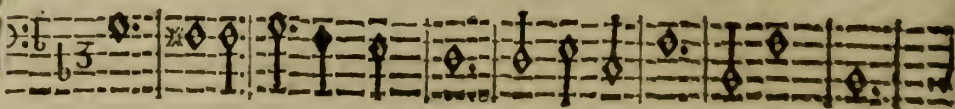


Heere beginneth short Ayres for one, two or three Voyces.

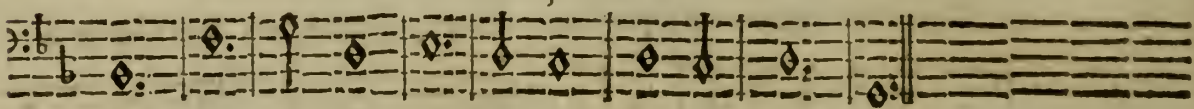
Chloris taking the Ayre.



Ome Chloris hie we to the Bow'r to sport us e're the day be done;



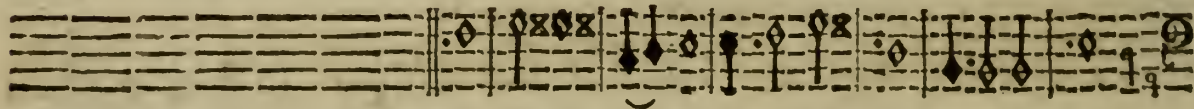
such is thy Pow'r, that ev'ry Flow'r will ope to thee as to the Sun.



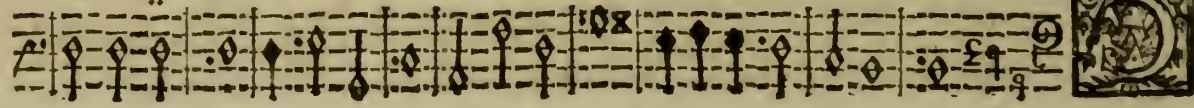
And if a Flow'r but chance to dye  
With my sighs blasts, or mine eyes raine,  
Thou can'st revive it with thine Eye.  
And with thy breath mak't sweet again.

The wanton Suckling and the Vine  
Will strive for th' honour, who first may  
With their green Arms incircle thine  
To keep the burning Sun away.

Pow'r, that ev'ry Flow'r will ope to thee as to the Sun.



Ome Chloris hie we to the Bow'r to sport us e're the day be done; such is thy

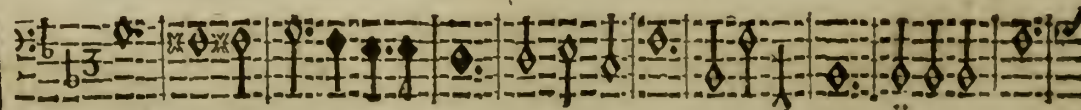


Cantus Secundus.

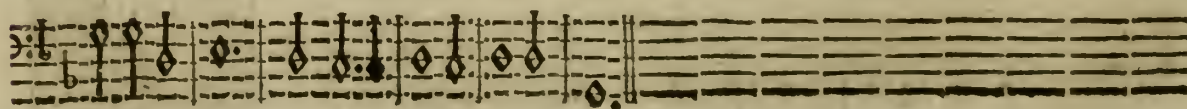
a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.



Ome Chloris hie we to the Bow'r, to sport us e're the day be done; such is thy Pow'r,



that ev'ry Flow'r will ope to thee as to the Sun.

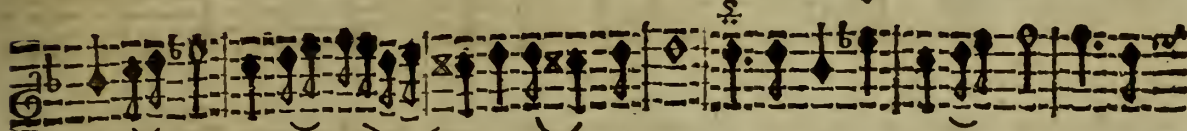
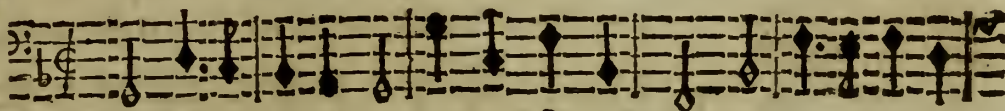
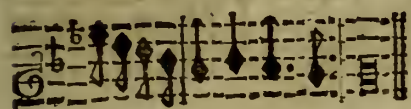
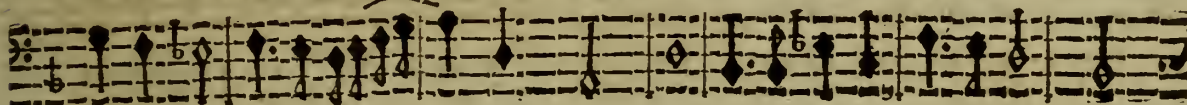


For one, two or three Voices.

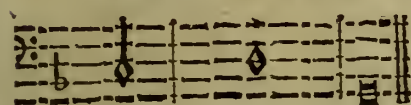
A Smile, or Frown.



Hough my torment far exceeds his whole heart the Vulture feeds, and my endless

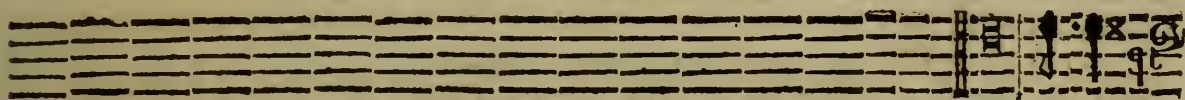
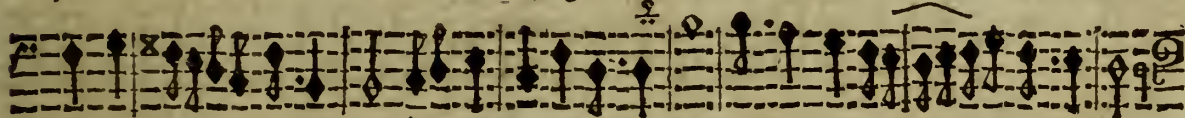
pains ex-cell his that rowls the stone in Hell; If my *Julia* do but smile, I can

laugh and sing the while.

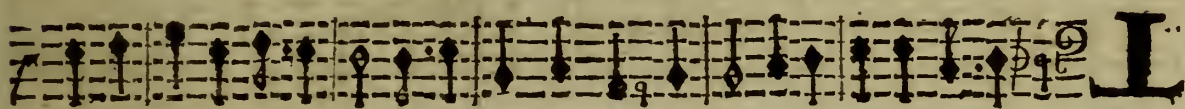


Though my Fortunes greater were  
Then the *Macedonians* Heire:  
Could I boast of greater glory  
Then the *Scythians* Shepheards story?  
If my *Julia* do but frown,  
All my Pompe were overthrow.

sing the while.

and cell his that rowls the stone in Hell: If my *Julia* do but smile, I can laugh —

Hough my torment far exceeds his whole heart the Vulture feeds, and my endless pains ex-

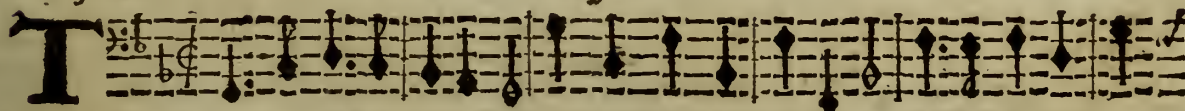


Cantus Secundus.

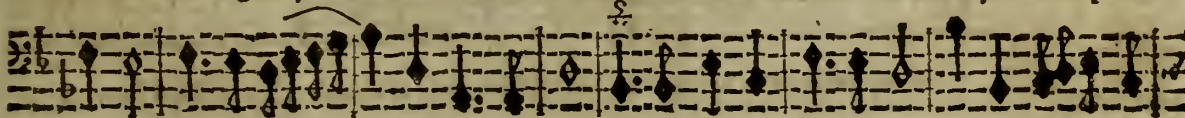
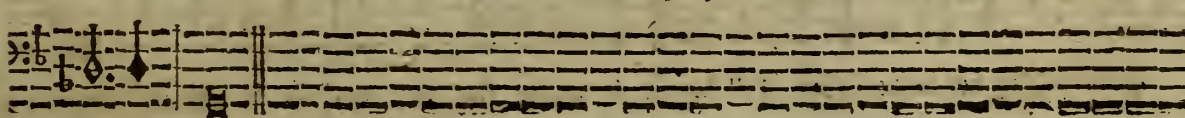
a. 3. voc.

a. 3. voc.

Bassus.



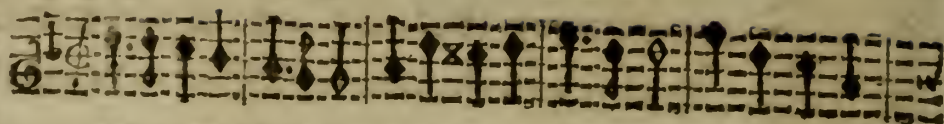
Hough my torment far exceeds his whole heart the Vulture feeds, and my endlesse pains

excell his that rowls the stone in Hell: If my *Julia* do but smile, I can laugh and

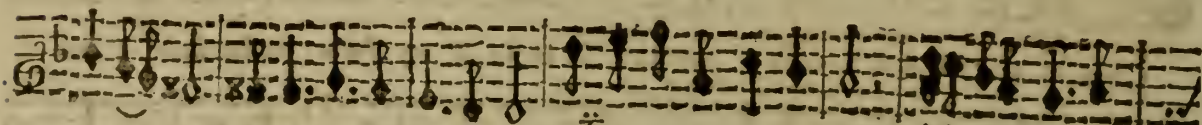
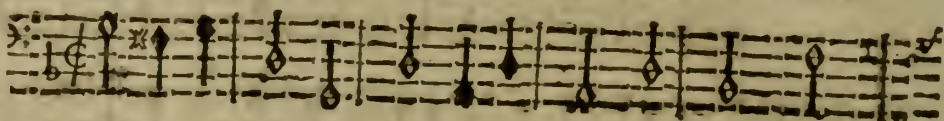
sing the while.

Ee

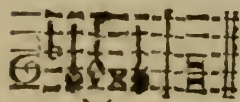
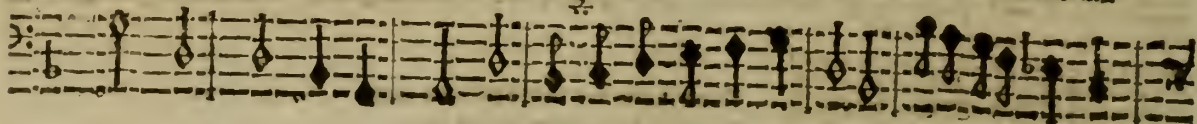


*The Captive Lover.**For one, two or three Voices.*

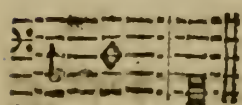
If my Mistress fix her eye on these ruder lines of mine, let them tell her



how I ly fetter'd by her looks divine: Tell her it is on-ly she can re-lease and

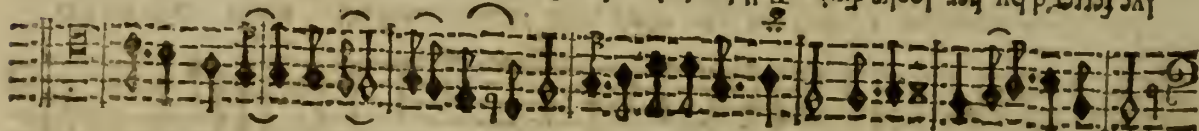


set me free.

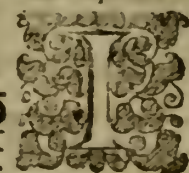
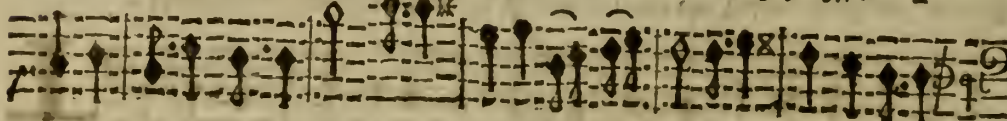
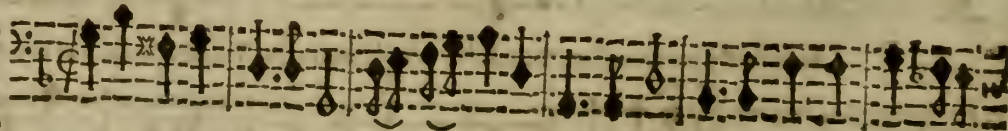


Tell her yet 'tis my desire  
To remain her Captive still;  
Neither can I ayme at higher  
Hope or Fortune then her Will:  
So she will my thraldome pay  
But with one good looke a day;

Iye fetter'd by her looks divine: Tell her it is on-ly she can re-lease, and set me free.



If my Mistress fix her eye on those ruder lines of mine, let them tell her how I

*Cantus Secundus.**a. 3. Voc.**a. 3. Voc.**Bassus.*

If my Mistress fix her eye on these ruder lines of mine, let them tell her how I

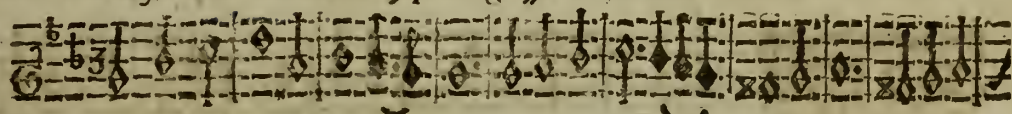


Iye fetter'd by her looks divine: Tell her it is on-ly she can re-lease, and set me free.

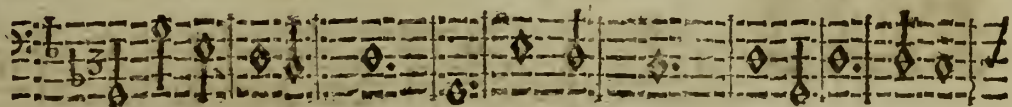


For one, two or three voices.

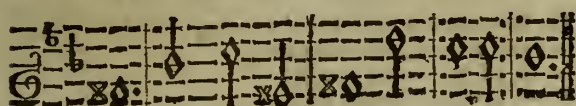
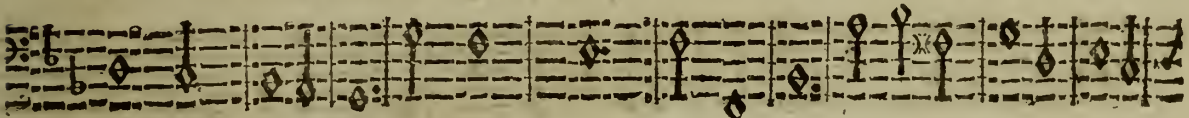
To a Lady putting off her veil.



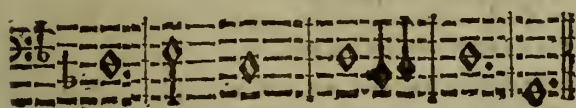
Eep on your veil &amp; hide your eye, for with behold-ing you I dye, your fatall



Beau—ty Gorgon like, dead with a—sto—nishment will strike, your piercing eyes, if them I



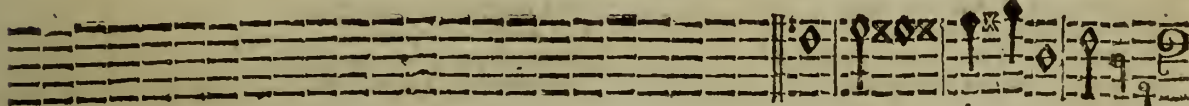
see, are worse then Ba—si—liks to me.



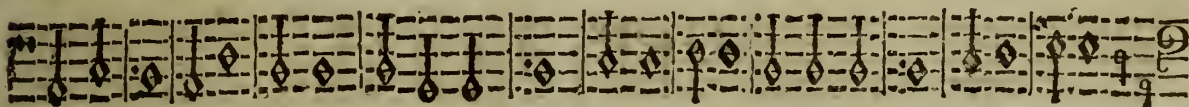
Hide from my sight those Hills of Snow,  
 Their melting Vally do not show;  
 Those Azure paths lead to despair,  
 O vex me not, forbear, forbear;  
 For while I thus in torments dwell  
 The sight of Heav'n is worse then Hell.

Your dainty voice and warbling breath  
 Sounds like a sentence past for death,  
 Your dangling tresses are become  
 Like Instruments of sinall doome;  
 O if an Angell torture so!  
 When life is done, where shall I go?

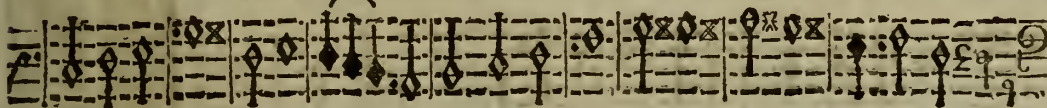
then Ba—si—liks to me.



Beauty Gorgon like, dead with astonishment will strike, your piercing eyes, if them I see, are worse



Eep on your veil and hide your eye, for with behold-ing you I dye, your fatall

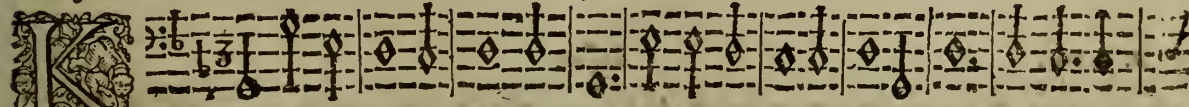


Cantus Secundus.

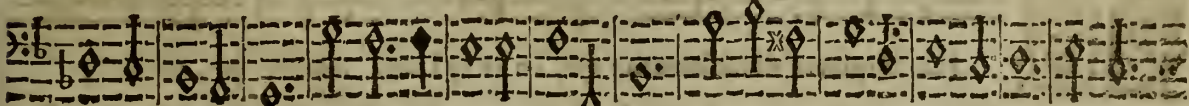
a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

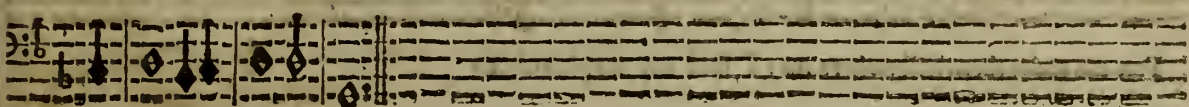
Bassus.



Eep on your veil and hide your eye, for with beholding you I dye, your fatall



Beauty Gorgon like, dead with astonishment will strike your piercing eyes, if them I see, or worse

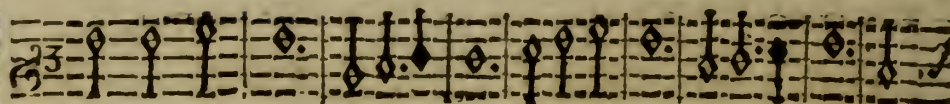


then Ba—si—liks to me.

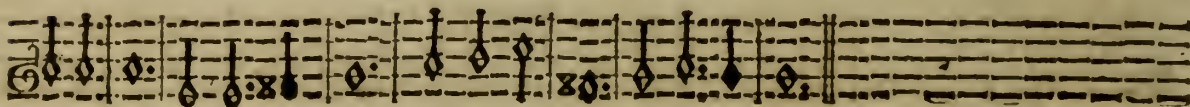
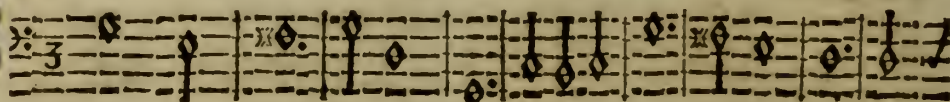


For one, two or three Voyces:

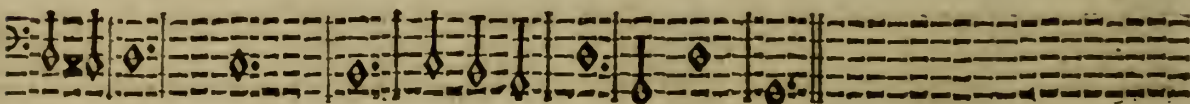
In praise of his Mistress.



Hou Shepheard whole intentive eye, on ev'ry Lamb is such a spy, no



wily Fox can make them lesse, where may I find my Shepheards?



A little pausing then sayd hee,  
How can that Jewell stray from thee  
In Summers heat, in Winters cold,  
I thought thy brett had been her fold?

That is indeed the constant place  
Wherein my thoughts shall see her face,  
And print her Image in my heart,  
But yet my fond eyes crave a part.

With that he smiling sayd, I might  
Of Chloris partly have a sight,  
And some of her perfections meet  
In ev'ry flow'r was fresh and sweet.

The growing Lilly bears her skin,  
The Violet her blew veins within,  
The blushing Rose new blown, and spread  
Her sweeter cheek, her lips, the red.

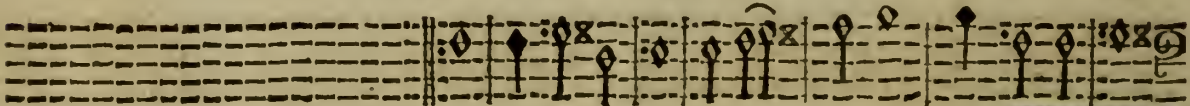
The Winds that wanton with the Spring,  
Such Odours as her breathing bring,  
But the resemblance of her eyes  
Was never found beneath the skies.

Her charming voyce who strives to hit,  
His Object must be higher yet;  
For Heav'n and Earth, and all we see  
Dispier'd, collected, is but shee.

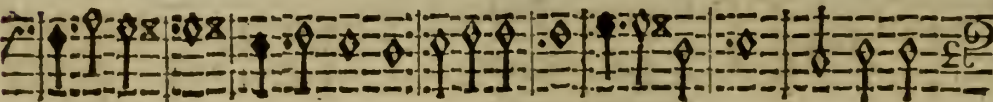
Amaz'd at this discourse, me thought  
Love both Ambition in me wrought,  
And made me cover to engrosse  
A Wealth would prove a Publick losse.

With that I sigh'd a sham'd to see  
Such worth in her, such want in mee;  
And closing both mine eyes, forbid  
The World my sight since she was hid.

Fox can make them lesse, where may I find my Shepheards?

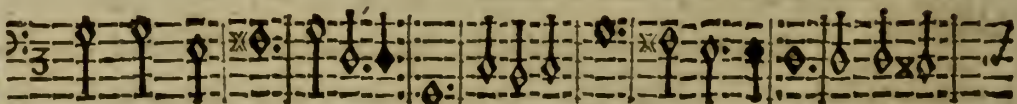


Hou Shepheard whole intentive eye, on ev'ry Lamb is such a spy, no wily

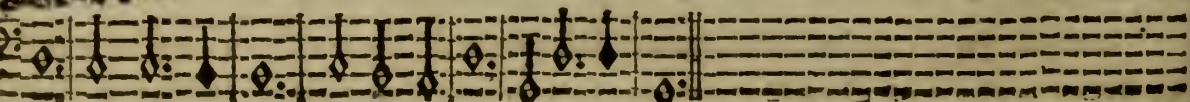
*Cantus Secundus.*

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

*Bassus.*

Hou Shepheard whole intentive eye, on ev'ry Lamb is such a spy, no wi-ly

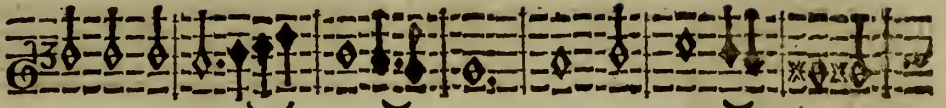


Fox can make them lesse, where may I find my Shepheards?

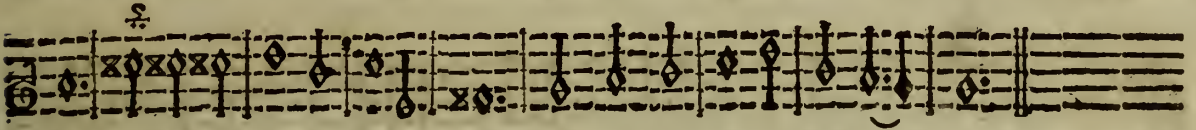
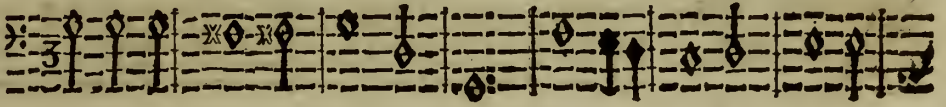


For one, two or three Voices.

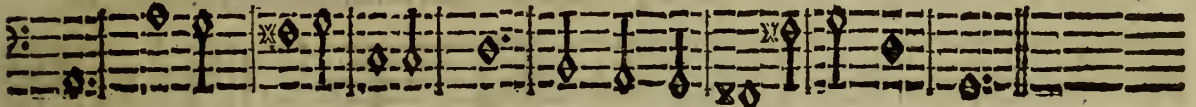
To a Lady weeping.



Now the cer—tain cause I know, whence the Rose and Lil—ly

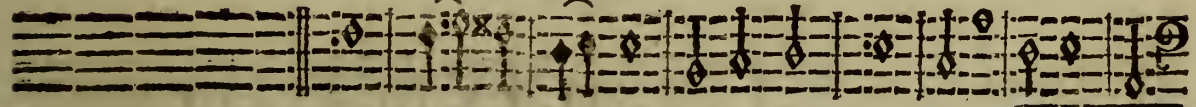


grow in your fair cheeks, the often show'r's, which you thus weep do breed those Flow'r's.

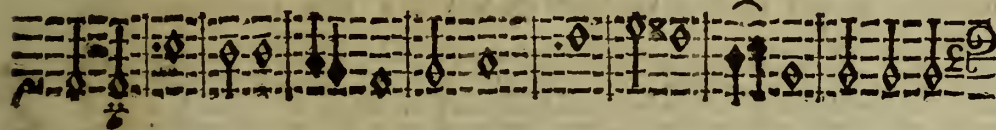


If that the flocks could *Venus* bring,  
Or warlike *Mars* from Flowers spring;  
Why may not hence two Gods arise?  
This from your Cheeks, that from your Eyes.

fair cheeks, the often show'r's which you thus weep do breed those Flow'r's.

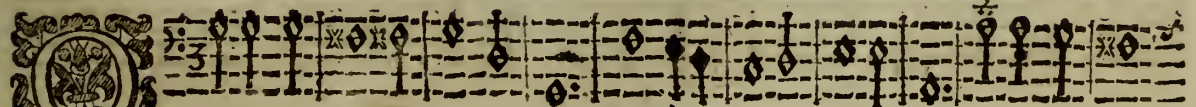


Now the cer—tain cause I know, whence the Rose and Lilly grow, in your

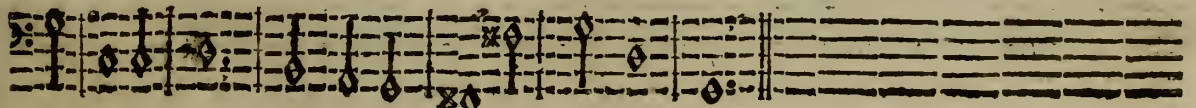
*Cantus Secundus.*

a. 3. rec.

a. 3. rec.

*Bassus.*

Now the cer—tain cause I know, whence the Rose and Lilly grow, in your fair cheeks,



the often show'r's, which you thus weep to breed those Flow'r's.

ff

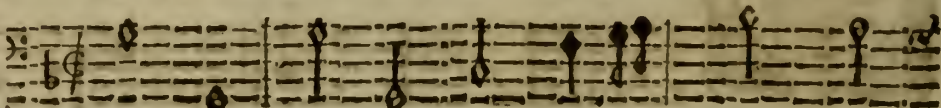


a. 3. voc.

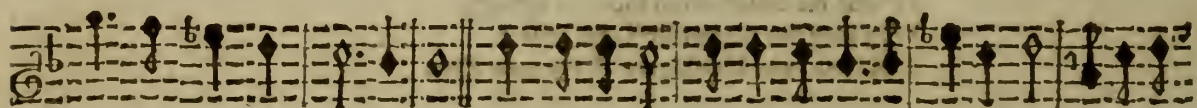
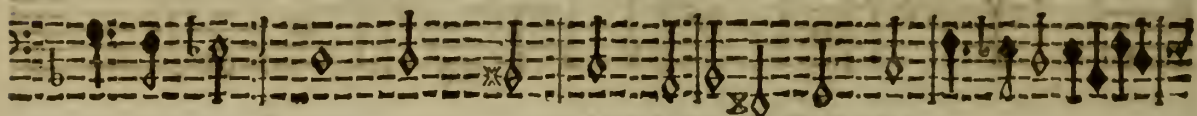
Cantus.



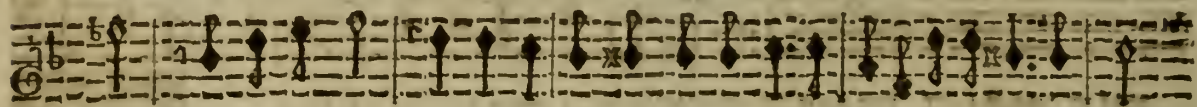
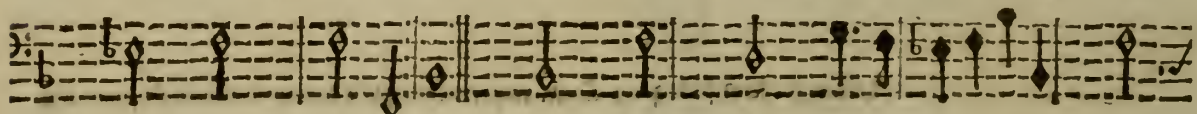
Ing fair *Clorinda*, fair *Clorinda* sing, whilst you move those that attend the



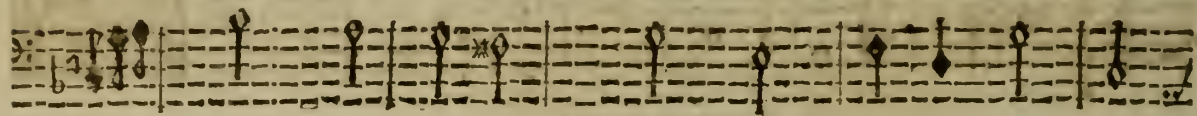
Throne, the Throne above, to leave their holy business there; shall so much harmony attend to



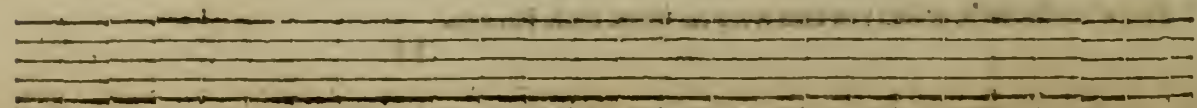
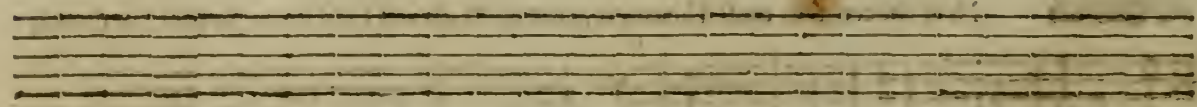
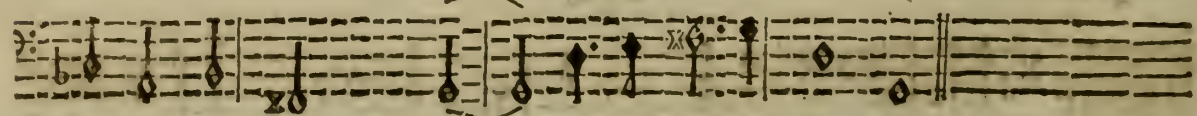
think the spheres were made in vain? since hee's a voice quickens the sloth of nature's age, it comforts



growth, it comforts growth in all her works, and can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oake,



and can provoke a Lilly, can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oake.





Lilly, and can provoke a Lilly, can provoke a Lilly, and can provoke a Lilly to out-live an Oake.

comforts growth, it comforts growth in all her works, &c can provoke a Lilly, and can provoke a

to think the sphears were made in vain : Since heer's a voyce quickens the sloth of natures age, it

to leave their holy busness there till each with his obedient care shall so much harmony at-tain,

Ing fair *Clorinda*, sing, sing, whilst you move those that attend the throne above,



*Allus.*

*a. 3. Voc.*

*a. 3. Voc.*

*Bassus.*

Ing fair *Clorinda*, sing, sing, whilst you move those that attend the throne above, to

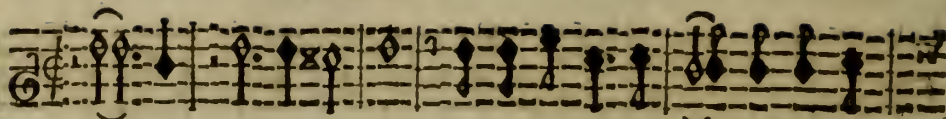
leave their holy busness there till each with his obedient care shall so much har-mo-ny at-tain, to

think the sphears were made in vain : Since heer's a voyce quickens the sloth of natures age, it com-

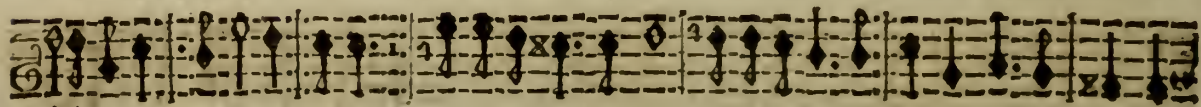
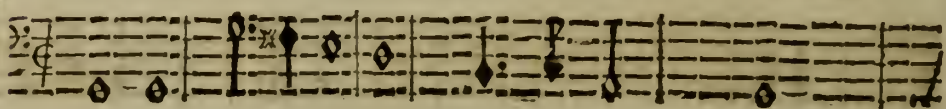
forts growth in all her works, and can provoke a Lil-ly, and can provoke a Lil-ly, and can pro-

voke a Lil-ly to out-live an Oake.

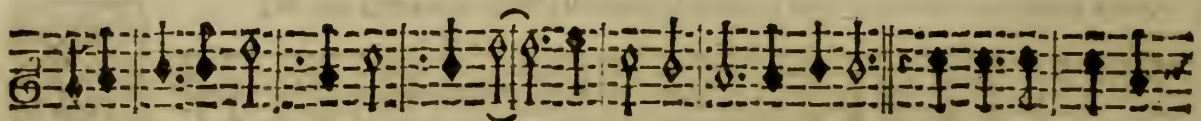
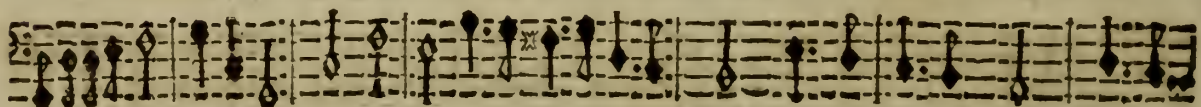




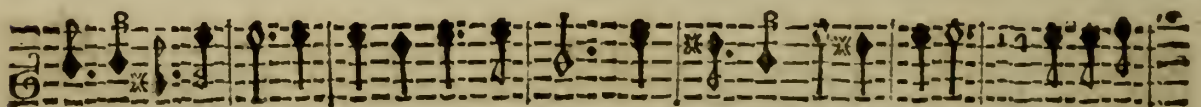
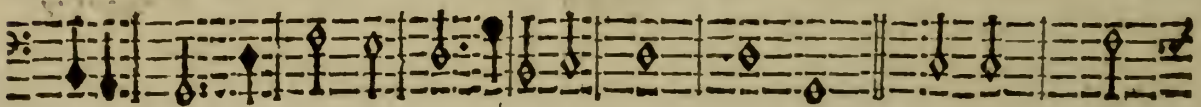
Rieve not, grieve not, dear Love, although we often part, but know that



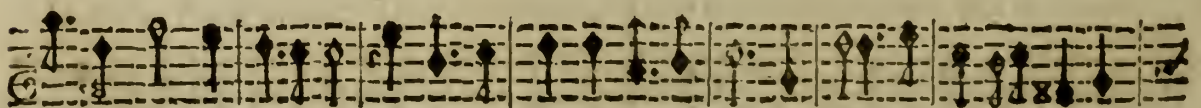
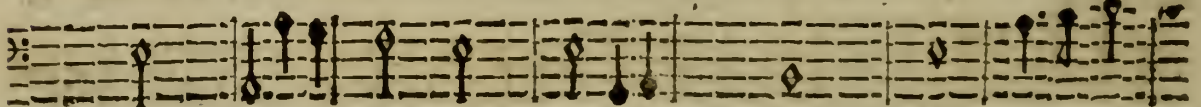
nature gently doth us sever, thereby to train us up, thereby to train us up with tender Art, with



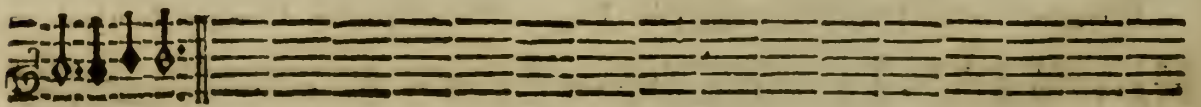
tender Art to brook the day when we, when we must part for ever : For nature doubting



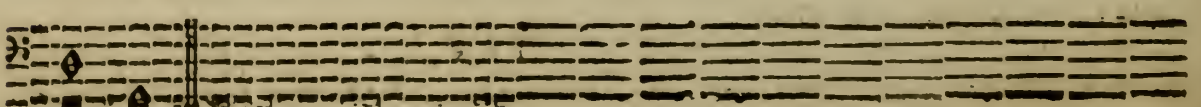
we should be surpriz'd by that sad day, whose dread, whose dread, doth chiefly fear us, doth keep us



dayly school'd and exercis'd, lest that the fright, lest that the fright, the fright thereof should over,



over bear us.





exercised, lest that the fright, lest that the fright thereof should o-ver bear us.

be surpris'd by that sad day, whose dread, doth chiefly fear us, doth keep us day-ly school'd and

ten—der Art to brook the day when we must part for ever : For nature doubting we should

that nature gently doth us sever, thereby to train us up, thereby to train us up, thereby to train us up

Rieve not, grieve not dear Love, although we oft—ten part, but know that nature, know



a. 3. Voc.

Alto.

a. 3. Voc.

Bass.



Rieve not, grieve not dear Love, although we often part, but know that nature gently

doth us sever, thereby to train us up, thereby to train us up, thereby to train us up, thereby to train us up,

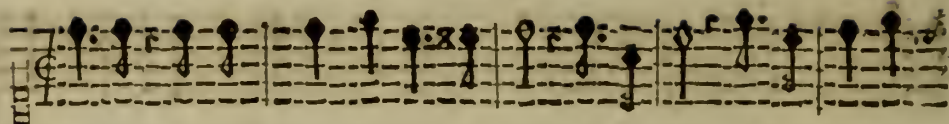
to train us up, with tender Art, to brook the day when we must part for ever : For nature doubting

we should be surpris'd by that sad day, whose dread, doth chiefly fear us, doth keep us day-ly school'd &

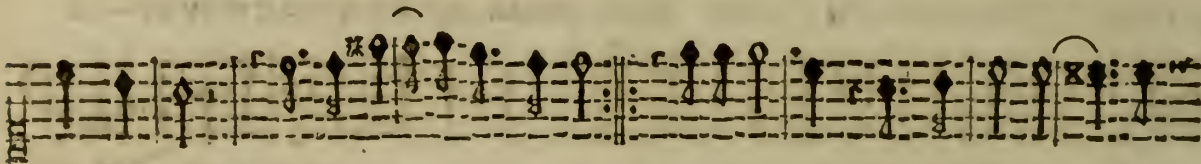
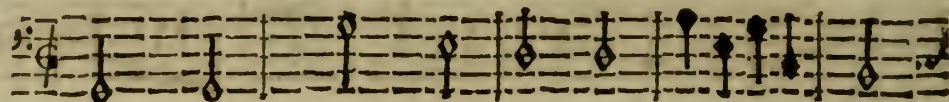
exercised, lest that the fright, lest that, lest that the fright thereof should o-ver bear us.



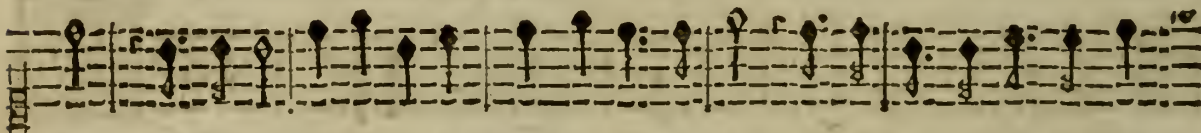
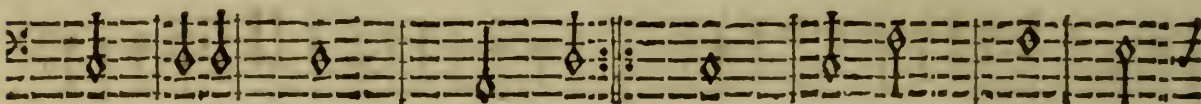
d. 3. Voc.

*A caution to faire Ladies.*

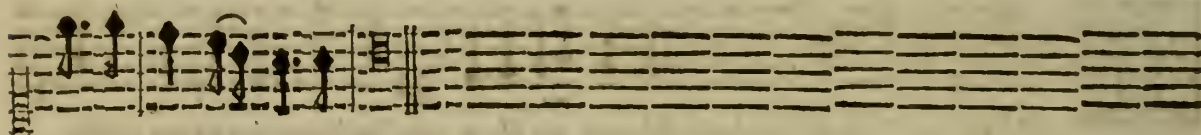
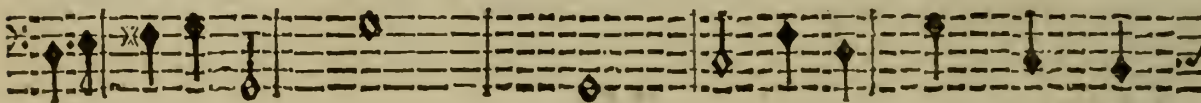
Adies, you whose smooth and dainty Skin, ro-sie Lips, ro-sie Lips, or



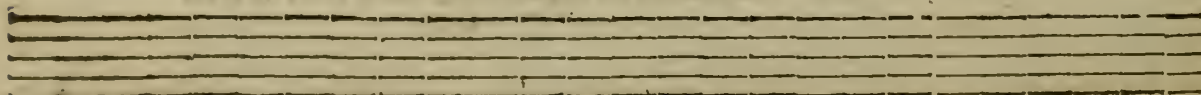
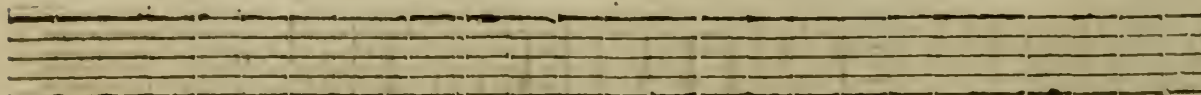
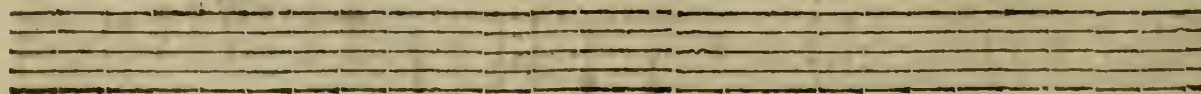
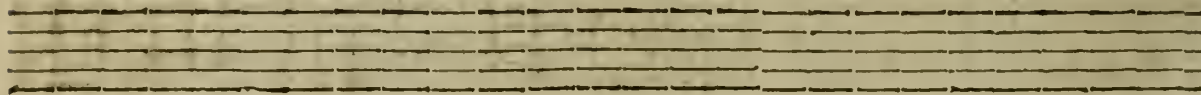
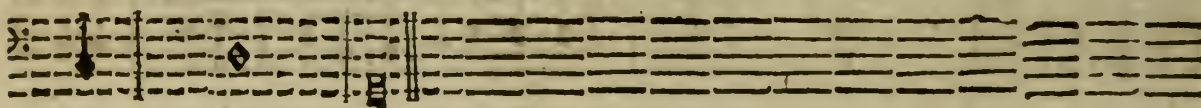
Cheeks or Chin , all that gaze upon you win , yet insu't not, sparks within flow—ly



burn, sparks within slowly burn ere flames, ere flames be-gin, and presumption still hath been

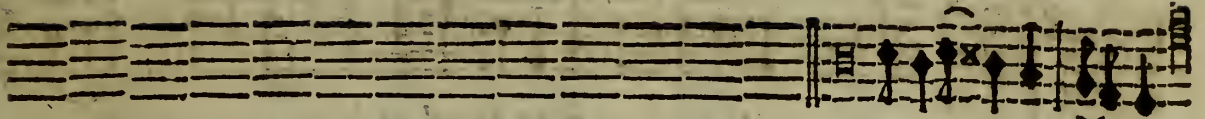


held a most no-torions sin.

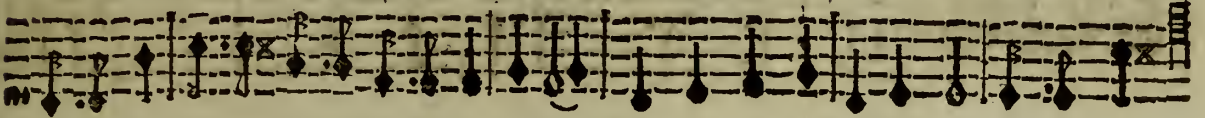




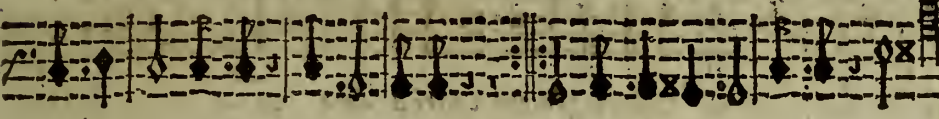
most, a most no-ri-ous sin.



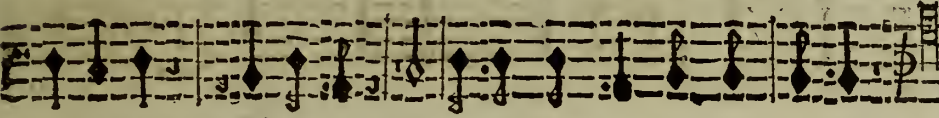
burn, sparks within slowly burn, e're flames begin, and presumption still hath been held a



Chin, all that gaze upon you win, yet insult not, sparks within slowly

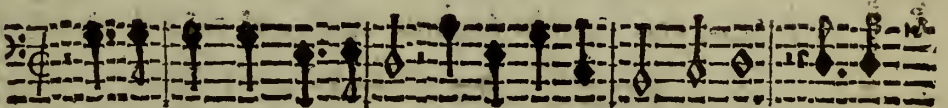


Adies, you whose smooth and dainty skin, ro-sie Lips, or Cheeks, or

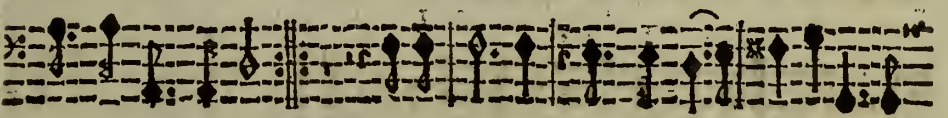
*Cantus Secundus.*

a. 3. Voc.

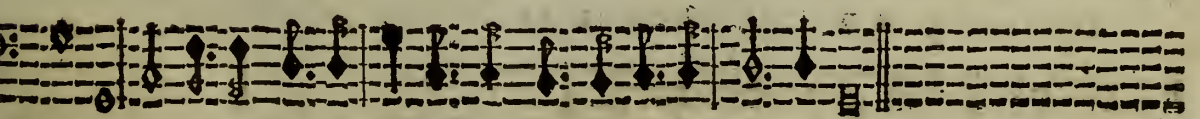
a. 3. Voc.

*Bassus.*

Adies, you whose dainty skin, ro-sie Lips, or Cheeks, or Chin, all that



gaze up-on you win, yet insult not, sparks with-in slowly burn, e're



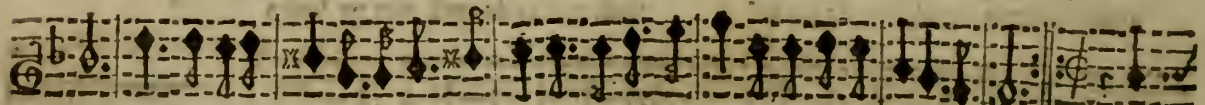
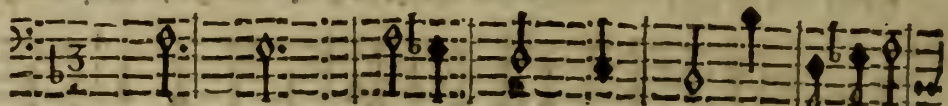
flames begin, and presumption still, hath been held a most no-ri-ous sin.



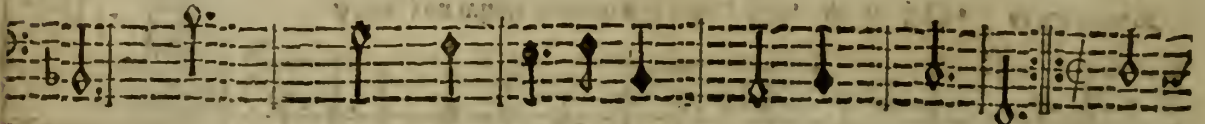
## Tavola.



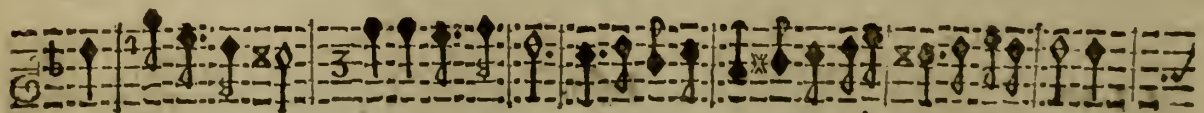
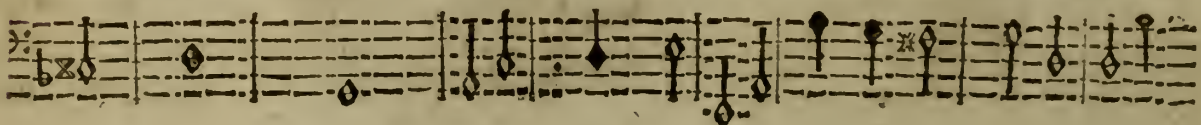
*Nquel gela-to co-re Inquel ge-la-to co-re una vo—*



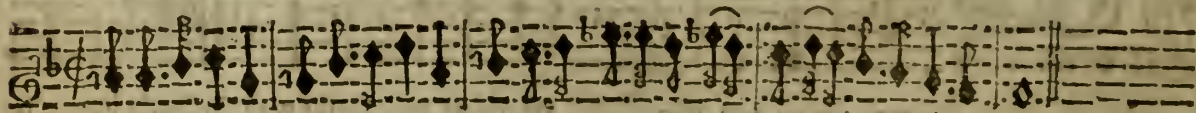
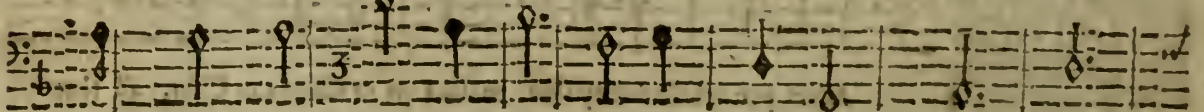
*-ce; piagne ma—do-na segl'occhi vaftri segl'occhi vaftri a du-e vo—ce.* O



*sempre equando, tudi falvar mi cirche, cer-te e fcor—no, mi-se-ra non cre—da, oh*



*me de lu—mi gia, macche fquallido dalli palli-da dalli pal—li—da labra*



*Cofimia vita, cofimia vita, cofimia vita a tre vo-ce, a tre vo—ce.*



Mufick Books Printed for *John Playford*, and are to be fold at his Shop in the Inner Temple near the Church Doore.

*The first Set of Psalms for three Voyces, with a Thorough Baffe for the Organ, or Theorbo Lute, Composed by Mr. William Child, late Organist of Windfor, the which are Engraven upon Copper.*

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F I N I S.



THE SECOND BOOK  
OF  
AYRES,  
AND  
DIALOGUES,

For One, Two, and Three Voyces.

BY



HENRY JAMES Servant to his late Ma<sup>ty</sup>  
in his publick and private Musick.

W. Faithorne fecit

LONDON,

Printed by T.H. for Jo. Playford, and are to be sold at his shop in the Inner Temple, 1653

flourish

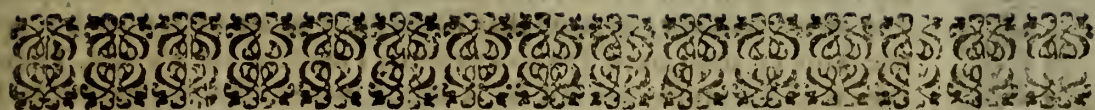
THE SECOND BOOK  
OF  
AYRES  
AND  
DIALOGUES

For One, Two, and Three Voices.  
By



LONDON,  
Printed by T. H. for J. B. and are to be sold at his shop in the Inner Temple. 1655.





To the Honourable, the Lady *DERING*,

Wife to

Sir *Edward Dering* of *Surenden Dering*,  
**BARONET.**

MADAM,



Have consider'd, but could not find it lay in my power to offer this Book to any but to your Ladiship. Not only in regard of that honour and esteem you have for Musick, but because those Songs which fill this Book have receiv'd much lustre by your excellent performance of them; and (which I confesse I rejoyce to speak of) some which I esteem the best of these Ayres, were of your own Composition, after your Noble Husband was pleas'd to give the Words. For (although your Ladiship resolv'd to keep it private) I beg leave to declare, for my own honour, that you are not only excellent for the time you spent in the practise of what I Set, but are your self so good a Composer, that few of any sex have arriv'd to such perfection. So as this Book (at least a part of it) is not Dedicated, but only brought home to your Ladiship. And here I would say (could I doe it without sadness) how precious to my thoughts is the memory of your excellent Mother that great example of Prudence and Charity whose pious Meditations were often advanced by hearing your Voyce. I wish all prosperity to your Ladiship, and to him who (like your self) is made up of Harmony, to say nothing of the rest of his high Accomplishments of Wisdome and Learning. May you both live long happy in each other's, when I am become *Albes*, who while I am in this world shall be ever found,

Madam,

Your Ladiships humble Admirer and

faithfull Servant,

**HENRY LAVEES.**





my former you ſaw what Temptations I had to publiſh my *Compoſitions*: and now I had not repeated that Error (if it prove to be one) but upon the ſame grounds, back'd with a promiſe I made to the World. Though the civill Reception my laſt Book found were ſufficient invitation, for which I gladly here offer my Thanks; eſpecially to thoſe worthy and gratefull Strangers, who are far more candid and equall in their Censure, than ſome new Judges of our own Country, who (in ſpire of their Starrs) will ſit and pronounce upon things they underſtand not. But this is the Fate of all mankind, to be render'd teſts at home then abroad. For my part I can ſay (and there are will beleieve me) that if any man have low thoughts of mee hee is of my opinion. Yet the way of *composition* I chiefly proteſts (which is to ſhape *Notes* to the *Words* and *Senſe*) is not hit by too many: and I have been often ſad to obſerve ſome (otherwiſe able) Muſicians guilty of ſuch lapses and miſtakes this way. And poſſibly this is it makes many of us hear ſo ill abroad; which works a Beleefe amongſt our ſelves, that *Engliſh words will not run well in Muſick*: this I have ſayd and muſt ever avow, is one of the Errors of this Generation. I confeſſe I could wiſh that ſome of our words could ſpare a *Conſonant* (which muſt not be ſtirr'd, for fear of removing thoſe *Landmarks* in *ſpelling* which tell their *Originall*;) but thoſe are very few, and ſeldome occur; and when they do, are manageable enough by giving each Syllable it's particular humour; provided the breath of the *ſenſe* bee obſerved. And (I ſpeak it freely once for all) that if *Engliſh words* which are fitted for Song do not run ſmooth enough, tis the fault either of the *Compoſer* or *Singer*. Our *Engliſh* is ſo ſtor'd with plenty of *Monosyllables* (which like ſmall ſtones fill up the chinks) that it hath great priviledge over divers of its Neighbours, and in ſome particulars (with reverence be it ſpoken) above the very *Latin*, which Language we find overcharg'd with the letter *S*; eſpecially in *ba* and ſuch hisſing *Terminations*. But our new *Criticks* lodge not the fault in our words only; tis the *Artiſt* they tax as a man unſpirited for forraign delights: which vanity ſo ſpreads, that thoſe our productions they pleaſe to like, muſt be born beyond the *Alpes*, and fatherd upon ſtrangers. And this is ſo notorious, that not long ſince ſome yong Gentlemen, who were not untravel'd, hearing ſome Songs I had ſet to *Italian words* (publickly ſung by excellent *Voyces*) concluded thoſe Songs were begotten in *Italy*, and ſaid (too loud) they would ſaine heare ſuch Songs to be made by an *Engliſh man*. Had they layd their Sceane a little nearer home, there had beene more colour; for a thort *Ayre* of mine (neare 20 yeares old) was lately reviv'd in our neighbour Nation, and publickly ſung to words of their owne as a new borne peece, without alteration of any one Note. 'Tis the *Ayre* to thoſe words, *Old Poets Hypocrene admire*, &c. a ſorry Trifle (a man would thinke) to be raiſed from the dead after 18 yeares buriall. But (to meet with this Humour of luſting after *Novelties*) a friend of mine told ſome of that company, that a rare new booke was come from *Italy*, which taught the reaſon why an *Engliſh* was the ſweeteſt of all Notes in *Muſick*; becauſe (ſaid he) *Jubal* who was Founder of *Muſick* was the *Engliſh* man from *Adam*; and this went downe as currant as my ſongs came from *Italy*. I beg your pardon for intancing ſuch particulars. But there are knowing perſons, who have beene long bred in thoſe worthily admired parts of *Europe*, who aſcribe more to us than wee to our ſelves; and able Muſicians returning from *Travaile* doe wonder to ſee us ſo thiſtly after Forraigners. For they can tell us (if wee knew it not) that *Muſick* is the ſame in *England* as in *Italy*; the *Concords* and *Discords*, the *Paſſions*, *Spirits*, *Majeſty*, and *Humours* are all the ſame they are in *England*; their maner of *Compoſing* is ſufficiently knowne to us; their beſt *Compoſitions* being brought over hither by thoſe who are able enough to chooſe. But wee muſt not here expect to find *Muſick* at the higheſt, when all Arts and Sciences are at ſo low an ebbe. As for my ſelfe although I have loſt my Fortunes with my *Maſter* (of ever bleſſed memory) I am not ſo low to bow for a ſubſtance to the follies of this Age; and to humor ſuch as wil ſeem to underſtand our Art, better then we that have ſpent our lives in it; If any thing here bring you benefit, or delight, I have my deſign. I have Printed the Greek in a Roman Character, for the eaſe of Muſicians of both Sexes. Farewell. *H. L.*



To the much honoured Mr. *HENRY LAWES*,  
On his Excellent Compositions in Musick.



*Nature which is the vast Creation's Soule,  
That steady curious Agent in the whole,  
The Art of Heav'n, the Order of this Frame,  
Is only Musick in another name:  
And as some King conqu'ring what was his own,  
Hath choice of severall Titles to his Crown;*

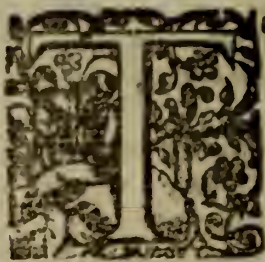
*So Harmony on this score now, That, then,  
Yet still is all that takes and governs Men.  
Beauty is but Composure; and we find  
Content is but the Concord of the mind;  
Friendship the Union of well tun'd Hearts;  
Honour's the Chorus of the noblest parts:  
And all the world on which we can reflect,  
Musick to the Ear, or to the Intellect.*

*If then each Man a little world must be,  
How many worlds are copy'd out in thee?  
Who art so richly furnish'd, so compleat,  
T' Epitomize all that is Good or Great;  
whose Starrs this brave advantage did impart,  
Thy Nature's as Harmonious as thy Art:  
Thou dost above the Poets Prayses live,  
who fetch from Thee th' Eternity they give;  
And as true Reason triumph's over Sense,  
Yet is subjected to Intelligence;  
So Poets on the lower world look down,  
But LAWES on them, his height is all his own:  
For (like Divinity it selfe) his Lyre  
Reward's the wit it did at first inspire:  
And thus by double right Poets allow  
Their and His Lawrells to adorn his brow.*

*Live then (Great Soul of Nature) to assuage  
The savage dulness of this sullen Age;  
Charm us to sense; and though Experience fail,  
And Reason too, thy Numbers may prevail.  
Then (like those Ancients) strike, and so command  
All Nature to obey thy generous hand:  
None can resist, but such who needs will be  
More stupid than a Fish, a Stone, a Tree:  
Be it thy care our Age to new create,  
What built a world, may sure repair a State.*

KATHARINE PHILIPS.

To her most honoured Master, Mr. HENRY LAVVES,  
On his Second Book of Ayres.



Stop my Muse, Censure objects  
That I by this forget my Sex  
But Silence (even in me) were rude  
When it implies Ingratitude:  
Shall I from LAVVES his Magazin  
Harmonious Raptures steal unseen?  
If I have Art, it is from Thee:  
Others do teach, but (to be free)

Experience told me thou art best,  
For I have learn'd of all the rest  
That Fame call's Masters, and have cause  
To sacrifice to none but LAVVES.  
'Twere weakness to suppose my breath  
Could thy rich Ayres preserve from death:  
That Power is thine alone, the Press  
Make's happy our unhappiness.  
Thy works in Print we need not fear  
Will feel Mortality; the Ear  
Judicious, raviſht, will admire  
Thy Chords when thou art in Heav'n's Quire.

He that want's Phansie need's no further look,  
Ther's store to treasure any in this Book:  
To speak thy Noble skill is such a Theam  
Would thaw a frozen Wit into a stream.  
Thy spotless Heart the cozen'd world may see  
Hath plotted nought these times but Harmony;  
Discord ne'r reach't thy Breast, the God of Love  
Has kept thy soul in tune like those above.  
And now thou marchest forth, when wars are fled,  
To metamorphose Griefe and Hearts of Lead;  
To mould our Chaos, and retune our Sphear,  
To rank and file our Hearts as once they were:  
For Musick these Felicities hath found;  
Then say how much we all to LAVVES are bound,  
That here present's us with such Gifts as these,  
You'l think they were (not his) dropt from the skies;  
But all's his own: let Criticks search and scan,  
They'l find this Book the Mind's Physitian.

MARY KNIGHT,



To my beloved Friend and Fellow, Mr. *HENRY LAWES*,  
On his Book of *Ayres*.



Now I have view'd this Book of thine,  
And find sweet Language, Notes more fine;  
And see thy Fugues wrought in the Chime,  
Thy weaving far excel's the Rhyme;  
And still thy choice of lines are good,  
Not like to those who get their food  
As Beggars Raggs from Dunghills take,  
(Such as comes next) ill Songs to make;

Who by a Witty blind pretense  
Take words that creep half way to sense;  
Hippocrates or Galen's feet,  
And sing them too with Notes as meet;  
Songs as all th' way to Gam ut tend,  
But in F Fa ut make an end;  
With killing Notes, whichever must

*Coriis,* \*Squeez the Sphears, and intimate the Dust;  
These with their brave Chromaticks bring  
Noise to the Ear, but mean No-thing:  
Yet These will censure, when indeed  
Shew Them good lines, They cannot read;  
Or read them so, that in the close  
You'll hardly judge them Rhyme from Prose.

But why doe I write this to Thee?  
This is for shop-sale Frippery;  
Thy richer store hath truly hit  
The whole Age for their want of wit;  
Live freely, and thy Phansie please,

*We shall be censur'd by such Things as these.*

JOHN WILSON Doctor in Music

To my much honoured Friend Mr. HENRY LAWES,  
On his Second Book of Ayres.



Things that are thus, thus excellently good,  
Are hardly prais'd, 'cause hardly understood:  
For though at the first hearing all admire,  
Yet when into the severalls men inquire,  
(which make up the Composure) they are lost,  
Such Ayre, Wit, Spirit, Harmony engross'd  
In every Piece, as make's each piece the best,  
And yet (as good as 'tis) a Foe to th' rest.

How greedily do the best Judgements throng  
To hear the Repetition of thy Song?  
Which they still beg in vain; for when re-sung  
So much new Art and Excellence is flung  
Round thy Amivers (unobserv'd before)  
As make's the newly-ravish'd ravish'd more:  
For comprehend thee fully none can doe  
Till like thy Musick th' are eternall too.

'Tis Thou hast honour'd Musick, done her right,  
Fitted her for a strong and usefull Flight;  
She droop'd and flagg'd before, as Hanks complain  
Of the sick feathers in their wing and Train:  
But thou hast imp'd the wings she had before;  
Musick does owe Thee much, the Poët more;  
Thou list'st him up, and dost new Nature bring,  
Thou giv'st his noblest Verse both Feet and Wing.

Live then above our Prayse, immortall here,  
The Atlas, the support of Musick's sphere,  
To what a Darknes would our Art decline,  
Robb'd of thy glorious and diurnall Shine?  
These fixed Tapers cannot do Thee right,  
Nor fully speak thy Rayes which gave them Light;  
But in small stars by night in consort met,  
Would only tell the World, our Sun is set.

CHARLES COLMAN Doctor in Musick.



To the great Master of his Art  
my honoured F. Mr. HENRY LAWES  
on his Book of AYRES.



ALL you that have, or ought to have, no Ears;  
Who (onely Snake or Goose) hiss at the Spheares;  
Souls that consist of Seavents and Seconds, come  
(If ye can read, and be not deaf, but dumb.  
Behold a Man to tune an Angel by!

Whose Phansy climbs higher than Poëtry!  
One that can raise dead Words, and strike forth Wit  
From Lines as low as ever W—— writ:  
Who dwells not in lean Sounds, from Breath or Wyre,  
(The Chamleting or Crisping of the Ayer,  
The Art of Birds;) but Worded Sense pursues,  
Phansies which noble Mankind ought to chuse:  
Knowes the right Pulse of Wit, when it beats high,  
Feel's when it hit's, then calls in Harmony,  
Marryes them both, as if he would recall  
How God convers'd with Man before the Fall:  
Perfume's the Words, the Rise, the Turn, the Pawle,  
Strikes till he touch the Heart; Then, then 'tis LAWES.  
(For Thou (Harmonious Soul, in Thousand Songs  
Taught'st us that Musick's more than Chords and Lungs:  
Who hast liv'd famous forty Summers, where  
What the best Wits have writ or spoke didst hear,  
And prov'd there is for Verse a Happiness,  
If it be roab'd in thy Chromatick Dress.  
Nor yet art tyr'd, still, still thy Phansy pours  
Faster than that great Glutton Time devours.  
So vast is that Exchequer of thy Brain,  
Out-spends all others, yet does most retain.  
Thou scorn'st their foraign Aid, who mast (for fear  
Of Plateasms) with Lipping mend the Air;  
Who plunder Thine, new Presents for their Prince,  
Which thou compos'dst full eighteen Harvests since.  
They'll vote thee cheap (now they can steal no more)  
And rob thy Fame, who stole thy Ayres before;  
For savage Fe'lons never ibink they can  
Blot out the Theft till they have slain the Man.

*But these secure thy Right by all their Wrongs ;  
 Proving thou mak'st Musicians, They but Songs :  
 They are thy Eccho : But when such compose,  
 How meagre, how confessingly it goes !  
 'Tis seen quite through, as a thin Comedy  
 Betrays at First what the Last Scene will be.  
 Or else such scolding Notes the Sense confute,  
 Notes fitter for a Tumbrell than a Lute ;  
 For though th' are twisted on Harmonious Chords,  
 There's grinning Discord 'twixt the Ayre and Words.  
 Thy melting Tones and Words so streaming run  
 As Light and Heat flow joyntly from the Sun.  
 No juggling Noyse invades thy Symphony,  
 So spann'd, that all is link'd, yet all is free.  
 As on flat Maps a learn'd Geographer  
 Plant's here America, and Africk there,  
 Here Europe stands, there Asia is hurl'd,  
 Not missing one hair's breadth all the Great World :  
 So Thou on thy Composing-Card's broad face  
 Sett'st Tenor, Counter-tenor, Treble, Base,  
 With such a Masters hand, such Symmetry,  
 Thou prov'st the World consists of Harmony.  
 Thou shew'st how high that Greece-of-Greece was grown,  
 Which Rome's Dictator damn'd a Fisher-Town,  
 Reforming all to Cinders, whose best Notes  
 Taught but two Arts, Speeching and Cutting Throats ;  
 When Sylla made learn'd Athens one red Blaze ;  
 Whose Fire and Blood met in his \* copper face.  
 But thou reviv'st its Ashes, and dost show  
 How Greeks rejoyc'd two thousand years ago.  
 Not all the swelling Vowel-men with all  
 Their Liquids, Mutes, their Dental, Labial,  
 Lingual, and Guttural, new Genal too,  
 Can half of that thy Sharps and Flats can do.  
 Thou shoot'st into our Souls, thy Numbers tell  
 The vastness of that Gulph 'twixt Heaven and Hell,  
 (When pow'rfull Rapture in thy Anthem floats)  
 'Tis Heaven hath Voyces, Hell hath clashing Votes.  
 This made great Socrates his Gamut conn  
 (As Cato Greek) when old and wisest grown,  
 As if his reaching Head, e're Martyr crown'd,  
 By Jacob's staff had Jacob's ladder found,  
 Where Angels moving to and from Heav'n's Throne,  
 Taught the great Scale of Musick up and down.*

*\* ὁ χρυσεὶς ὀψάριος. Plut.  
 in Sulla. unde color  
 Syllaceus apud Agel-  
 lium.*

*Then*



*Then tell me (Bedlems) why th'audacious Drum  
Shook down the Choir, and strook the Organ dumb,  
Till the red Lattise lift's those Bellows up  
To kindle Healths, and celebrate each Cup;  
Where Smoke and Minstrelsy are dealt about  
To help their groats-worth of Church-Musick out.  
How would the Druid start, and backward fling,  
Though none but He that could not read did sing,  
When Rome thought Britain so despis'd a Clod,  
No Gentleman but scorn'd to be its \* God!*

*Thou art unstain'd, no Brocade makes thine hit;  
Thou stick'st as close to Virtue as to Wit.  
Thy Art and Life are Unison'd, and do  
Conspire to call Thee Saint and Angel too.  
Thou hast strung David's Harp, as might have rous'd  
A Legion out of Saul, though twelve years hous'd;  
Put'st it as much in tune (if Man can do't)  
As Reus or Robert Wisdome put it out:  
And mad'st thy glorious Brother tune it too,  
(Whose Coffin is each Chest of Viols now:)  
O how our Passions interfere, to see  
All lost in Him, yet all preserv'd in Thee!  
As Jove's two Eagles flew from East and West,  
Cross'd the whole Globe, yet scorn'd to stoop or rest  
Till met at floating Delos:—So you two  
(Strong high wing'd Souls) with different Phansies flew  
Through the whole Sphear of Musick, till at last  
In this our floating Isle ye set all fast.  
Thy Brother then to Heaven's Great Consort fled,  
That Ayre (as Light and Power) might have one Head.  
Thus old Parnassus was your Type, and did  
Close its two tops for thy one Pyramid.*

*Stand then, Great Master, shine as long, as far  
As Orpheus, whose Harp is now a Star.  
Thy Works (the Balsome of the Brain) request  
The Crown of Time, as oldest Lutes sound best:  
And twenty Ages hence, when Musick's driven  
(Like Kings and Bishops) banish'd home to Heaven;  
If Mortals then for Wit and Phansy look,  
Others may spell, and read, Thou mad'st the Book.*

\* Parum est quod  
Templum in Britan-  
nia habet claudius,  
quod hunc Barbari  
colunt, & ut Deum o-  
rant. Sen. Ann. l. vii. c. 2.

JOHN BERKENHEAD.

*The TABLE, with the names of those who were Authors of the Verses.*

<i>A.</i>	<i>And is this all? what one poor kils?</i>	<i>Pag. 24</i>	- <i>Sir Edward Dering Baronet.</i>
	<i>Away, away, Anacreon,</i>	<i>40</i>	- <i>Mr. John Berkenhead.</i>
	<i>Ah, the false fatal tale I read,</i>	<i>13</i>	- <i>Mr. Henry Reynolds.</i>
<i>B.</i>	<i>But that I knew before we met,</i>	<i>47 (alias) 27</i>	- <i>Francis Finch of the Inner Temple Esq.</i>
	<i>Be not proud, 'cause fair and trim,</i>	<i>10</i>	- <i>Mr. John Grange.</i>
<i>C.</i>	<i>Can so much Beauty,</i>	<i>5</i>	- <i>Sir James Palmer.</i>
	<i>Come my <i>Lucasia</i> since we see,</i>	<i>46 (alias) 26</i>	- <i>Mrs. Catherine Philips.</i>
	<i>Cupid who didst ne'r see light,</i>	<i>8</i>	- <i>Mr. William Cartwright.</i>
	<i>Chloris since first our calm of Peace,</i>	<i>16</i>	- <i>Edmund Waller Esq.</i>
	<i>Come Chloris leave thy wandering sheep,</i>	<i>23</i>	- <i>Dr. Henry Hughes.</i>
<i>D.</i>	<i>Dear, thy face is Heaven to me,</i>	<i>6</i>	- <i>Sir Christopher Nevill.</i>
	<i>Delicate Beauty.</i>	<i>20</i>	- <i>Mr. Aurelian Townshend.</i>
<i>E.</i>	<i>Elegie on Mrs. Sambrook.</i>	<i>28</i>	- <i>Mr. F. S.</i>
<i>G.</i>	<i>Go little winged Archer,</i>	<i>6</i>	- <i>Mr. I. C.</i>
	<i>Go lovely Rose.</i>	<i>9</i>	- <i>Edmund Waller Esq.</i>
<i>H.</i>	<i>Help, help, O help (a Sterme)</i>	<i>1</i>	- <i>Dr. Henry Hughes.</i>
	<i>How long shall I a Martyr be?</i>	<i>11</i>	- <i>Dr. Henry Hughes.</i>
<i>I.</i>	<i>I have been in Heaven I think,</i>	<i>21</i>	- <i>Mr. Aurelian Townshend.</i>
	<i>In vain fair Chloris you design.</i>	<i>25</i>	- <i>Sir Edw. Dering.</i>
<i>K.</i>	<i>Know Calia since thou art so proud.</i>	<i>18</i>	- <i>Tho. Carew Esq. Sewer to His late MAJESTY</i>
<i>L.</i>	<i>Ladies, you that seem so nice,</i>	<i>14</i>	- <i>Mr. Henry Harrington.</i>
	<i>Let longing Lovers sit and pine,</i>	<i>22</i>	- <i>Dr. Henry Hughes.</i>
	<i><i>Alzum ei yunius.</i></i>	<i>39</i>	- <i>Anacreon.</i>
<i>N.</i>	<i>Now, now, <i>Lucasia</i>,</i>	<i>3</i>	- <i>Mr. John Berkenhead.</i>
<i>O.</i>	<i>O how I hate thee now!</i>	<i>14</i>	- <i>Mr. John Berkenhead.</i>
	<i>O King of Heaven and Hell,</i>	<i>last</i>	- <i>Mr. John Berkenhead.</i>
	<i>O turn away those cruel eyes,</i>	<i>7</i>	- <i>Mr. Thomas Stanley.</i>
	<i>Old Poets <i>Hippocrene</i> admire,</i>	<i>29</i>	- <i>Mr. N. N.</i>
	<i>On this swelling bank.</i>	<i>15</i>	- <i>Mr. I. G.</i>
<i>S.</i>	<i>Such was the sorrow Chloris felt.</i>	<i>8</i>	- <i>Mr. Henry Reynolds.</i>
<i>T.</i>	<i>Take heed fair Chloris,</i>	<i>26</i>	- <i>Dr. Henry Hughes.</i>
	<i>Tell me no more 'tis Love,</i>	<i>10</i>	- <i>Sir John Mennes.</i>
	<i>'Tis not i'th' power of all thy scorn.</i>	<i>22</i>	- <i>Mr. Mar. Clifford.</i>
<i>W.</i>	<i>When first I saw fair Doris' Eyes,</i>	<i>24</i>	- <i>Sir Edward Dering.</i>
	<i>Was it a Form, a Gate, a Grace,</i>	<i>20</i>	- <i>Mr. Henry Reynolds.</i>
	<i>When as <i>Leander</i></i>	<i>12</i>	- <i>Mr. Robert Herrick.</i>
	<i>When we were parted.</i>	<i>19</i>	- <i>Mr. Aurelian Townshend.</i>
<i>T.</i>	<i>Yes, yes, 'tis Chloris sings.</i>	<i>16</i>	- <i>Mr. Henry Reynolds.</i>

*D I A L O G U E S.*

<i>A.</i>	<i>Ah 'Choridan', contentedly we tend</i>	<i>31</i>	- <i>Mr. S. B.</i>
<i>D.</i>	<i>Daphne, Shepherds if they knew</i>	<i>33</i>	- <i>James Harrington Esq.</i>
<i>W.</i>	<i>Weep not.</i>	<i>30</i>	- <i>Thomas Carew Esq.</i>

*Short Ayres for 1. 2. or 3. Voyces.*

<i>A.</i>	<i>Among Rose-buds slept a Bee,</i>	<i>36 (alias) 44</i>	- <i>Mr. John Berkenhead.</i>
	<i>A Lover once I did espie</i>	<i>35 (alias) 43</i>	- <i>Mr. John Grange.</i>
	<i>About the sweet-bag of a Bee.</i>	<i>40 (alias) 48</i>	- <i>Mr. Robert Herrick.</i>
<i>B.</i>	<i>Beauties have yee seen a Toy,</i>	<i>41 (alias) 49</i>	- <i>Mr. Ben. Johnson.</i>
<i>C.</i>	<i>Call the Spring with all her flowers</i>	<i>46</i>	- <i>James Harrington Esq.</i>
<i>D.</i>	<i>Dear, let me now this evening,</i>	<i>42 (alias) 50</i>	- <i>Sir William Davenant.</i>
<i>F.</i>	<i>Fear not, dear love,</i>	<i>47</i>	- <i>Thomas Carew Esq.</i>
<i>H.</i>	<i>Hither we come into this world,</i>	<i>41</i>	- <i>Mr. John Fletcher.</i>
<i>I.</i>	<i>In the non-age of a Winters day,</i>	<i>37 (alias) 45</i>	- <i>Mr. I. M.</i>
<i>V.</i>	<i>View, <i>Lesbia</i>, view</i>	<i>34 (alias) 42</i>	- <i>Mr. Henry Reynolds.</i>
<i>W.</i>	<i>Why should great Beauties</i>	<i>43 (alias) 51</i>	- <i>Sir William Davenant.</i>
	<i>Hymnes to</i>		
	<i>God the Father</i>	<i>44 (alias) 52</i>	
	<i>God the Son</i>	<i>45 (alias) 53</i>	- <i>John Crofts Esq. Cup-bearer to his late MAJESTY.</i>
	<i>God the Holy Ghost</i>	<i>46 (alias) 54</i>	



## A Storme :

Cloris at sea, neer the land, is surpris'd by a storm, Amintor on the shore expecting her arrivall, thus complains:



Help, help, o helpe, Divini-ty of Love, or Neptune will commit a Rape

upon my Cloris, she's on his bosom and without a wonder cannot scape. See, see, the winds grow

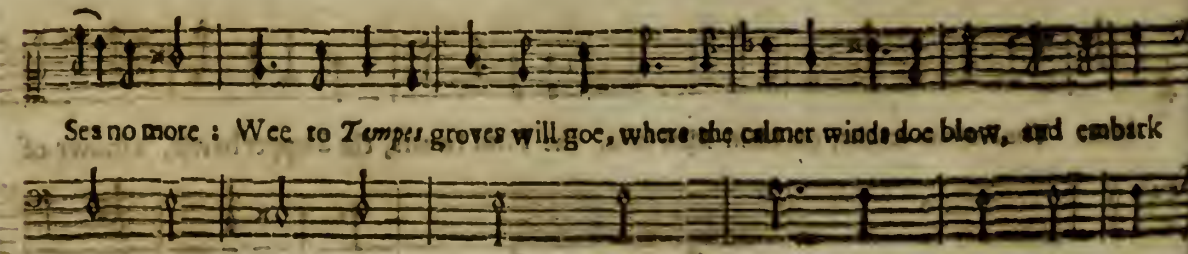
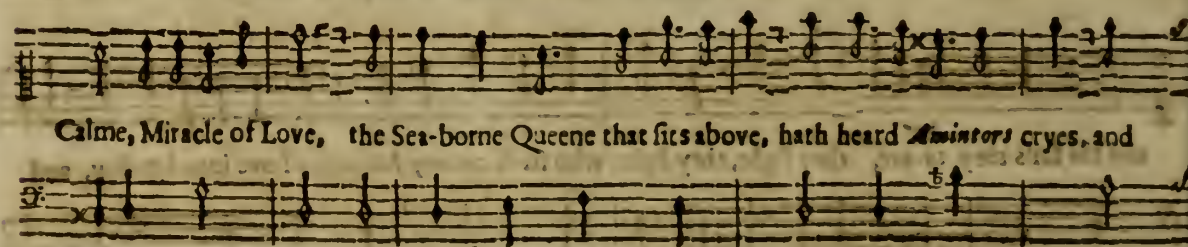
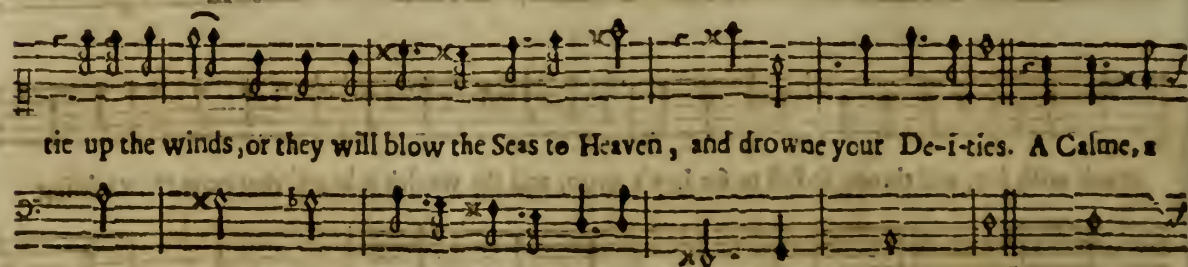
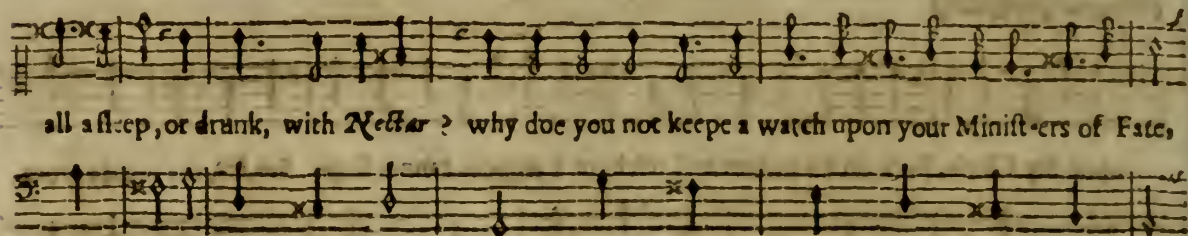
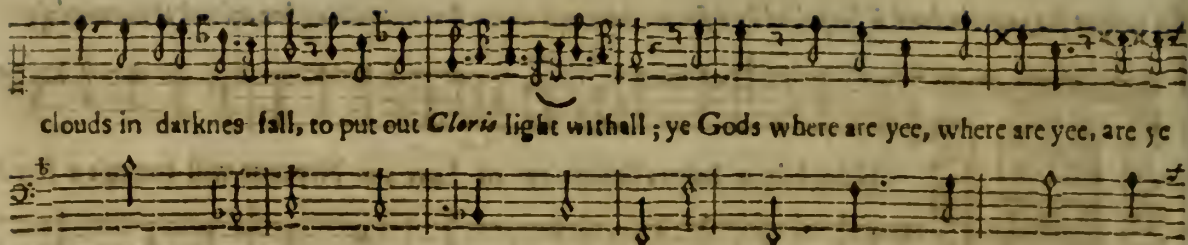
drunk with joy, and throng so fast to see Lov's Argo, and the wealth it bears, that now the tackling

and the sails they re-are, they fight, they fight, who shall convey Amintors Love into her Bay, and

hurlle whole seas at one another, as if they would the welkin smother. Hold Boreas, hold, he will not

hear. The Rudder cracks, the Main-Mast falls, the Pilot swears, the Skipper bawls, a shower of







our hearts together, fearing neither rocks, nor weather, but out-ride the stormes of Love, and for

ev-er con-stant prove.

No Reprieve.

**N**OW, now *Lucasia*, now make haste, if thou wilt see how strong thou art,

there needs but one frown more, to waste the whole remainder of my heart. Alas undone, to Fate,

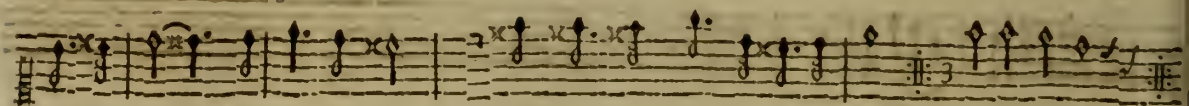
I bow my head, ready to die, now die, and now, now, now, a dead. You looke to have an age of

triall ere you a Lov-er will repay, but my state brooks no more deniall : I cannot this one minute stay.

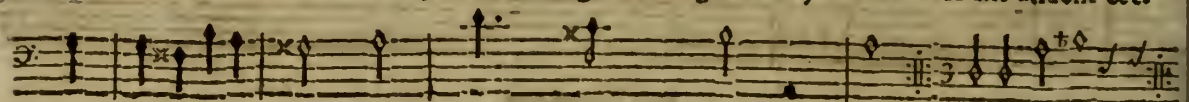




**A-lis** undone: &c. Look in my wound, and see how cold, how pale and gasping my soule lyes, which



nature strives in vain to hold, whil'st wing'd with sighs a way it flies. A'ssue undone &c.



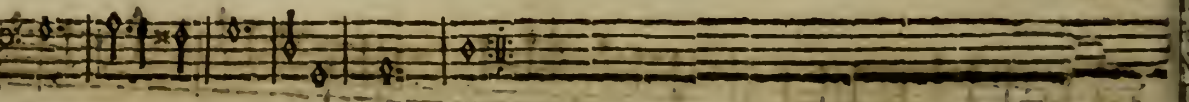
See, see, already *Charon's* boat, who grimly asks why all this stay? Hark! how the fatal Sisters



Shout, and now they call, away, a way. Alas! undone, to Fate I bow my head, ready to die.



now die, and now oh now am dead.





Not to be altered from Affection.



AN so much Beauty own a mind? orefwayd by tyranny, as new afflictig wayes to

finde, a doubles faith to try, and all example to out-do, to scorn and make me j:alous too; alas!e!

shee knowes my fires are too too great; and though shee bee, stone ice to mee, her thaw to others

cannot quench my heat.

(2)

hat Law which with such force o're ran  
he Armies of my heart,  
When no one thought I could out man,  
hat durst once take my part.  
or by assault she did invade,  
to composition to be made:  
hen, since all must yeeld as well as I  
to stand in aw  
of Victors Law  
her's no prescribing in captivity.

(3)

That Love which loves for common ends,  
Is but selfe loving love,  
But nobler conversation tends  
Soule mysteries to prove.  
And since Love is a passive thing,  
It multiplies by suffering:  
Then, though she throw life to the waning Moon,  
on him her shine,  
the dark part mine,  
Yet I must love her still when all is done!

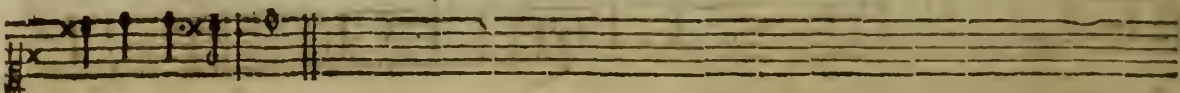
## Parting.



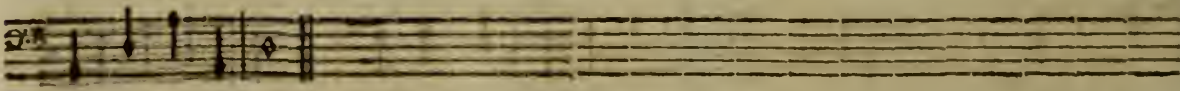
Ere thy face is heaven to mee, and the presence of thine eyes ;  
Is like that same light wee see, which descendeth from the skies.



O then since my heav'n thou art, and thine eyes my heav'nly light, doe but think what 'tis to part and to



leave thy blessed sight.



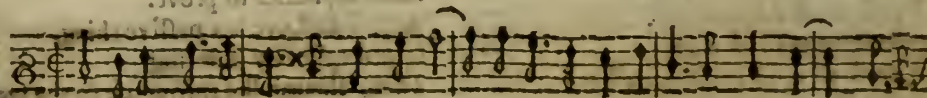
(2)

If that Darknes still should maske  
The fair visage of the sun, —  
Heav'n would tell us if we ask  
All things would to ruine run :  
O then since my heav'n &c.

(3)

Sun and you like influence have  
Which give light to things below,  
You likewise from death doe save,  
When you doe your beams but show :  
O then since my sun thou art,  
And thine eyes my heav'nly light,  
Doe but grieve that I did part,  
And was forc'd to leave thy sight.

## Cupids Embassie.



Oe little winged Archer and convey a flaming dart into her heart, then steal a-





way as soone as thou hast set her all on fire, and left her burning in her chaste desire.

(2)  
Thus teach her what it is to love, that she  
When that her eyes  
Doe tyrannize  
May pity me;  
And know the flame that hath my heart possesse  
By the distemper of her scorched breast.

(3)  
And when she burns if shee'l appease my flame  
With smiles which fly,  
Oft as her eye,  
I'll doe the same;  
So may we love, and burn, but ne'r expire,  
While we add fuell to each others fire.

He would not be tempted.

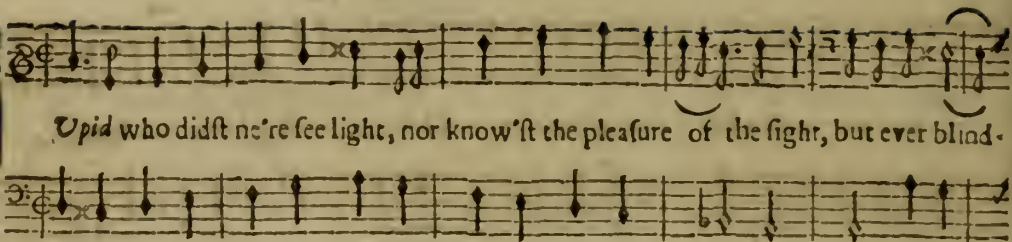
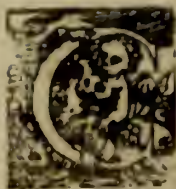
**T**urn away those cruell eyes, the stars of my undoing, or death in such a bright disguise,

may tempt a second wooing : punish their blind and impious pride, who dare contemne thy Glory;

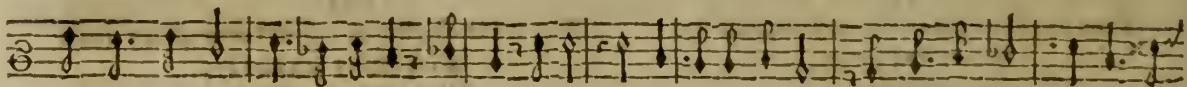
it was my fall that deifyde thy name, and seald thy story.

(2)  
Yet no new suffering can prepare  
A higher praise to crown thee,  
Though my first death proclaime thee fair,  
My second will unthrone thee.

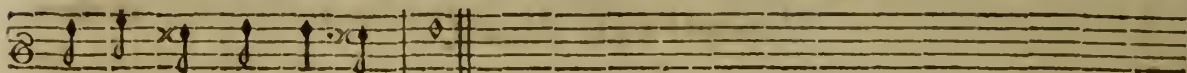
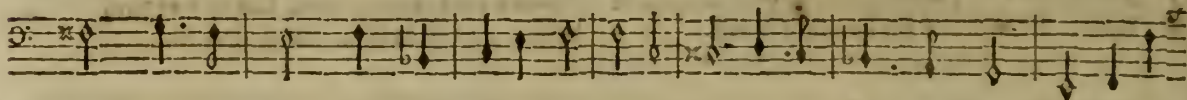
Lovers will doubt thou canst intice  
No other for thy fuell,  
And if thou turne one victim twice,  
Or thinke thee poor, or cruell.

A Prayer to *Cupid*.

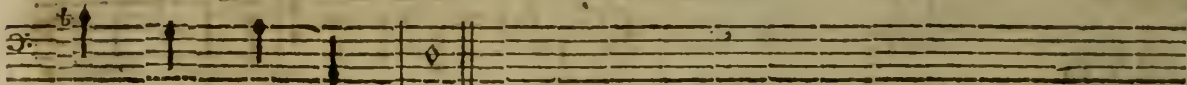
*Cupid* who didst ne're see light, nor know'st the pleasure of the sight, but ever blind.



ed canst not say, now it is night, or now tis day: so captivate her sense, so blind her eye, that still she



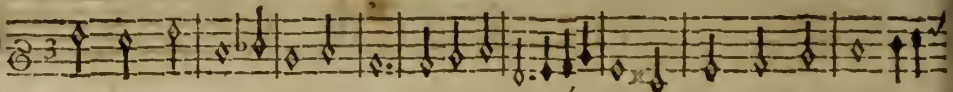
love me, though she know not why.



(2)

Then that woundest with such art,  
We see no bloud drop from the heart,  
And subely cruell leav'st no signe  
To tell the blow, or hand was thine:  
O gently, gently wound my fayre, that she  
May hence beleve the wound did come from thee.

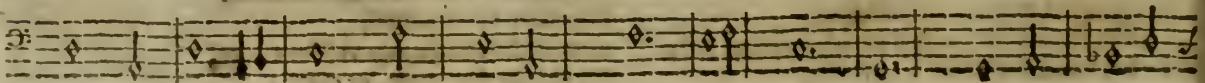
Parting.



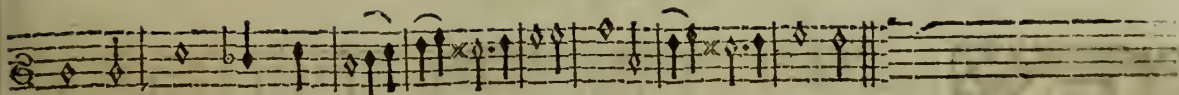
uch was the sorrow *Cloris* felt at her *Aminors* parting, her heart the pain (a-



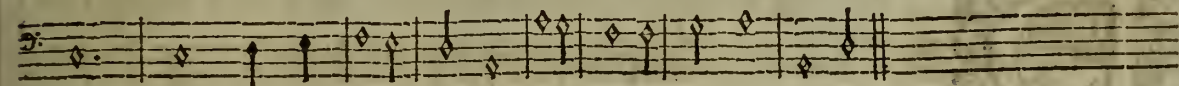
board) so deal'e (perhaps to ease the smarting) I saw what she essay'd to hide ( rays'd by her griefs de-







vouring ) down from her eyes a silver ride, tixt Pinks and Lillies powring.

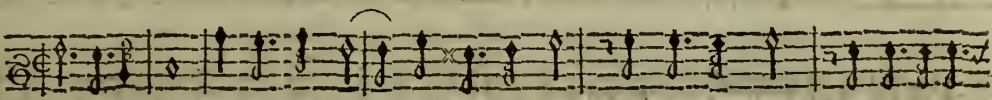


(2)

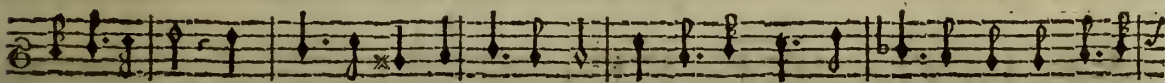
Whilst Love (at fall of ev'ry tear,  
Weary perhaps with playing)  
Sat to refresh, and bath him there,  
His pointed wings displaying.

But soon the stream her sayre hand dries,  
When straight you might espie him  
Into the sun shine of her eyes,  
Peareht up to prune and dry him.

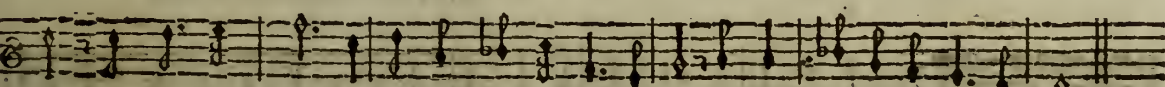
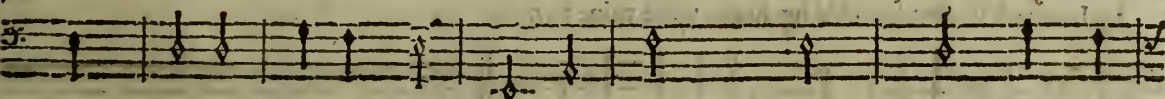
### The Rose.



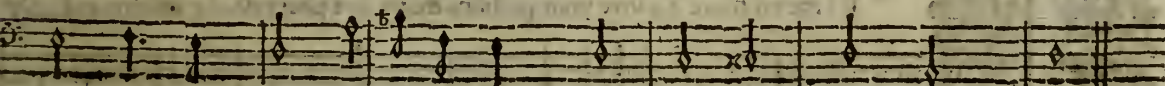
Oe lovely Rose, tell her that waits her time and me, that now she knows when I resem-



ble her to thee, how sweet and fair she seems to be. Tell her thats yong and shuns to have her graces



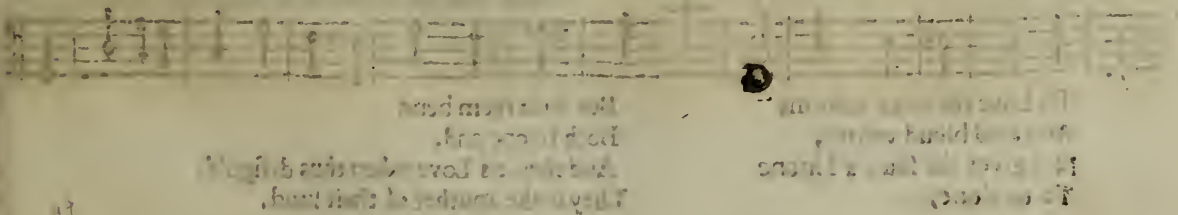
spide, that badst thou sprung in desarts where no men abide, thou must have uncommended dy'd.



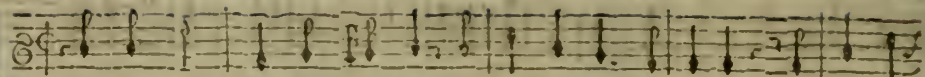
(2)

Small is the worth  
Of beauty from the light rety'd,  
Bid her come forth,  
Suffer her selfe to be desir'd.  
And not blush to be admir'd.

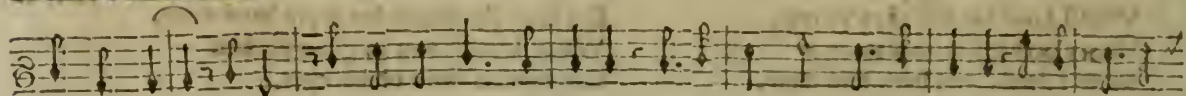
Then die, that the  
The common Fate of all things rare  
May read in thee,  
How small a part of time they share,  
That are so wondrous sweet, and faire.



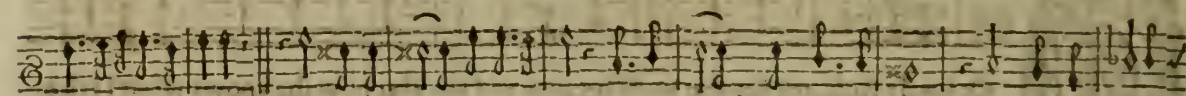
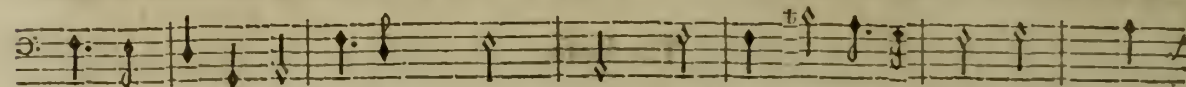




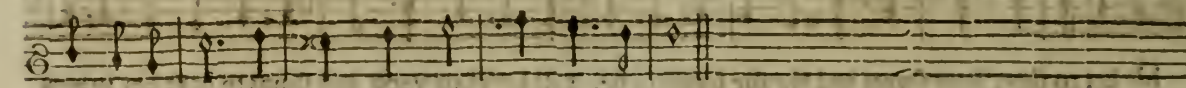
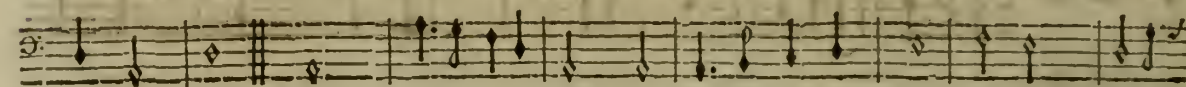
E E not proud cause fair and trim, but let those lips be tasted, those eyes will



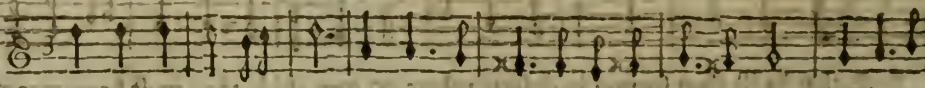
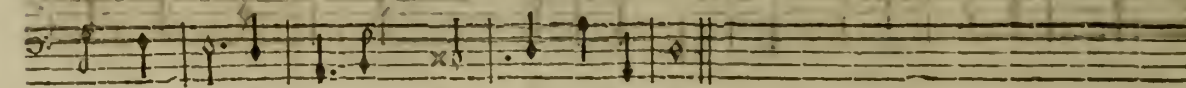
hollow prove and dim; that lip and brow be wasted, and to love whole be perswaded, sullied flower's or



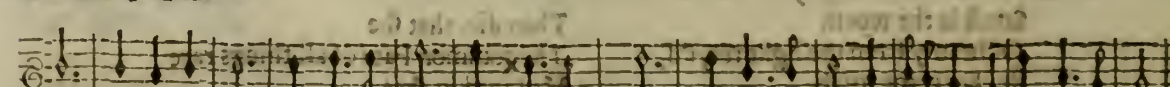
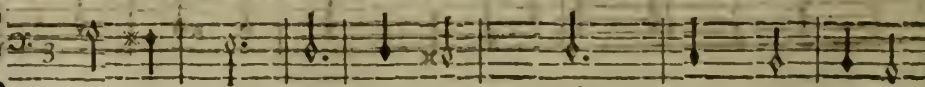
beau-ty faded. O thou art soft as is the ayre, or the words that court the faire, then let those flames



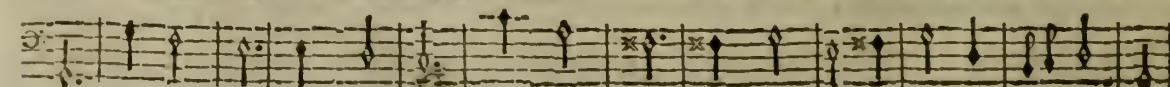
by Lovers felt, that scorch'd my heart, make thine to melt.



Ell me no more tis love your passions move in a phantasticke sphere, and only



there, thus you confine what is divine, when love hath power & can dispeuce sufficient to the soul & sence




Tis Love the sence informs  
And cold bloud warms,  
Nor gives the soule a Throne  
To us alone,

But bids them bend  
Both to one end,  
And then tis Love when thus design'd,  
They make another of their kind,



## Loves Martyr.



Ow long shall I a Martyr be, to love and womans cru---el--ty ? Or why doth fullen

Fate confine my heart to one that is not mine : had I ere lov'd as others doe, but only for an houre or two

then there had store of reason bin, why I should suffer for my sin. :

(2)

But love thou knowest with what a flame  
I have ador'd my mistris name :  
How I neer offer'd other fires,  
But such as rose from chaste desires :  
Nor have I ere prophaned thy shrine  
With an inconstant fickle minde ;  
Yet thou combining with my Fate,  
Hath forc't my love and her to hate.

(3)

O Love if her supremacy  
Have not a greater power then thee  
For pitiees sake then once be kinde,  
And throw a dart to change her minde :  
Thy deity we shall suspect,  
If our reward must be neglect.  
Then make her love or let me bee  
Inspir'd with scorne as well as she.

*Leander Drownd.*

Hen as *Leander* (yong) was Drown'd, no heart by love receiv'd a wound

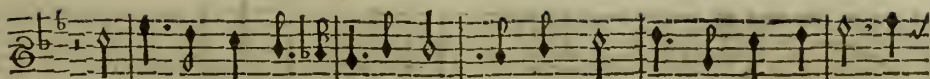
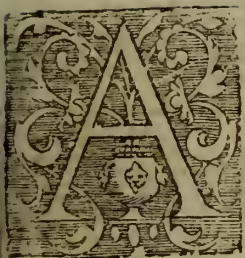
but on a Rock himfelfe fat by, there weeping superabundantly. His head upon his hand he layd, and

fighting (deeply) thus he sayd : Ah cruell Fate ! and looking on't, wept as hee'd drown the *Helle*

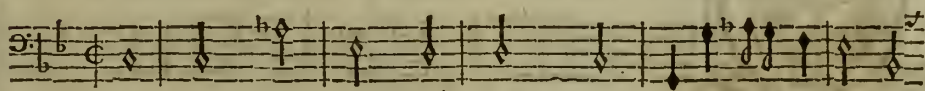
*spont.* And sure his tongue had more exprest, had not his tears, had not his tears forbad the rest.



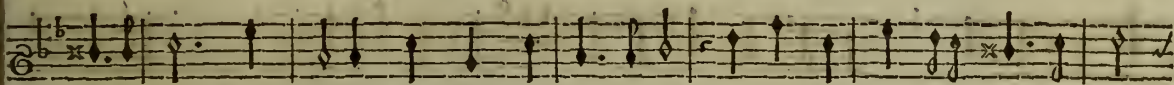
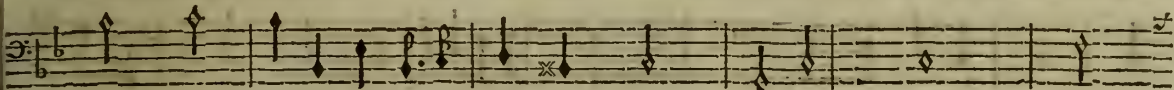
## Betrayd, by Beleeve.



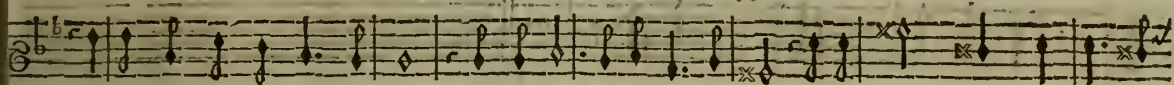
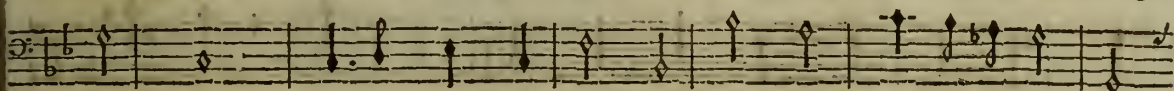
H, ah! the false fayll tale I read, when my heart heedlesse and unwise, first



studied, and false commented on the un-known text of thy lov'd eyes, when thy glib-running



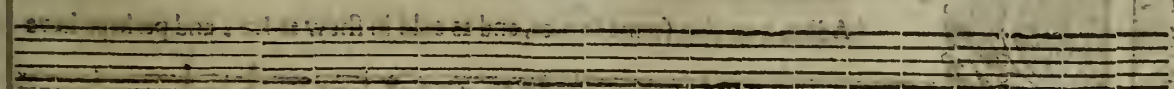
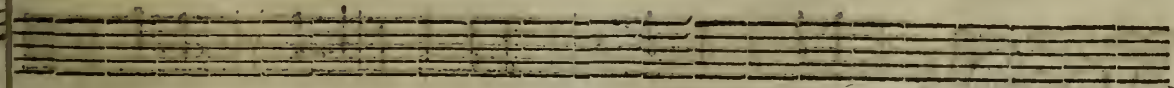
lavish tongue shew'd down more oaths thy faith & avow, then morning dewes on flow'r's are hung,



or blossoms on the Summer bough: so was my silly truth betrayd, by a smooth tongue and winning

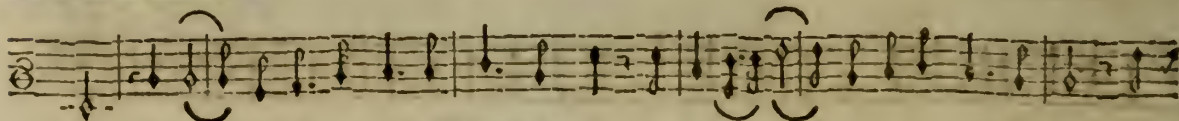


eye, poysons by which ther's many a mayd has perisht sure as well as I.

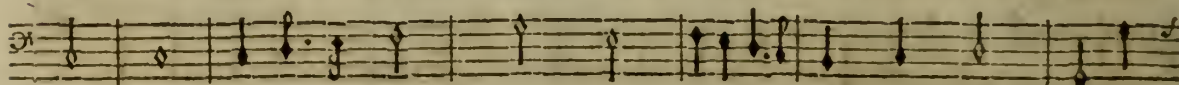




How I hate thee now, and my selfe too, for loving such a false, false thing as



thee I who hourly canst depart from heart, to heart, to take new harbour as thou didst in me; but



when the world shall spie; and know thy shifts as well as I, they'l shut their hearts and take thee in



no more; he that can dwell with none, must out of door.



(2)

Thy pride hath overgrown

All this great Town

Which stoops, and bowes, as low as I to you;

Thy falshood might support

All the new Court

Which shifts, and turne, almost as oft as thou.

But to expresse thee by,

Ther's not an object low, or high,

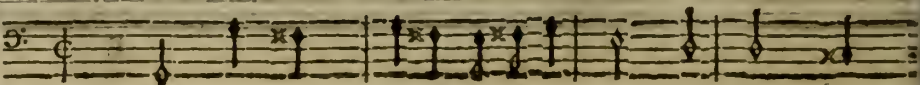
For 'twill be found, when eie the measures tride,

Nothing can read thy falshood, but thy pride

### Diffwation from Presumption.



Adies, you that seeme so nice, and as cold in shew as Ice, and perhaps have





held out thrice, doe not think but in a trice, one or other may entice, and at last by some device, set

your honours at a price.

(2)

You whose smooth and dainty skin,  
Rosie lips, or cheeks, or chin,  
All that gaze upon you win;  
Yet insult not, sparks within,  
Slowly burn ere flames begin,  
And presumption still hath bin  
Held a most notorious sin.

## A Remembrance.

N this swell-ing bank (once proud of its burthen) *Clor-iss* lay: heere she smil'd, and

did uncloud those bright suns ec--clips the day.

(2)

Heere we sate, and with kind art  
She about me twin'd her arms,  
Clasped in hers my hand and heart  
Fetter'd by those pleasing charms.

(3)

Heer my love and joyes she crownd  
Whil'st the hours stood still before me,  
With a killing glance did wound  
And a melting kisse restore me.

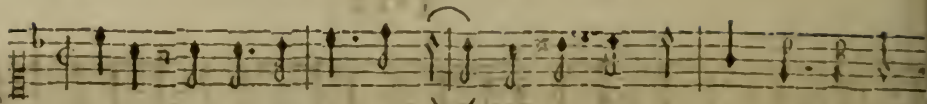
(4)

On the down of eyther breast  
Whil'st with joy my soule retir'd,  
My resigning heart did rest  
Till her lips new life inspir'd.

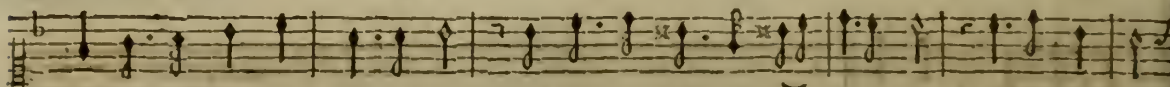
(5)

The renewing of these sights,  
Doth with griefe and pleasure fill me,  
And the thought of those delights  
Both at once revive and kill me.

To a Lady, more affable since the war began.



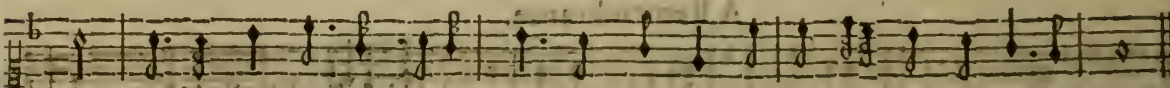
*Chorus*, since first our calm of peace was frighted hence, this good wee finde



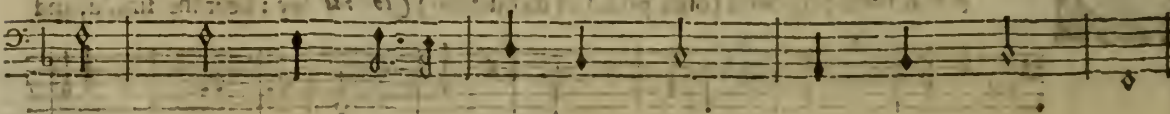
your favours with your fears increase, and growing mischief makes you kinde; so the fayre tree,



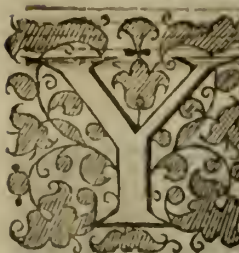
(which still preserves her fruit and state when no winde blow's) in stormes, from that uprightnesse



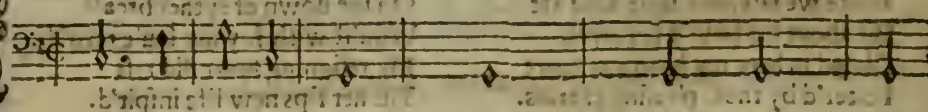
twerv's, and the glad Earth about her strowes with treasure, with treasure from her yeelding boughs.



*Chorus* Singing.



Es, yes, 'tis *Chorus* sings, 'tis she; Mark how the Nymphs and Shepheards all flock

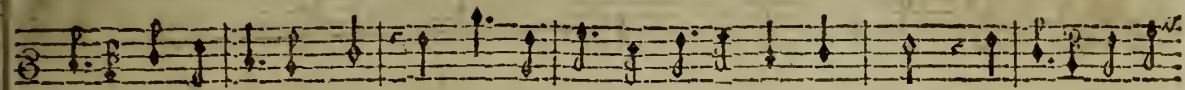
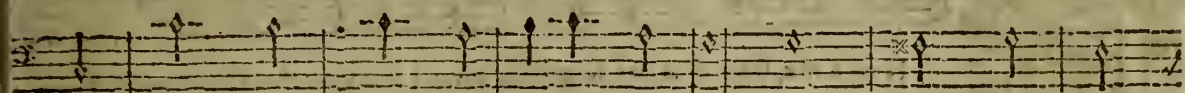


and how the Nymphs and Shepheards all flock  
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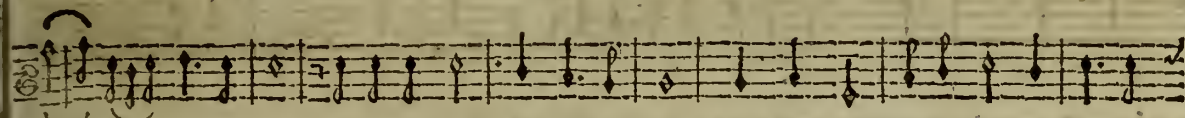
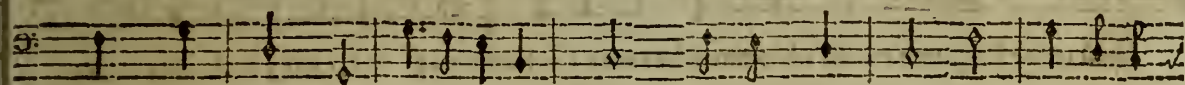




to her: so the Master Bee the swarm leads with his awful cail; so to the Thracian Lyre the floods re-



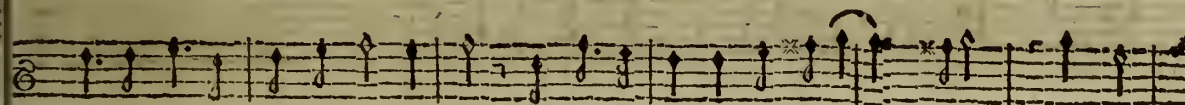
sorted, and the listning woods: so shea's of Dolphins on the green wav's spring, when *Doris* or her



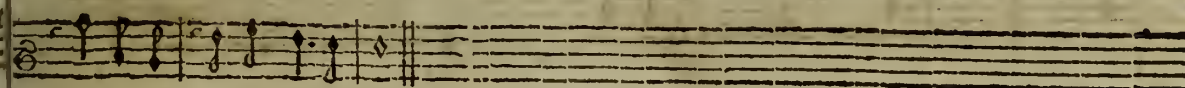
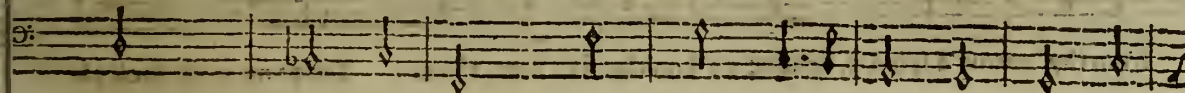
Sea-born daughters sing. and so her Notes ther hearts benum: one looks pale, others eyes ore flow with



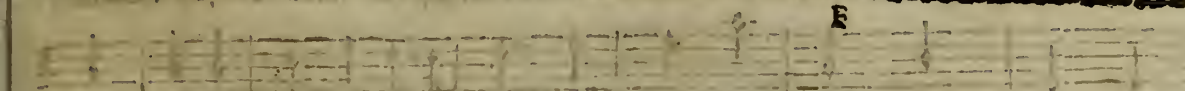
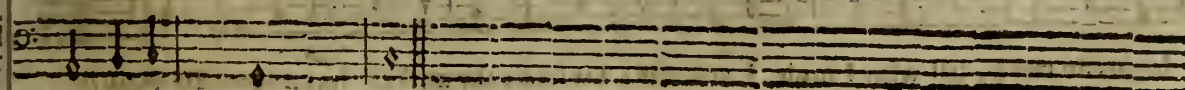
tears of pleasure, perhaps some, distill from sad hearts, teares of woe; but as if fetter'd in a



chain to sofr their passions felt no paine, shee stops no sooner, but th' enchanted throng straight cry,



sweet *Cloris* sing an other song.







Now *Celia*, since thou art so proud, 'twas I that gave thee thy renown, thou

hadst in the forgotten crowd of common beauties liv'd unknown, had not my verse exha'd thy

name, and with it imp'd the wings of Fame. That killing pow'r is none of thine, I gave it to thy

voice and eyes, thy sweets, thy graces all are mine, thou art my star, shan't in my skies, then dare not

from thy borrow'd sphere, lighting on him that fixt thee there. Tempt me with such af-

frights no more, lest what I made, I uncreate: Let fooles thy myst'cke forms adore, Ile know thee



in thy mortall stage; wise Poets that wrapp'd trath in tales, knew her themselves through

all her vayles.

When we were parted, though but for a while, from my brest started a post ev'ry

mile: but I feare, none were directed from your bosome to me; for a beauty so affected, looks for

Love custome free.

(2)  
Tis then no marveill  
My state should decay,  
Brought to be servil  
And kept from my pay.

But ingratefull to the giver,  
Know the Sea as your King,  
Can as well exhaust a river,  
As you suck up a spring.

(3)  
And though triumphing  
You rowle to the Main  
Small streams are something  
And part of your train.

Use me gently then that follow  
Made by custome so tame,  
I am silent whilst you swallow  
Both my tears, and my name

## Sufferance.



Elicate Beauty, why should you disdain with pity at least, to lessen my

pain? Yet if you purpose to render no cause, Will and not Reason is Judge of those Lawes.

(2)

Suffer in silence I can with delight  
 Courting your Anger to live in your sight,  
 Inwardly languish, and like my disease,  
 Alwaies provided my sufferance please.

(3)

Take all my comforts in present away,  
 Let all but the hope of your favour decay,  
 Rich in reversion I'll live as content,  
 As he to whom Fortune her fore-look hath lent.



AS it a forme, a gate, a grace, was it their sweetness, meereley? was it the

Heav'n of a bright face, that made me love so deerly? was it a skin of silk and snow, that soule and

sences wounded? was't any of these, or all of these, whereon my faith was founded? ah no! 'twas a



far deeper part then all the rest that won me ; 'twas a fair cloath'd, but feigning heart, I lov'd, and

has undone me.

On his hearing her Majesty sing.

**H**ave beene in Heav'n, I thinke, for I heard an Angell sing, Notes my

thirsty ears did drinke; never any earth-ly thing sung so true, so sweet, so cleere, I was then in

Heav'n, not heere.

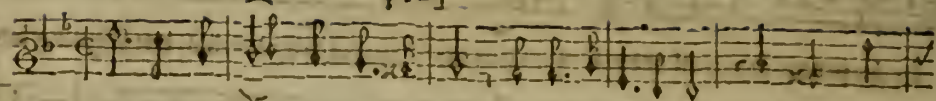
(2)

But the blessed feele no change,  
So I may mistake the place,  
But mine eyes would think it strange  
Should that be no Angels face;  
Pow'r's above, it seems, designe  
Me Kill Mortall, her Divine.

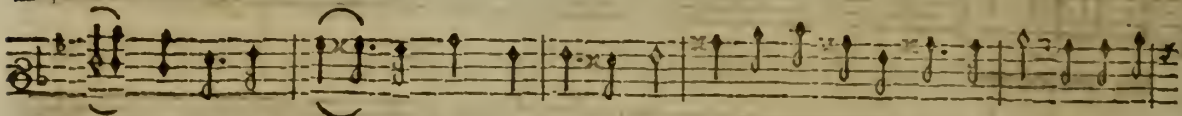
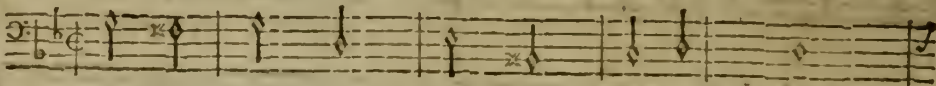
(3)

Till I tread the Milky way,  
And I lose my senses quite,  
All I wish is that I may  
Hear that voice, and see that sight,  
Then in types and outward show,  
I shall have a heav'n below.

G



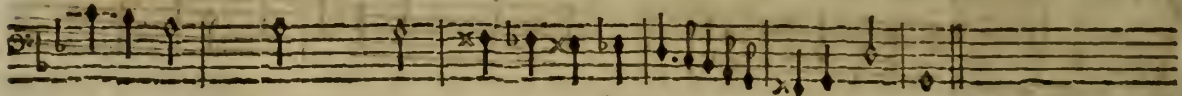
Is not 'ith' pow'r of all thy scorn or un-relen'ing hate, to quench my



flames, or make them burne with heat more temperate : still doe I struggle with dispaire, and ever

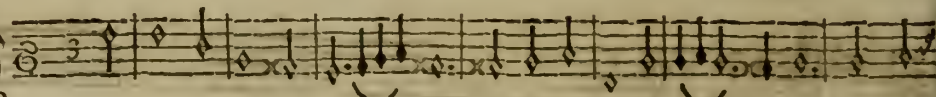


court disdain ; and though you ne're prove lesse severe, Ile dost upon my paine.

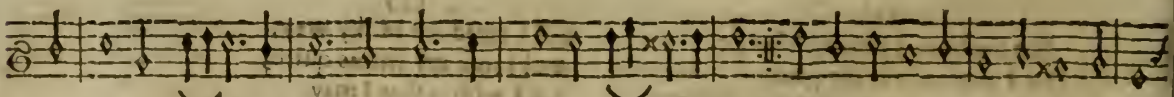
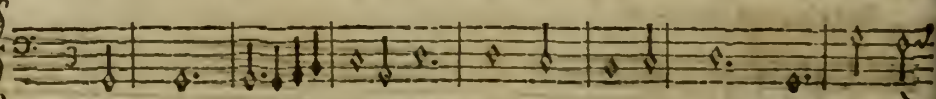


(2)

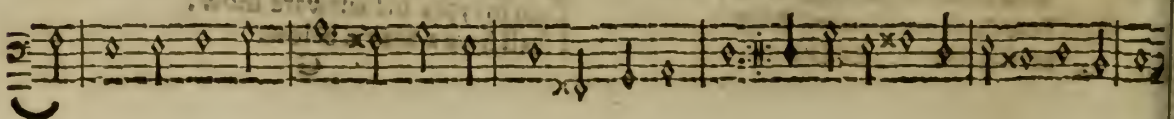
Yet meaner besuties cannot claime  
In Love this tyranny,  
They must pretend an equall flame,  
Or else our passions die :  
You fair *Clarinda* you alone  
Are priz'd at such a rate  
To have a Vorary of one  
Whom you doe reprobare.



E T longing Lovers sit and pine, and the forsaken Willow wear, Love shall



not blast this heart of mine, with ling'ring hope or killing feare : Ile never love till I enjoy, or lose





my time on her that's coy.

(2)

If Ladies call us to the field,  
And all their colours there display,  
Alasse, they needs must to us yeeld,  
Since we are better arm'd then they;  
Tis folly then to beg or whine  
For us that are born Masculine.

(3)

Then Lovers learn your strength to know,  
And you may overcome with ease,  
Your enemy fights with a Bow  
That cannot wound unlessse you please,  
And he that pines because thee's coy,  
Wants wit, or courage, women say.



Come *Cloris*, leave thy wandering sheep, thou shalt more amorous creatures keep,

and be the only envied dame, that moves upon this grassie frame: for thou shalt heards of *Cupids* have,

and love and I will be thy slave.

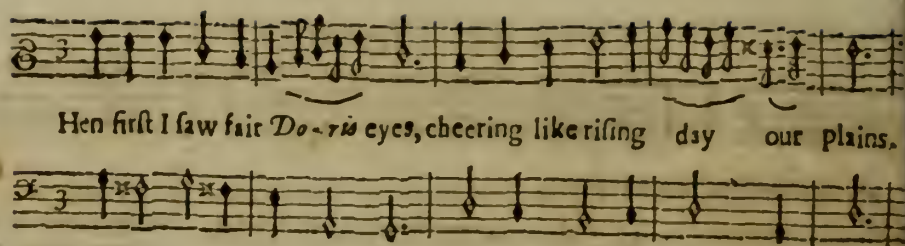
(2)

Nymphs, Satyrs, and the Sylvian Fawns,  
Shall leave the woods and narrow Lawns,  
To wait on *Cloris*, and adore  
Their *Cysbera*, now no more  
The name of *Cloris* shall create  
A servitude in every state.

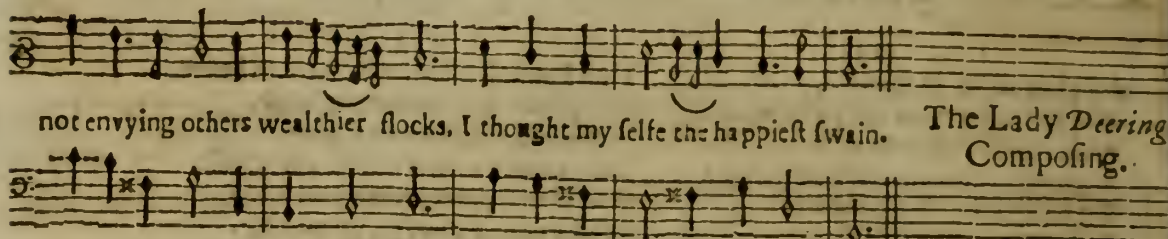
(3)

In yonder Mertill grove wee'le dwell  
With more content then tongue can tell,  
Where hungry Moules shall not afright  
Thy tender Lambs, or thee by night:  
There we the wanton theeves will play,  
And steale each others hearts away.





Hen first I saw fair *Do-ris* eyes, cheering like rising day our plains.



not envying others wealthier flocks, I thought my selfe the happiest swain.

The Lady Deering  
Composing.

(2)

More blessed yet when my rude eare  
Heard her harmonious numbers flow,  
No more a swain, I felt the joyes  
Only victorious Princes know.

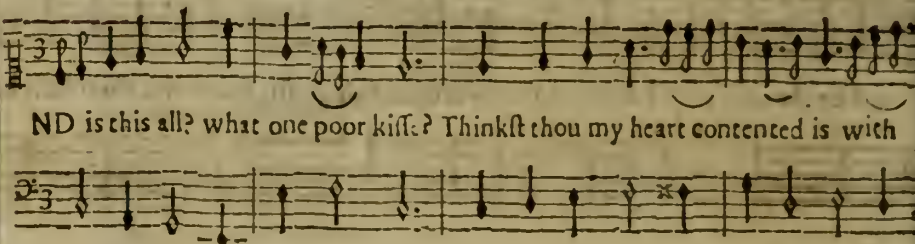
(3)

Since which alowd, on thy free lip  
To story out my hopes, and love,  
Immortall grown, I held aloft  
The mansion of dethroned *Jove*.

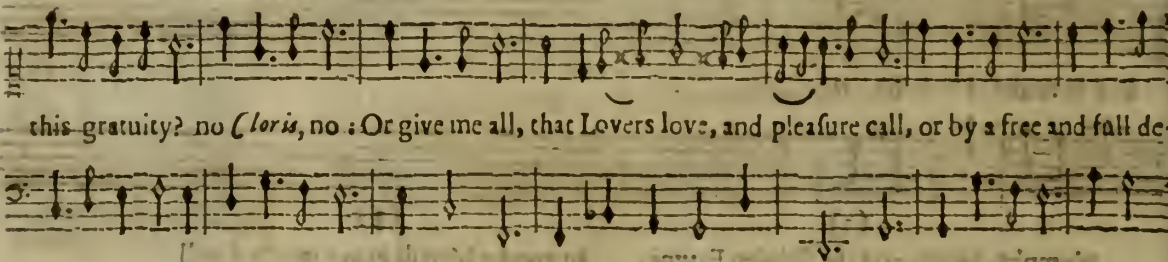
(4)

But when rul'd by my kinder starres,  
Thy namelesse treasures crown my paine,  
*Jove* and his empty joyes despis'd,  
I Shepheard turn'd on earth again.

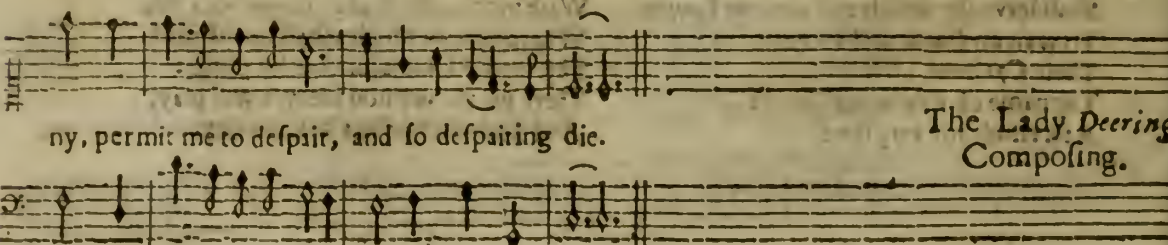
Gods, take your own, sayd I, vain altars now,  
I chuse a happy fate with her below.



ND is this all? what one poor kisse? Thinkst thou my heart contented is with



this gratuity? no *Cloris*, no : Or give me all, that Lovers love, and pleasure call, or by a free and fall de-

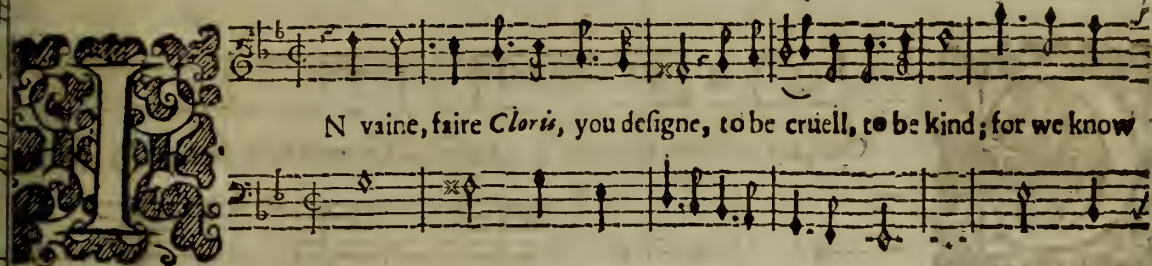


ny, permit me to despair, and so despairing die.

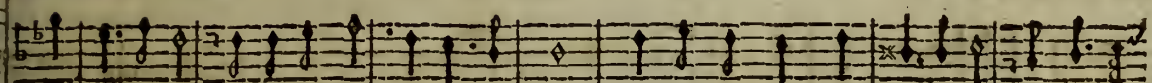
The Lady Deering  
Composing.



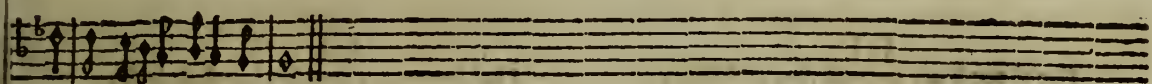
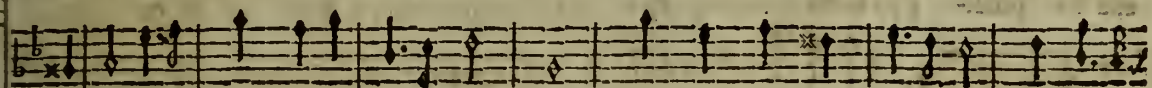
A false designe to be cruell.



N vaine, faire *Clorin*, you designe, to be cruell, to be kind; for we know

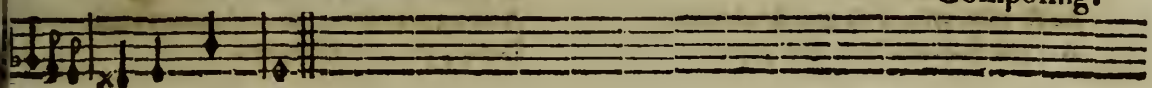


with all your arts, you never hold but willing hearts; men are too wise grown to expire, with broken



shafts, and painted fire.

The Lady *Deerings*  
Composing.



(2)

And if among a thousand swains  
Some one of Love, or fate complains,  
And all the stars in heav'n descie,  
With *Clora's* lip, or *Celia's* eye:  
'Tis not their love the youth would chuse,  
But the glory to refuse.

(3)

Then wisely make your prize of those  
Want wit, or courage to oppose,  
But tempt not me that can discover  
What will redeeme the fondest Lover,  
And flie the list, lest it appear,  
Your pow'r is measur'd by our fear.

(4)

So the rude wave securely shocks  
The yeelding Bark, but the stiffe rocks  
If it attempt, how soon again  
Broke and dissolv'd it fills the Main:  
It foams and roars, but we deride  
Alike its weakness, and its pride.

H

Mutuall Affection betweene *Orinda* and *Lucatia*.

Come, my *Lucatia*, since wee see that miracles mens faith do move by wonder

and by prodigy: to the fierce angry world let's prove, ther's a Religion in our Love.

(2)

For though we were design'd t'agree,  
That Fate no liberty destroys,  
But our Election is as free  
As Angels, who with greedy choice  
Are yet determin'd to their joyes.

(3)

Our hearts are doubled by their losse,  
Heer mixture is addition grown,  
We both defuse, and both ingresse,  
And we whose minds are so much one,  
Never, yet ever are alone.

(4)

We court our owne captivity,  
Then Thrones more great and innocent,  
T'were banishment to be set free,  
When we wear fetters whose intent  
Not bondage is, but ornament.

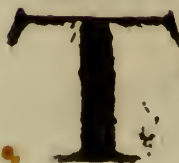
(5)

Divided joyes are tedious found,  
And griefs united easier grow.  
We are our selves but by rebound;  
And all our titles shuff'd so,  
Both Princes, and both Subjects too.

(6)

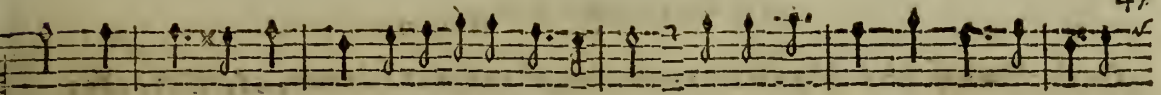
Our hearts are mutuall victims layd,  
Which they (such pow'r in friendship lies)  
Are Altars, Priests, and Offerings made,  
And each heart which thus kindly dies,  
Graces deathlesse by the sacrifice.

Disdaine.

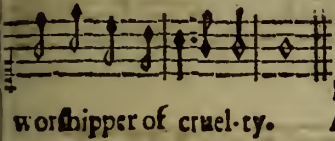


Take heed fair *Chloris*, how you tame (with your disdain) *Amintor's* flame. A noble





heart; when once delpis'd, swells unto such a height of pride, 'twill rather burst then deigne to bee a



worshipper of cruel-ty.

(2)

You may use common shepherds so,  
My flames at last to storms will grow,  
And blow such scorn upon thy pride,  
Will blast all I have magnifi'd:  
You are not fair when Love you lack,  
Ingratitude makes all things black.

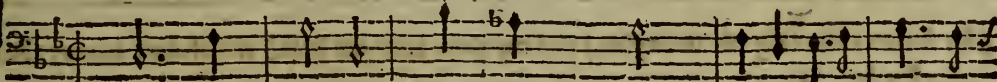
(3)

O doe not for a flock of sheep,  
A golden shewr when as you sleep,  
Or for the tales ambition tells,  
Forfake the house wher honor dwels  
In *Damons* palace you'l nee'r shine,  
So bright as in these arms of mine.

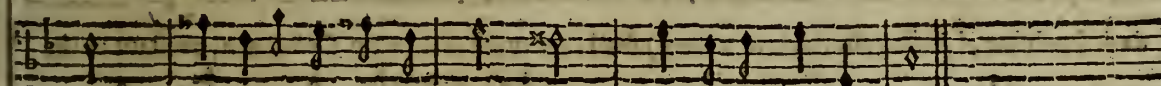
Parting.



Ut that I knew before we met, the howre would come that we must part, and so had



fortifi'd my heart, I hardly could escape the net, my Passions for my Reason set.



(2)

But why should Reason hope to win  
A Victory that's founekind,  
And so unwelcome to my mind,  
To yeeld is neyther shame nor sin.  
Besieg'd without, betray'd within.

(3)

But Friends ne're part (to speak aright)  
For who's but going is not gone;  
Friends like the Sun must still move on,  
And when they seem most out of sight,  
Their absence makes at most but night.

(4)

And though that night be ne're so long,  
In it they eyther sleep or wake,  
And eyther way enjoyments take,  
In Dreams or Visions which belong  
Those to the old, these to the yong.

(5)

I'm old when going, gone 'tis night,  
My Parting then shall be a Dreame;  
And last till the auspicious Beams  
Of our next meeting gives new light,  
And the best Vision that's your sight.

## An Elegiack Song,

*On the Death of Mrs. Elizabeth Sambroke, who Died at Salisbury, April 11. 1655.*



El not me my *Celia's* dead, and that (as flaz) our love is fled : Love (as the

Soul) no change comes nigh, 'tis immortall, ne'r can die. Her love abides, though mounted high'r,

(for flames ascending do'nt expire;) and my flame (like the light) which does releev the night of the

dark sepulchre, (gilding the shadowes there) shall ever wake and to my *Celiaburn*, constant to the

cold Marble, and the Urne.



## On a Pint of Sack.

Two V. yeas.



Let Poets Hipocrits admire, and pray to water to inspire their wit and Muse

Old Poets Hipocrits admire, and pray to water to inspire their wit and Muse

with heav'nly fire; had they this heav'nly fountain seen, Sacke both their well and Muse had beene,

with heav'nly fire, had they this heav'nly fountain scene, Sacke both their well and Muse had been,

and this pint-pot their Hipocrits.

and this pint-pot their Hipocrits.

(2)

Had they truly discover'd it  
They had like me thought it unfit  
To pray to water for their wit,  
And had ador'd Sack as divine,  
And made a Poet God of Wine,  
And this pint-pot had been a shrine.

( )

Sack unto them had been in stead  
Of Nectar, and their heav'nly bread,  
And ev'ry boy a Ganimed;  
Or had they made a God of it,  
Or stil'd it patron of their wit,  
This pot had been a temple fit.

(4)

Well then Companions is't not fit,  
Since to this Jemme we owe our wit,  
That we should prayse the Gaboner,  
And drink a health to this divine  
And bounteous p'allace of our wine;  
Die he with thirst that doth repine.



Love.

*A Dialogue betwene a Lover and Reason.*

W

Heepe not, nor backward turne your beames, fond eyes; sad sighes, locke in your

breath, lest on this winde, or in those streams, my griev'd soule flie, or faile to death, Fortune destroy

me if I stay, Love kills me if I goe away; since Love and Fortune both are blind, com: Reason and re

Reason.

olve my doubtfull mind. Fly, fly, and blind Fortune be thy guide, and gainst the blinder God rebell

thy love sick heart shall not reside where scorn and selfe-wild Error dwell, where entrance unto true

is barr'd, where love and faith finde no reward; for my just hand may sometimes move the wheele of



Cho:

Fortune, not the sphere of Loue.

Fly, fly, and blind Fortune bee thy guide, and gainst the

Cho:

Fly, and blind Fortune bee thy guide, and gainst the

blinder God rebell, thy love-sick heart shall not reside where scorn and selfe-wild Error dwell.

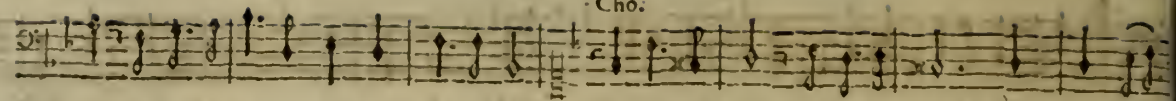
blinder God rebell, thy love-sick heart shall not reside where scorn and selfe-wild Error dwell.

A Dialogue between *Phillida* and *Coridon*.*Phil.*H, *Coridon*, contentedly we tend our bleating flocks, but think not of our end*Coridon.*Faire *Phillida*, our life that's innocent, cannot be guilty of an ill event: 'tis true, but yet me thinks

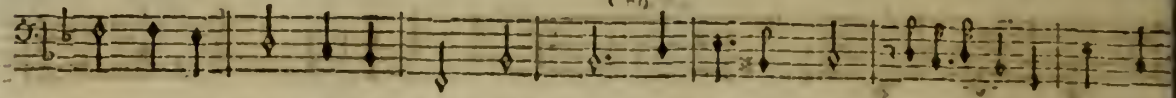
diseas'd old age, should make us weary of our pilgrimage: our age points to our end; in this we're



Cho.



blest, that after all our pains, w'are neer our rest. In this w'are blest, that after all our pains, w'ar



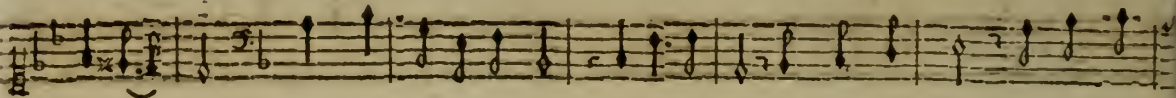
In this w'are blest, that after all our pains, w'ar



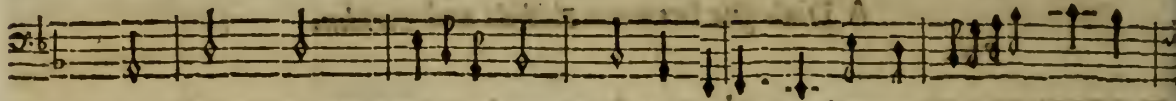
neere our rest. But wher's our rest? must we not fight with death, and gainst him lose our life for



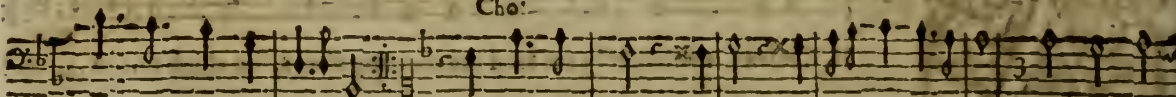
neere our rest.



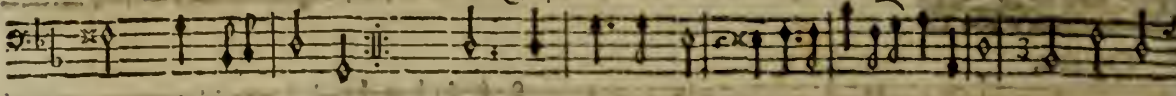
want of breath; Death hasts us to our graves, if well we die we shall have heav'n, we shall have



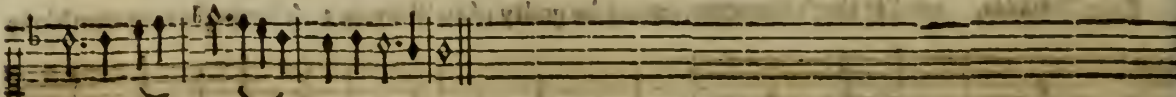
Cho.



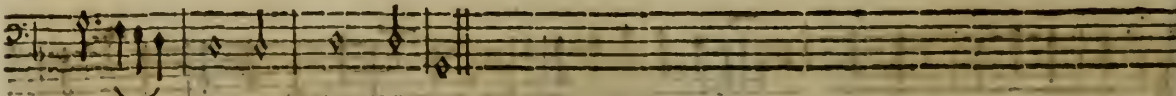
heav'n in change for misery. Then welcome death, obey, obey our destiny, And change our



Then welcom death, obey, obey our destiny, And change our



frailty our frailty for eternity,



frailty for eter-ni-ty.



A Pastorall Dialogue between two Nymphs *Amarillis* and *Daphne*.

2. Trebles or Tenors.

**D**aphne, Shepherds if they knew their happines would not be Kings ;

*Daphne*

Ther's nothing

Then *Daphne* tune thine Oaten

in the world more true then that which *Amarillis* sings

Reed, and let us know this onely strife , whether thy Pipe or mine excede in singing of a

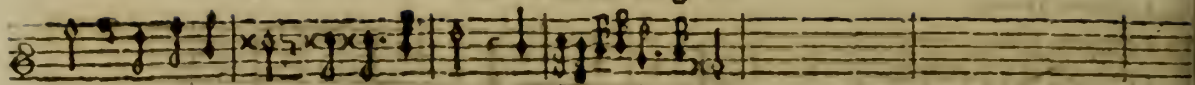
Shepherds life.

Upon our huts of Tu:fe without the grasse within the Ivie's sprout , the hills yeeld

L L



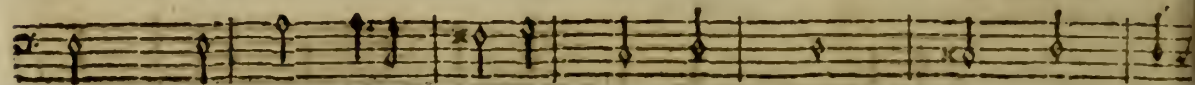
# Pastorall Dialogues.



sedge and rushes store to thack the roofe and stre...w the floore,



The angry Thistles shed us Down to



Lambkins bequeath us when they die, the blankets warm wherein we lie,

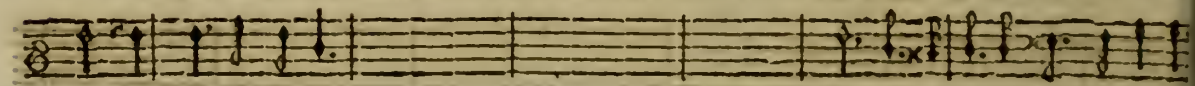


make our bed.

The morning

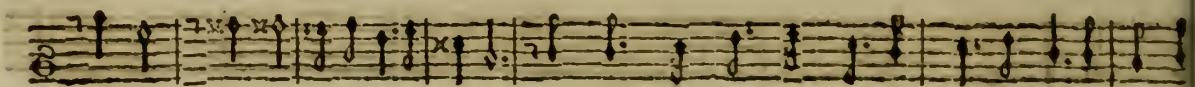
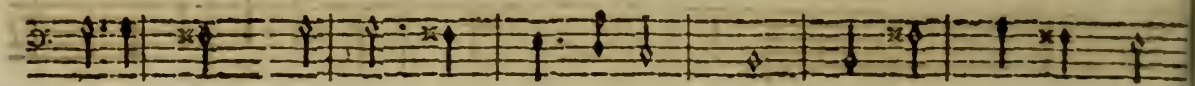


but lights us early through the bushes, where *Philomel* amongst the Roses

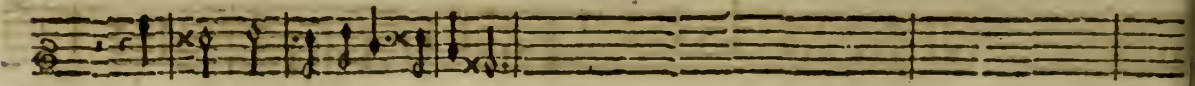


sunne at sluggards blushes,

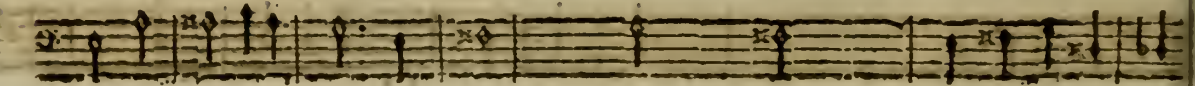
where *Philomel* amongst the Roses



her sweet, her sweet melody discloses ; and whilst we wash our eyes and hands in basons of some



her sweet, sweet melody discloses.





Pastorall Dialogues.

Fountaine pure, with melting Notes poore heart thee stands, as if thee held the weeping Ewer.

Hence with devotion as we go t'unfold our flocks the fields we strow, till pierced clouds th'im-

Hence with devotion as we go t'unfold our flocks the fields we strow, till pierced clouds till pierced clouds

pression feele, and tuft the Cushion, and tuft the Cushion where we kneel. Then ope the

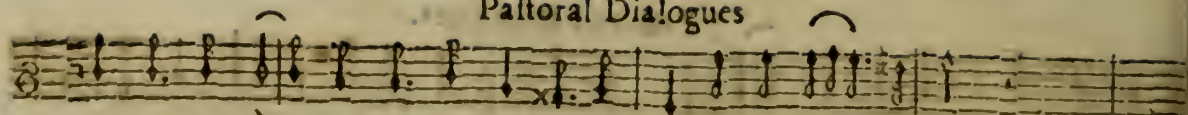
th'impression feele, and tuft the Cushion where wee kneele, where we kneele.

grate of hayle wands wherein our bleating Prisoners stand.

The Wether Rings for joy his Bell.



# Pastoral Dialogues



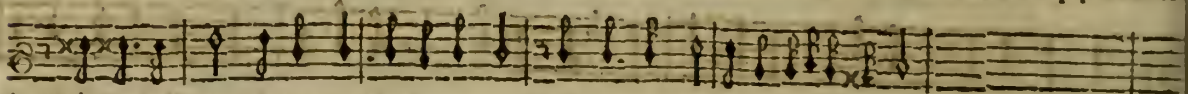
whilst from their pound the Ewes doe bound at the sound of the merry peale.



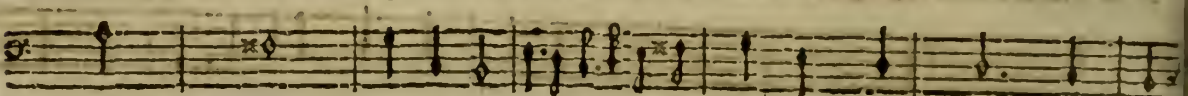
The pretty Lambe



Nor are our pipes mute



but new awake, bridles in her pretty chin, and stretches out her curled back.



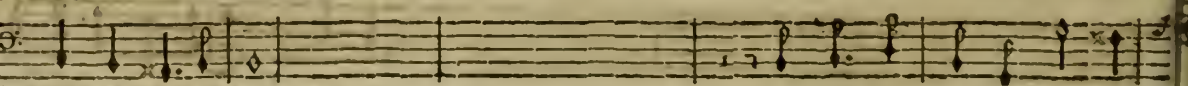
as they passe to nibble up the three leav'd grasse, and straine such tufts of Greene as these, into their



and strain such turfs of Greene as these into their



milke and silver fleece, when the high mountaines give no shade,



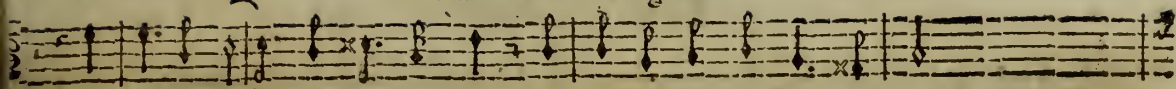
milke and silver fleece

the woods and fountains lend their

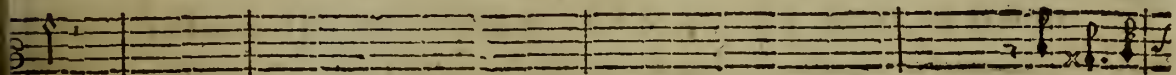




Pastorall Dialogues.

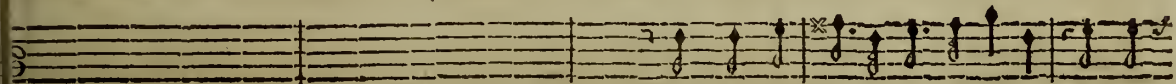
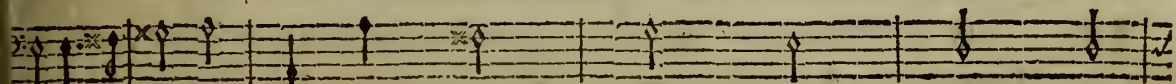


where harmles swains doe joine their mirth, their bottles and their bags with ours,



ayd.

As on the



whilst *Phaebus* rages, *Pan* asswages, to whose

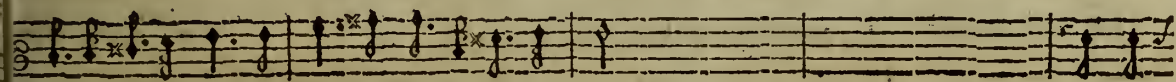


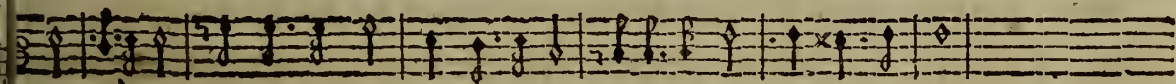
table of the Earth wee feast and sport it in the bow's

to whose.

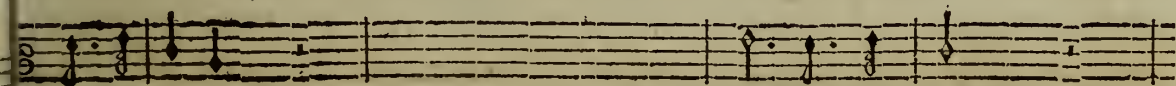
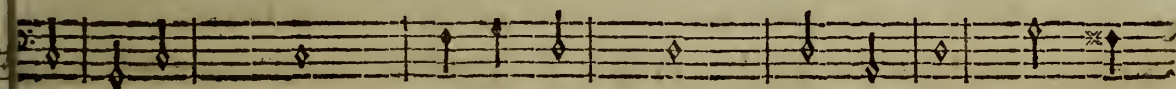


ayd we sing ;

upon the Downs we make a Ring, then our fancies



ayd we sing : and when the heat makes us retreat, upon the Downs we make a Ring,



flow in Dances.

Then folde our flocks,



change and chances incident to every thing

and to our



# Pastorall Dialogues.

Cho:



and with the Lambe wee goe to bed . Ye purple Robes, and Crowned heads, upon this

Cho:



shed, and with the Lamb we go to bed. Ye purple Robes, and Crowned heads, upon this

Cho:

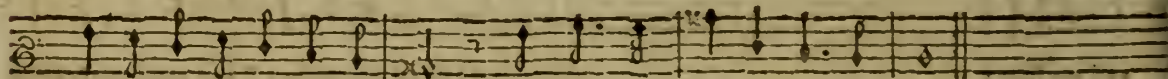
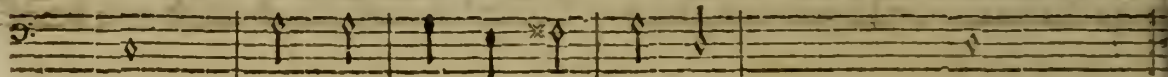


life the shepherd leads, could you without ambition looke

you'd change your



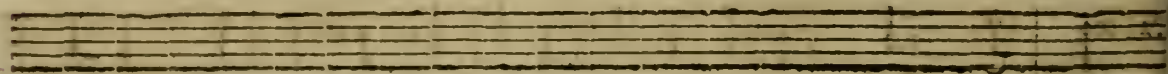
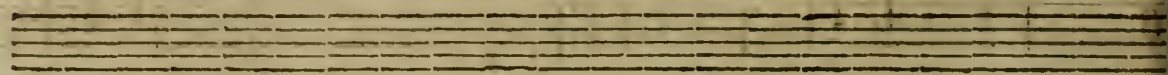
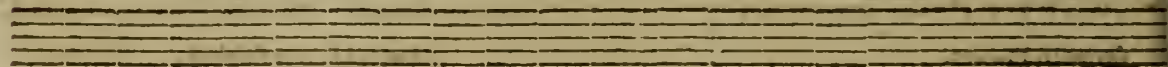
life the shepherd leads, could you without ambition looke, you'd change your Scepter, your



Scepter, your Scepter for his Crook; you'd change your Scepter for his Crooke.

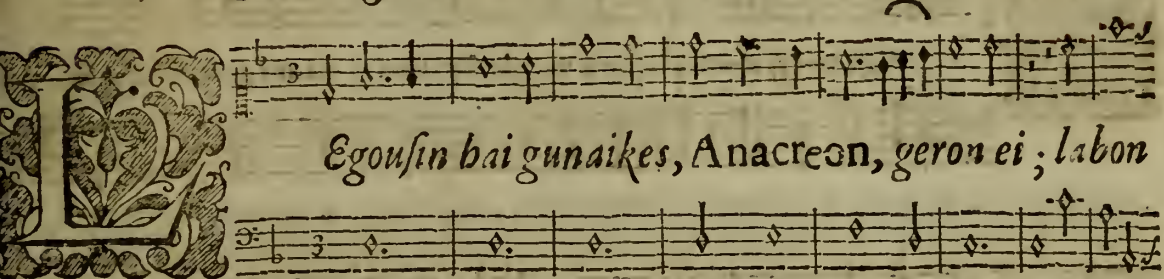


Scepter for his Crooke, you'd change your Scepter, your Scepter for his Crooke.

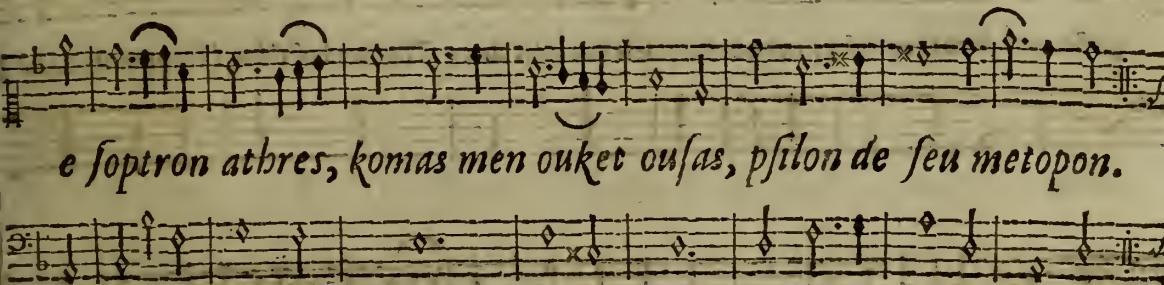




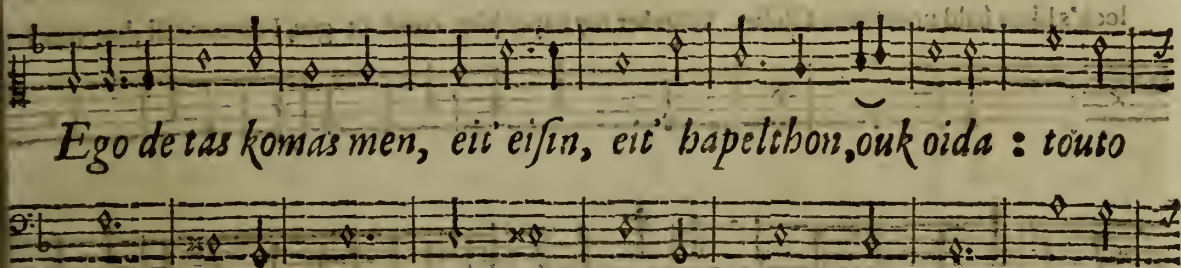
# ANACREONS Ode concerning himselfe.



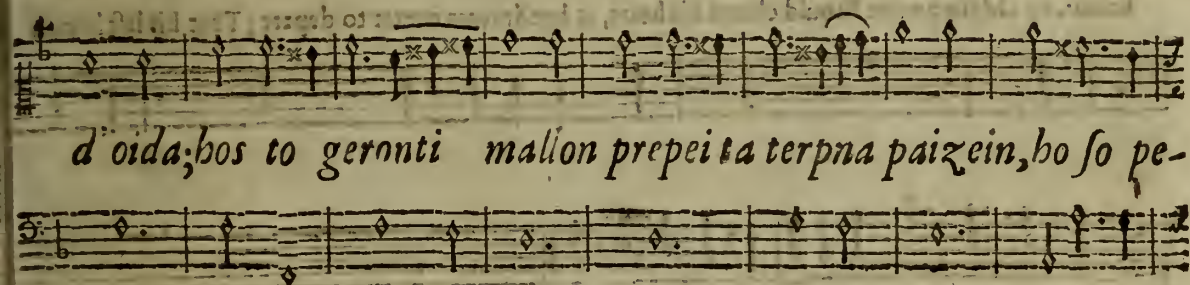
*Egousin bai gunaike, Anacreon, geron ei ; labon*



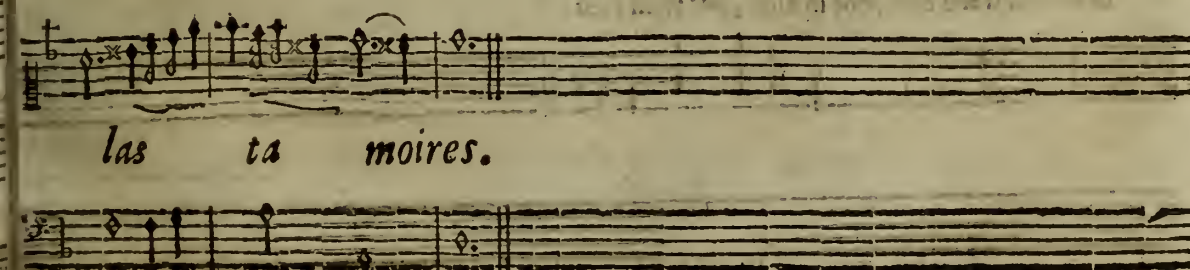
*e soptron athres, komas men ouket oufas, psilon de seu metopon.*



*Ego de tas komas men, eii eisin, eii hapelichon, ouk oida : touto*



*d' oida; hos to geronti mallon prepei ta terpna paizein, ho so pe-*



*las ta moires.*



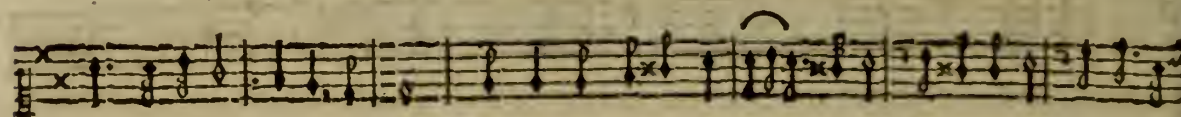
# ANACREONS Ode Englished.



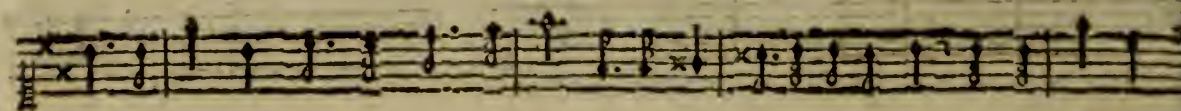
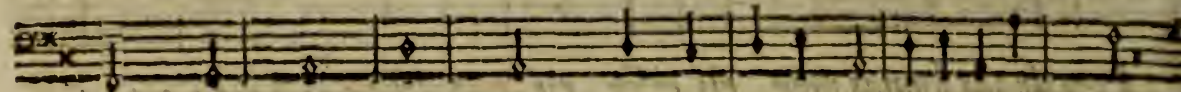
Way, away, *Anacron*, (now women say) thou'rt old and done; Read thine owne



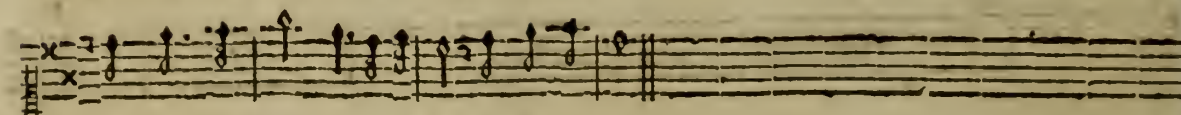
glasse, and there thoult see, not one haire left to credit thee: That head of thine (stript of its Robe)



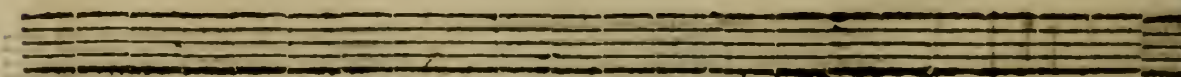
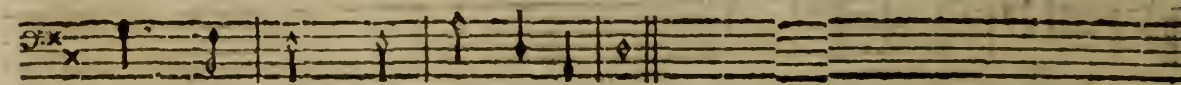
look's like a bald unwritten Globe. Whether my hayre | doe come or goe, I cannot tell; but this I



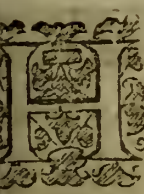
know, an old man more should cheere his heart, as hee drawes neerer to depart; That his last breath



be crown'd and blest, not in a sigh, but with a jest.







Ither we come into this world of woe, and feeling to what end wee come, wee

cry, i'th morning of our age like flowrs we blow, and like Gods figures seeme too good to die:

but let affliction touch us, and like clay we fall to what we are, and end the day.

die: but let affliction touch us, and like clay we fall to what we are, and end the day.


Ither we come into this world of woe, and feeling to what end wee come, wee cry,

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

A. 3. Voc.

Rassm.



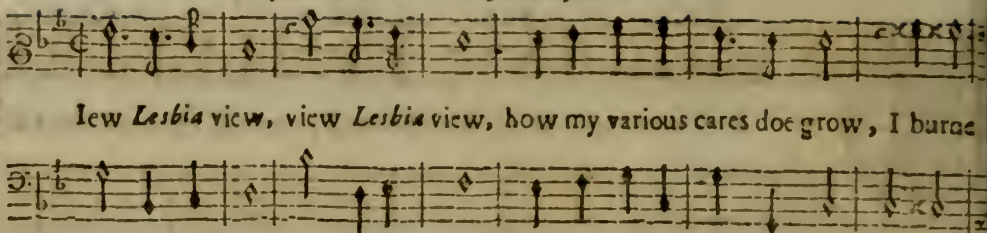
Ither we come into this world of woe, and feeling to what end wee come, wee cry,

i'th morning of our age, like flowrs we blow, and like Gods figures seeme too good to die: but let

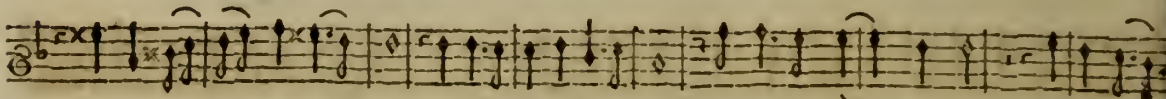
affliction touch us, and like clay we fall to what we are, and end the day.

K.

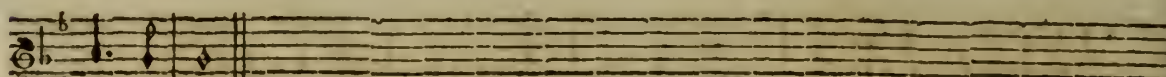
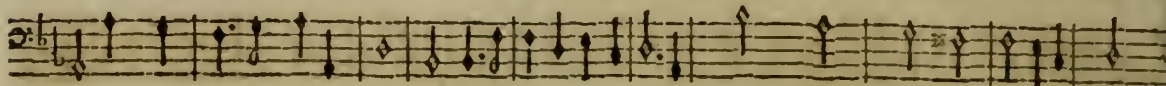




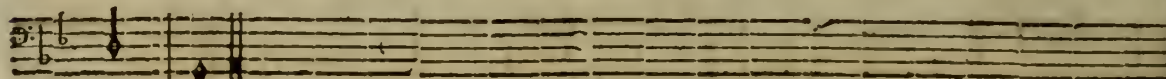
Iew *Lesbia* view, view *Lesbia* view, how my various cares doe grow, I burne



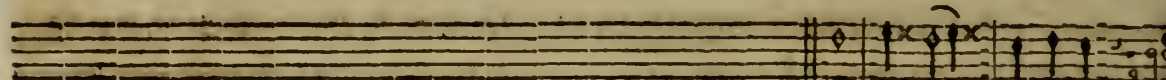
and from that fire does water flow. I Nilus and I *Aetna* am; restrain, Oh Love, my tears, or else tears



quench my flame,



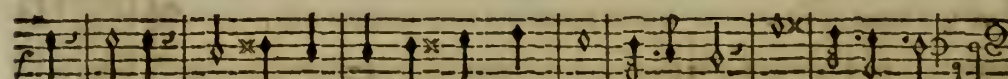
or else tears quench my flame.



from that fire does water flow. I Nilus and I *Aetna* am; restrain, Oh Love, my tears,



Iew *Lesbia* view, view *Lesbia* view, how my various cares doe grow, I burne and



*Cantus Secundus.*

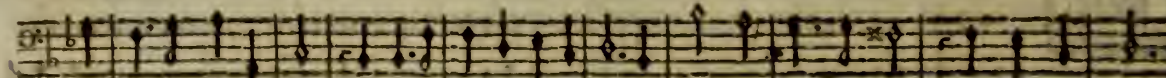
a. 3. var.

a. 3. var.

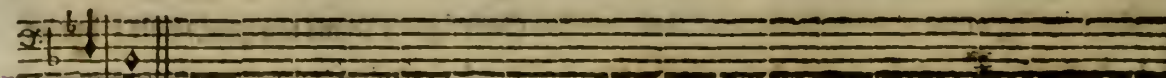
*Bassus.*



Iew *Lesbia* view, view *Lesbia* view, how my various cares doe grow, I burn, and from

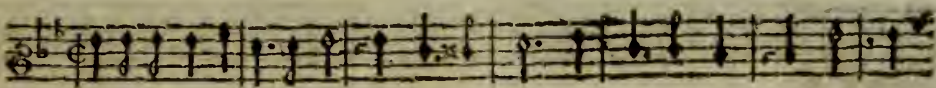


that fire does water flow. I Nilus and I *Aetna* am; restrain, Oh Love, my tears, or else tears quench

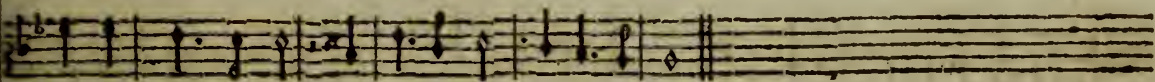


my flame.





Lover once I did espie, with bleeding heart and weeping eye ; he sigh'd and



sayd, how great's his paine that lives in Love, not lov'd again ?



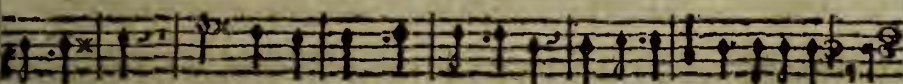
Can there (saith he) no cure be found,  
But by the hand that gave the wound ?  
Then let me dye, which ile endure,  
Since she wants charity to cure.

Yet let her one day feele the paine,  
To wish sh' had lov'd but wish in vaine,  
For withered cheekes may chance recover  
Some sparks of Love , but not a Lover.

sayd, how great's his paine that lives in Love, not lov'd again ?



Lover once I did espie, with bleeding heart and weeping eye ; he sigh'd and



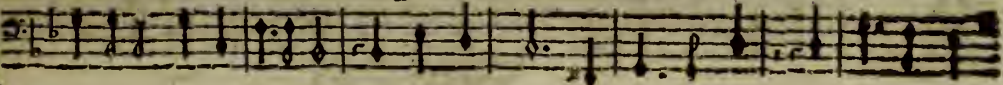
*Cantus Secundus.*



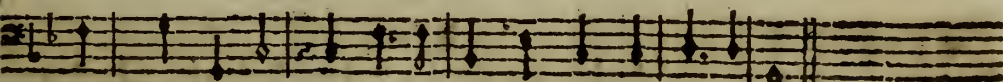
*2. Voc.*

*3. Voc.*

*Bass.*

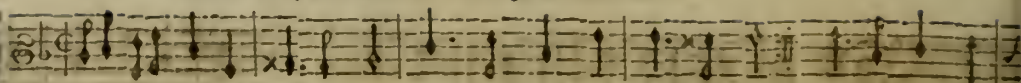


Lover once I did espie , with bleeding heart and weeping eye ; he sigh'd and sayd,

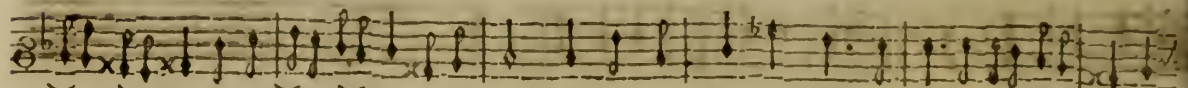


how great's his paine that lives in Love, not lov'd, not lov'd again ?

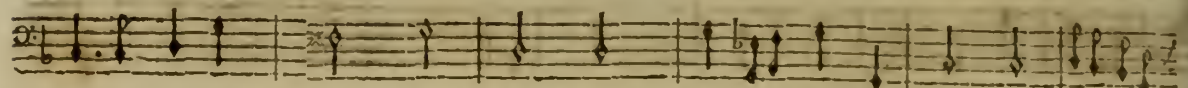




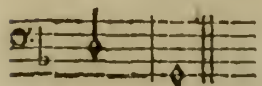
Mong Rose buds slept a Bee, wak'd by Love who could not see:  
His soft finger that was stung, then away poore *Cupid* stung. First he ran, then



flew a bout, and to *Venus* thus cry'd out; Help, Mother help, oh! I'm undone, a Scorpion hath

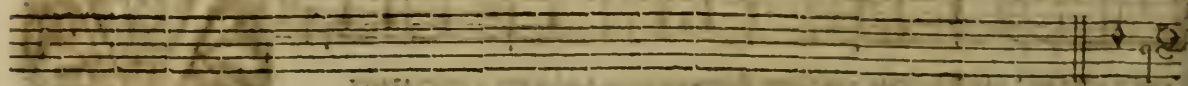


stung your son:



'Twas a Serpent, it could flie,  
For 'e had wings as well as I;  
Country swains call this a Bee  
But oh this hath murthred me.

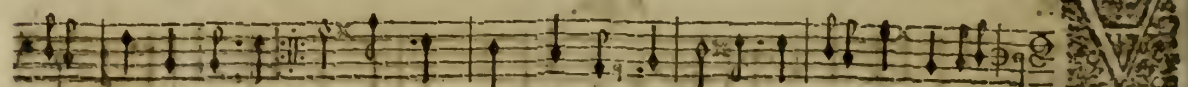
*Sonne*. sayd *Venus*, if the sting  
O't a flie such torment bring,  
Think, O think, on all those hearts  
Pierced by thy burning darts.



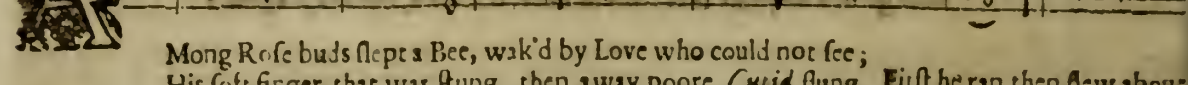
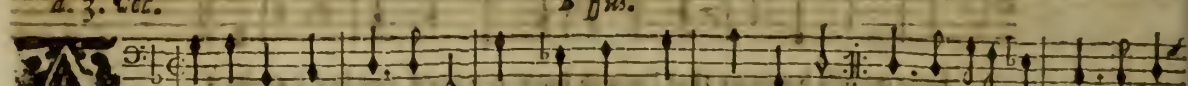
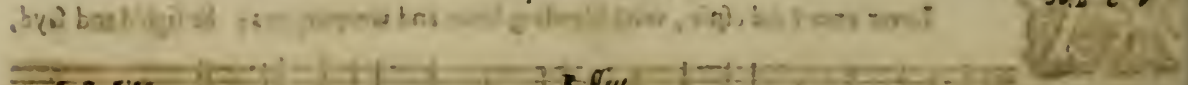
about, and to *Venus* thus cry'd out: Help Mother, help, Oh! I'm undone, a Scorpion hath stung your



His soft finger that was stung, then away poore *Cupid* stung. First he ran, then flew



*Cantus Secundus.*

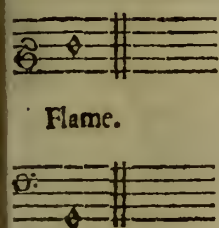
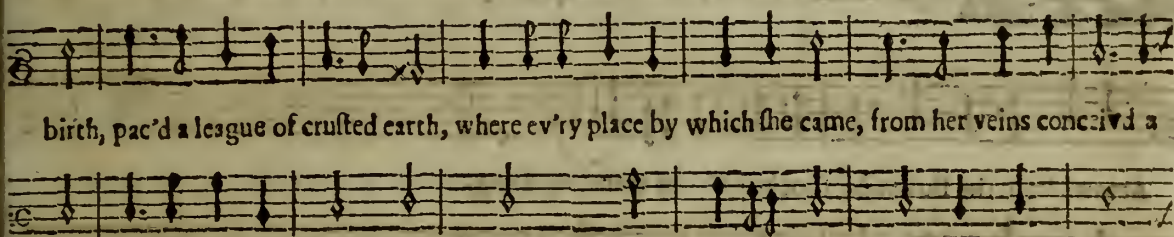
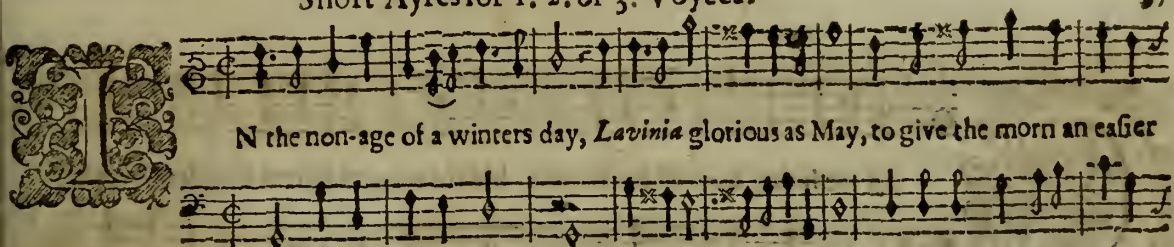


Mong Rose buds slept a Bee, wak'd by Love who could not see;  
His soft finger that was stung, then away poore *Cupid* stung. First he ran, then flew about



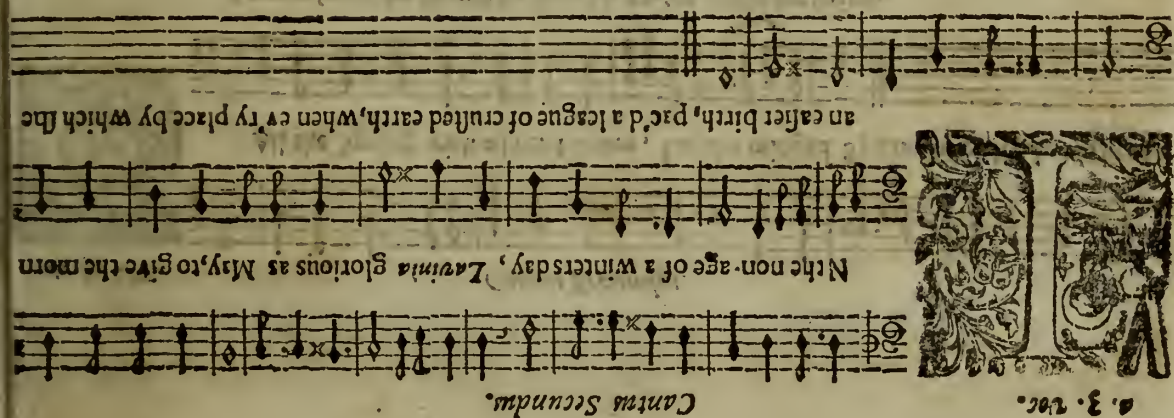
and to *Venus* thus cry'd out, Help. Mother, help, Oh! I'm undone, a Scorpion hath stung your son.





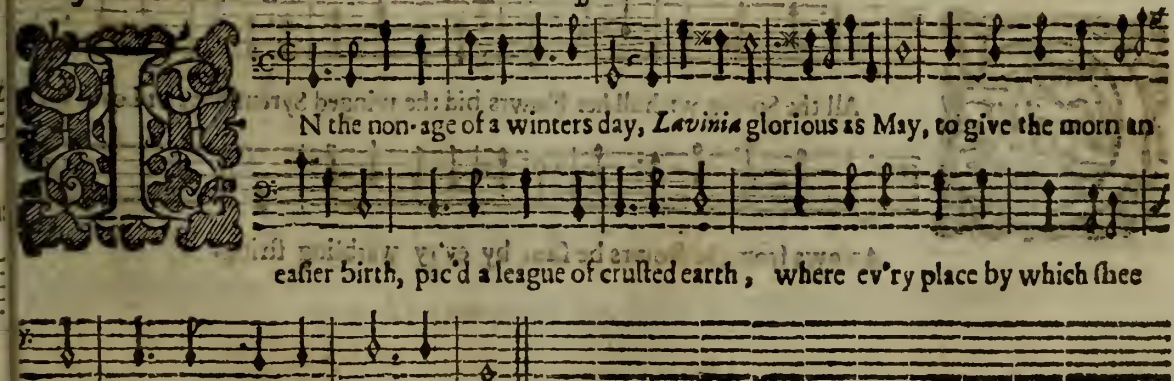
*Lavinia* stood amaz'd to see  
Things of yearly constancy  
Thus to rebell against their season,  
And though a stranger to the reason,  
Back returning quench'd the heat  
And winter kept its former seat.

came, from her veins conceiv'd a Flame.

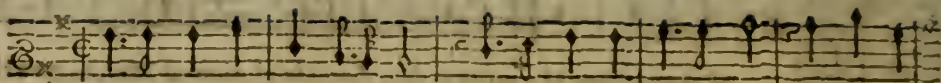


a. 3. Voc.

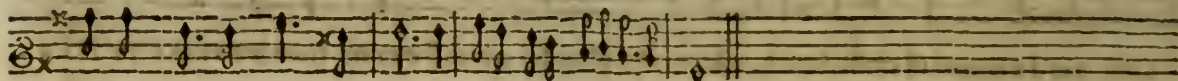
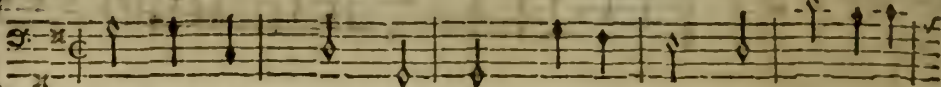
Bass.



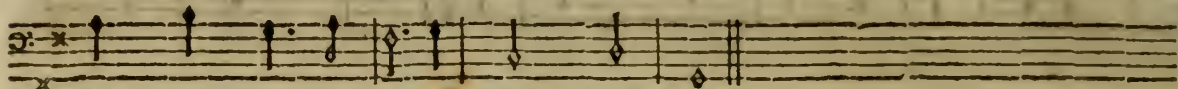




All the Spring with all her Flowrs, bid the winged Syrens sing, let Loves keen

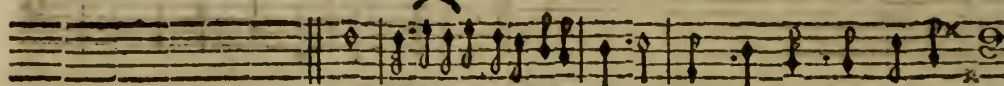


Arrows from the Bows be shot by ev'ry warbling string.



My *Amarillis* never drew  
Her shining dart and sounding Bow,  
But then as many graces flew,  
And yet she is a field of snow.

Arrows from the Bows be shot by ev'ry warbling string.



All the Spring with all her Flowrs, bid the winged Syrens sing, let Loves keene



*Cantus Secundus.*



a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

*Bassus.*



All the Spring with all her Flowrs bid the winged Syrens sing, let Loves keen

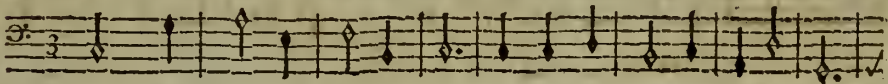


Arrows from the Bows be shot by ev'ry warbling string.

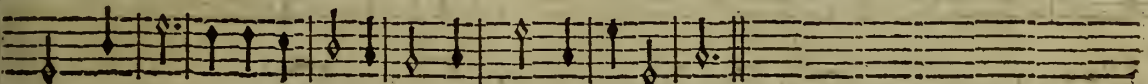




Ear nor, dear Love, that I'll reveal those hours of pleasure we two steal,



no eye shall see nor yet the sun, descry what thou and I have done.



(2)

No ear shall hear our Love, but we  
As silent as the night will be,  
The God of Love himselfe, (whose dart  
Did first wound mine, and then thy heart.)

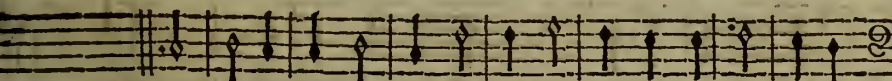
( )

Shall never know that we can tell,  
What sweets in stoln embraces dwell;  
This only means may find it out,  
If when I die, Physicians doubt.

(4)

What caus'd my death, and then to view  
Of all their judgements which was true;  
Rip up my heart, O then I fear  
The world will see thy picture there.

eye shall see, nor yet the sun, descry what thou and I have done.



Far nor, dear Love, that I'll reveal those hours of pleasure we two steal, no



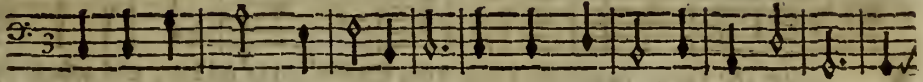
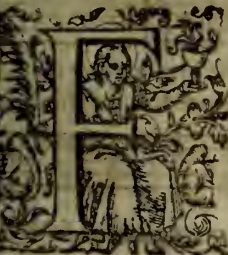
*Cantus Secundus.*



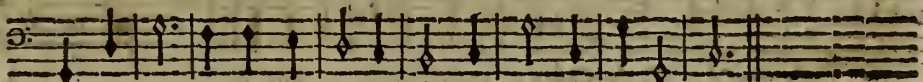
*a. 3. Voc.*

*a. 3. Voc.*

*B. ffus.*

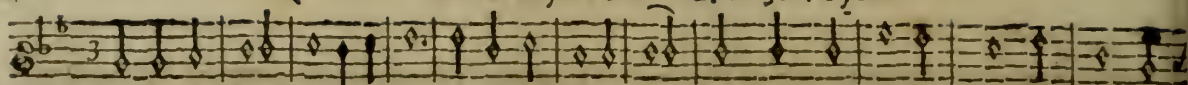


Ear nor, deare Love, that I'll reveale those hours of pleasure we two steal, no

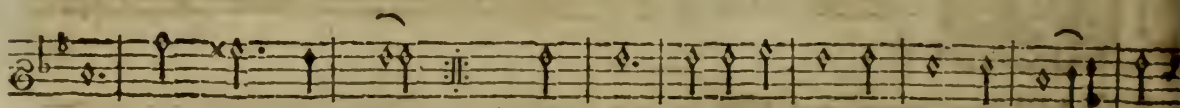
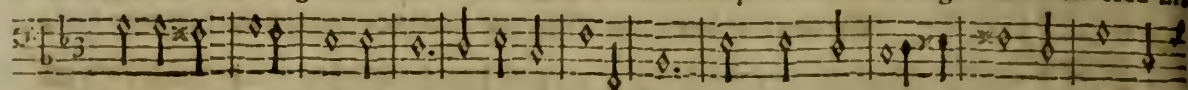


eye shall see, nor yet the sun, descry what thou and I have done.





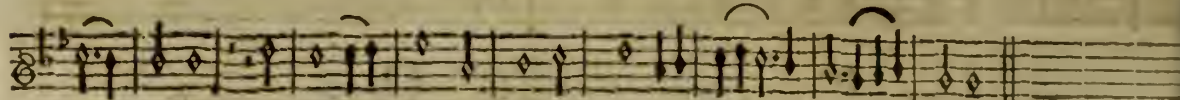
**A** Bout the sweet bag of a Bee, two *Cupids* fell at odds, and whose the pretty prize should be, they which *Venus* hearing thither came; and for their boldnes stript them, and taking thence from each his



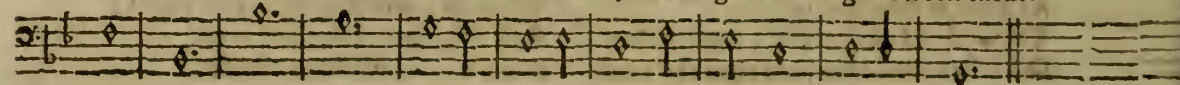
vow'd to aske the Gods:

flame, with rods of Mirtle whipt them.

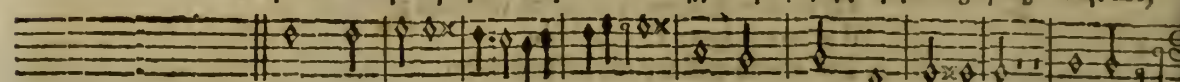
Which done, to still their wanton cryes, and quiet grown



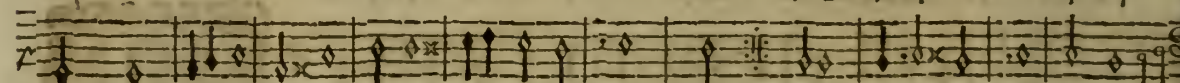
On had seen them, she kist and dry'd their dovelike eyes, and gave the bag between them.



seen them, she kist and dry'd their dove like eyes, and gave the bag between them.



be, they vow'd to aske the Gods: Which done, to still their wanton cries and quiet grown sh' had



**A** Bout the sweet bagge of a Bee two *Cupids* fell at odds, and whose the pretty prize should which *Venus* hearing thither came; & for their boldnes stript the, & taking thence fro each his flame

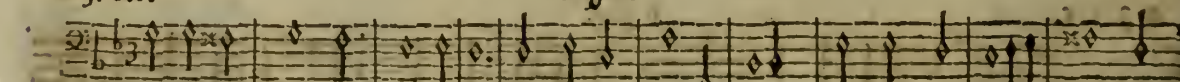


*Cantus Secundus.*

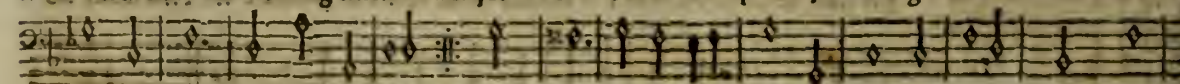
*a. 3. Voc.*

*a. 3. Voc.*

*Bassus.*



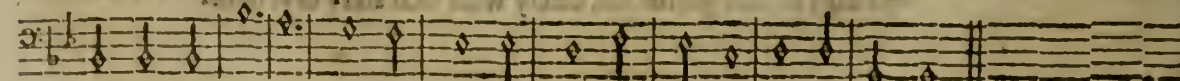
**A** Bout the sweet bagge of a Bee two *Cupids* fell at oddes, and whose the pretty prize should which *Venus* hearing thither came; & for their boldnes stript the, & taking thence fro each his flame



be, they vow'd to ask the Gods:

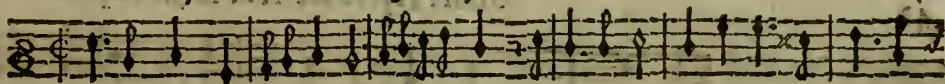
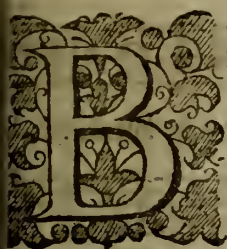
with rods of Mirtle whipt them.

Which done, to still their wanton cries and quiet growne sh' had

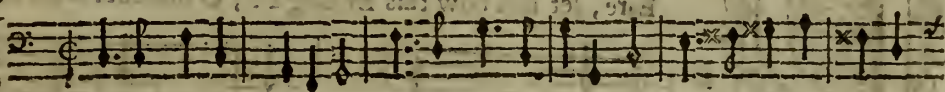


seep them, she kist and dry'd their dove like eyes, and gave the bag between them.





Eauties, have ye seene a Toy, called Love, a little Boy ? almost naked, wanton,



blind, cruell now, and then as kind : If he be amongst you, say, he is *Venus* run a way.



(2) She that will but now d'scover  
Where this winged way doth hover,  
shall to night receive a kisse,  
How, or where her selfe would wish ;  
But who brings him to his mother,  
shall have that kisse and another.

(5) He doth beare a golden bow,  
And a quiver hanging low,  
Full of Arrows that outbrave  
Dians shafts ; wht if he have  
Any head more sharp then other ?  
With that kisse he strikes his mother.

(3) Marks he hath about him plenty,  
You shall know him among twenty,  
All his body is a fire,  
And his breath a flame entire,  
That brings shot (like lightning) in  
Wounds the heart, but not the skin.

(6) Still the fairest are his fuell,  
When his daies are to be cruell,  
Lovers hearts are all his food,  
And his baths their warmest blood,  
Nought but wounds his hands doth sea-  
And he hates none like to reason. (son, And most treason in his tears.

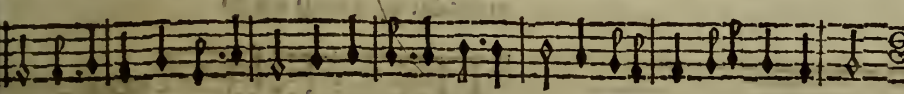
(4) Wings he hath which though ye clip,  
He will leap from lip to lip,  
Over liver, lips, and heart,  
But neer stay in any part :  
And if chance his arrow misses,  
He will shoot himselfe in kisses.

(7) Trust him not, his words though  
Seldom with his heart do meet, (sweet,  
All his practise is deceit,  
Ev'ry gift it is a bait,  
Not a kisse but poyson bears,  
And that hee's *Venus* run away.

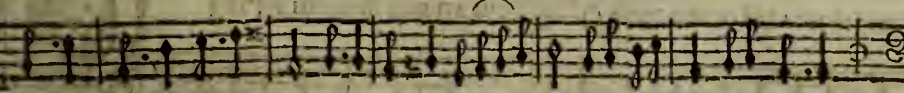
(8) Idle minutes are his reigne,  
Them the stragler makes his gaine,  
By presenting Mayds with toyes,  
And would have ye think 'em joyes ;  
'Tis th'ambition of the Elfe,  
To have all child:sh as himselfe.

(9) If by these ye please to know him,  
Beauties be not nice, but show him,  
Though ye had a will to hide him,  
Now I hope yee'll not abide him :  
Since ye hear his falser play,  
And that hee's *Venus* run away.

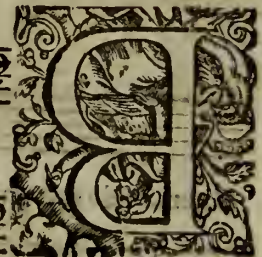
blind, cruell now, & then as kind : If he be amongst ye, say, he is *Venus* run away



Eauties, have ye seene a Toy, called Love, a little Boy, almost naked ? wanton

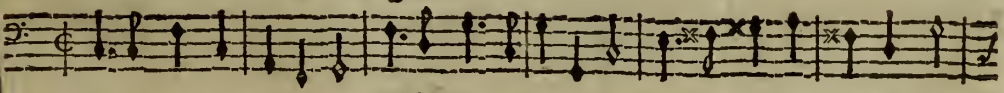


*Cantus Secundus.*



3. Voc.

*B:ffus.*



Eauties, have ye seen a Toy called Love, a little Boy ? almost naked, wanton, blind,



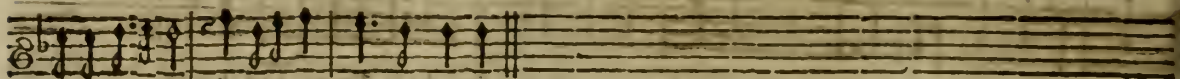
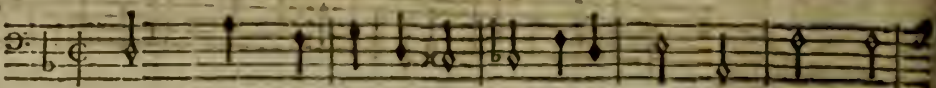
cruell now, and then as kind : If he be amongst ye, say, he is *Venus* run away.



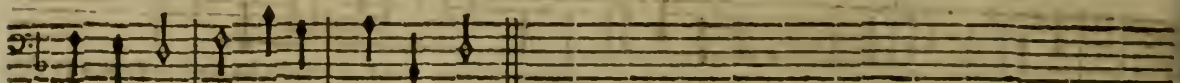




Eare, let mee now this Ev'ning die; O smile not to prevent it, but use this



opportunity, or we shall both repent it.



(2)

(3)

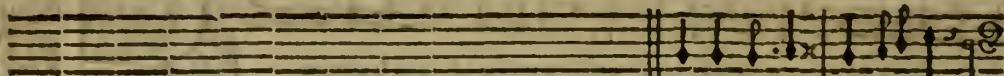
(1) Frown quickly then and break my heart,  
That to my way of dying  
May (though my life were full of smart)  
Be worth the worlds envying.

And now thou frownst, and now I die,  
My Corps by Lovers follow'd,  
Which shall by dead Lovers lie,  
For that grounds only hallow'd.

(4)

If Priests tak't ill I have grave,  
My death not well approving,  
The Poets my Estate shall have  
To teach them th'Art of Loving.

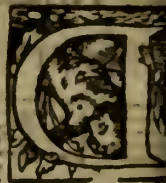
or we shall both repent it.



Ear, let me now this Ev'ning die; O smile not to prevent it, but use this opportunity,



*Cantus Secundus.*



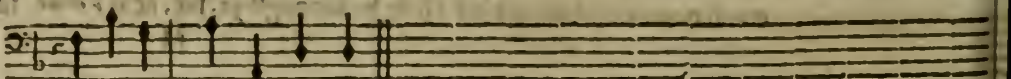
*a. 3. voc.*

*a. 3. voc.*

*Bassus.*

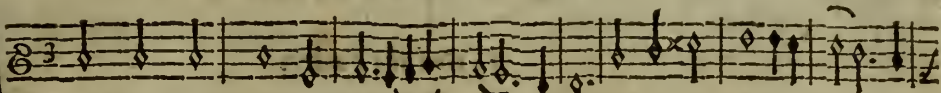
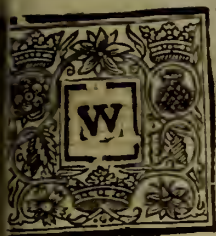


Ear, let me now this Ev'ning die; O smile not to prevent it, but use this opportunity

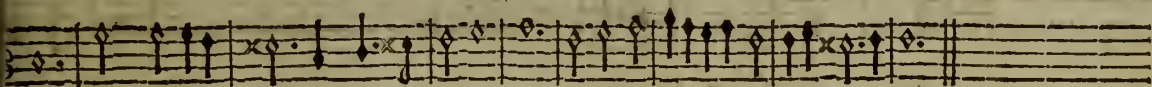
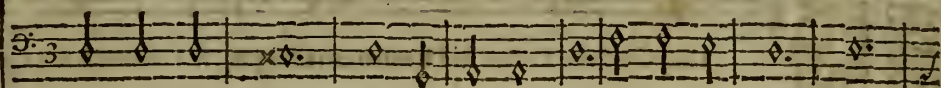


or we shall both repent it.

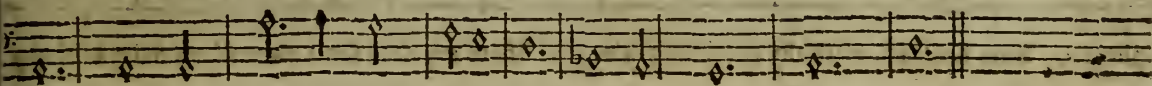




Hy should great Beauties vertuous Fame desire, since vertue cannot Fame pro-



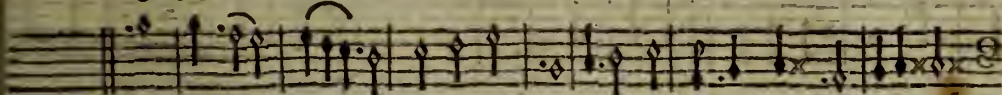
tect? Ev'n he that seems your Beauty to admire, your vertue gladly would suspect.



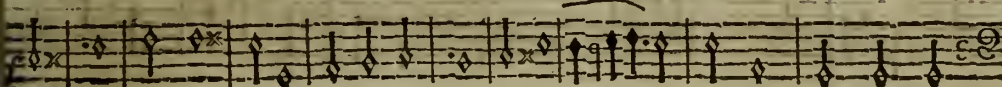
(2)

Men having little vertue of their owne,  
Urge reason for their jealousie,  
That women weaker themselves have none,  
So each Admirer is a spie.

he that seems your Beauties to admire, your vertue gladly would suspect.



Hy should great Beauties vertuous Fame desire, since vertue cannot Fame protect? ev'n



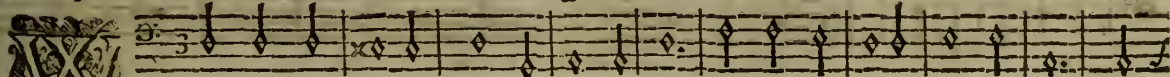
*Cantus Secundus.*



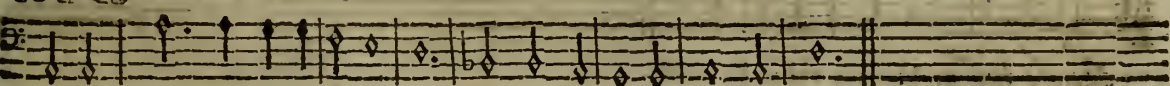
*a. 3. Voc.*

*a. 3. Voc.*

*Bassm.*



Hy should great Beauties vertuous Fame desire, since vertue cannot Fame protect? Ev'n



he that seem's your Beauty to admire, your vertue gladly would suspect.



*To God the Father.*

Hou God the Father, hid from mortall sight, that cloath'st thy self with circumfused

light; thou King Eternall, with thy quickning raies, give life to my dead soul: clear all my daies with thy

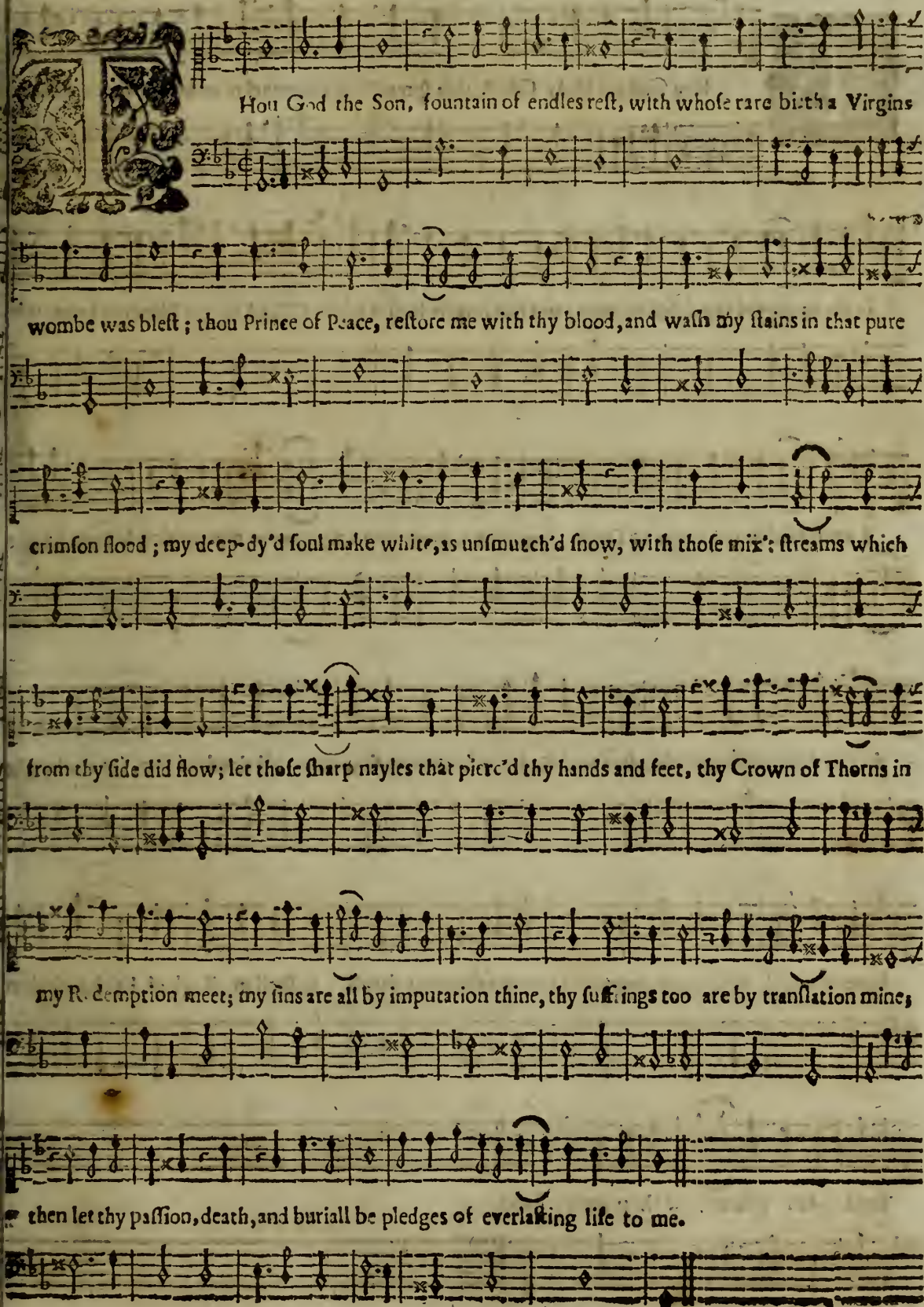
bright presence, my weak spirit fill with pow'r not subj-ct to the Tempters will; Give mee a

filiall, not a servile fear, let ev'ry sin be ransom'd with a tear; forbid me to despair, or to presume,

lest too much fear should my best hopes consume; and when my body in the grave shall rest, may my

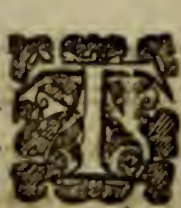
cleans'd soul in Martyrs robes be drest.





**H**ou God the Son, fountain of endles rest, with whose rare birth a Virgins  
wombe was blest; thou Prince of Peace, restore me with thy blood, and wash my stains in that pure  
crimson flood; my deep-dy'd soul make white, as unsmutch'd snow, with those mix'd streams which  
from thy side did flow; let those sharp nayles that pierc'd thy hands and feet, thy Crown of Thorns in  
my R. demption meet; my sins are all by imputation thine, thy sufferings too are by translation mine,  
then let thy passion, death, and buriall be pledges of everlasting life to me.

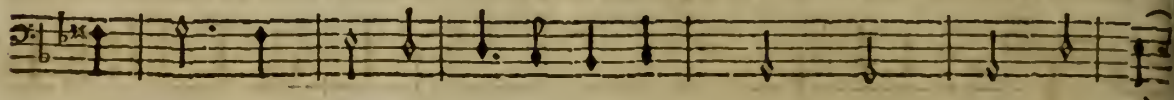




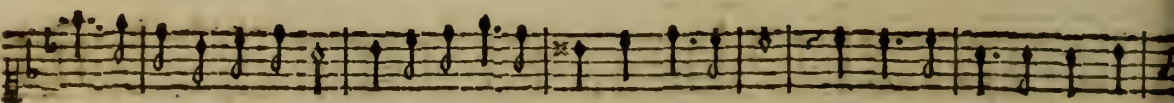
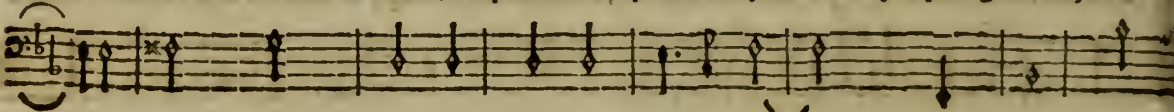
Hou God the Holy Ghost, that spread'st thy wings o're wounded spirits. Bath me



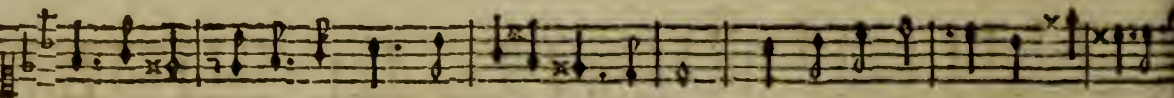
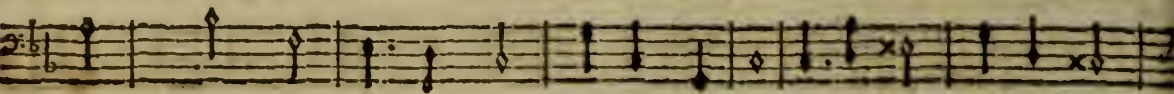
in the Springs of thy defusive joyes; and still impart fresh Oyle of Gilead to my bleeding heart; when



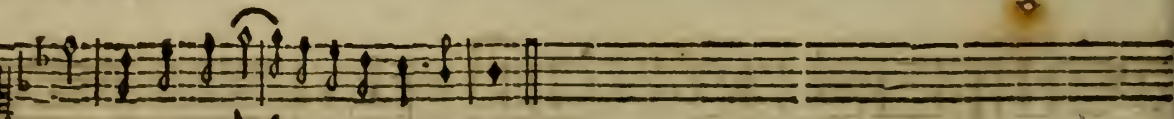
I am folded in the armes of Death, drop down, drop down thy dew on my expiring breath; let not a



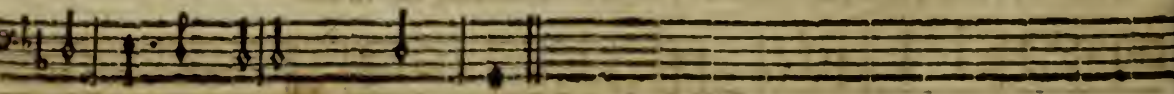
doubt of one uncancel'd sin, dare to disturb my sweet repose within; all clouds of fear, let thy brigh



beames expell, that in my thoughts a serene calme may dwell: so shall my Rock of Faith unshaken



stand, in full assurance of the promis'd Land.





# ORPHEUS Hymn to GOD.

Αἰθέριος ἡδ' ἄλκιος.



King of Heav'n and Hell, of Sea and Earth ; Who shak'st the

World when thou shout'st Thun-----der forth; Whom Devils dread, and Hosts

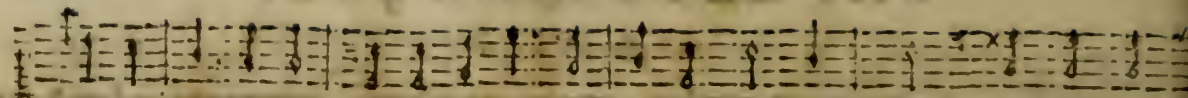
of Heaven prayse; Whom Fate (which master's all things else) obeys ; Eternall

Cause! who on the winds dost ride; And Nature's face with thick dark Clouds dost

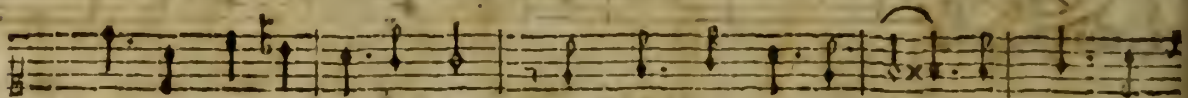
hide : Cleaving the Ayre with Balls of dreadfull Fire ; Guiding the Starrs, which

run, & never tire : About thy Throne bright Angels stand & bow , to bee dispatcht to





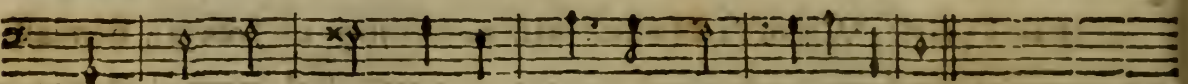
Mortalls heere below. Thy early Spring in purple Robes comes forth : Thy Summers



South does conquer all the North : And though thy Winter freeze the Hearts of



Men, Glad wine, Glad wine from Autumn cheers them up agen.



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BY



*HENRY LAWES* Servant to his late Ma<sup>ty</sup>  
in his publick and private Musick.

*W. Faithorne fecit*

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THE THIRD BOOK.

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LONDON,

Printed by *W. Godbid* for *John Playford*, at his Shop in the Inner Temple,  
neer the Church dore. M. DC. LVIII.

25





To the Right Honourable

The LORD COLRANE.

MY LORD,



Had some thoughts to forbear in this kind any farther Publication: but though my Reasons were strong enough for my self, they were not able to conquer others; who (for all I could say) expect my Promise to give them yet more of my *Compositions*. I confess I have no fear of being exhausted: but though I am not tired, it became me to doubt I might tire others; whereof since I find there is less danger, I shall thankfully comply with the Publick Desire. And I wish those, who so warmly pretend the Common Benefit, would tread the same path, and not take upon them to mend the World, till they have some Call to it. This my Profession (as well as others) may fairly complain of; for none judge so sowerly on us and our labours, as they who were never born to be *Musicians*. For my own part, I send not these abroad to get a Name; Were that my Designe, I have other *Compositions*, fitter for such as are Masters in our Art, when the Season calls for them. My poor Talent never lay in a Napkin; nor make I any precarious use of this Publication; they were first begotten to gratifie my friends, and are now as freely conferr'd upon Strangers. But were all this otherwise, my chief and main Design would go on, which is a Thirst I have to tell the World how absolute a Votary I am to your *Lordship*. And were I a perfect stranger to your favours, I could do no less, since your excellent Understanding and great affection to this, as well as all other Arts and Sciences, would claim it from mee. Therefore I intended to offer unto your *Lordship* some of your own *Conceptions* tun'd by my *Notes*; as also some others written by that rare Gentleman Mr. *Henry Hare*, your *Lordship*'s most hopefull Son, who eminently expresses both your *Lordship* and your Brother Mr. *Nicholas Hare*, whose Memory is still precious among all ingenuous Souls. But those I preserve for a fairer opportunity, and in this Book present you with Others Poetry, especially of Doctor *Hughes*, who was Author of all these Single *Ayres*, and of many others, stoln into the Press without my Consent as well as his. Such as they are I humbly bring them before your *Lordship*, as a small but Gratefull Testimony of

(MY LORD)

Your Lordships most humble and

most faithful Servant

HENRY LAVVES.





# To his Honoured Friend Mr. HENRY LAWES,

Upon his Annual Book of AYRES.



*RAVE LAVVES ! Thou art Return'd again : the Sun  
And You do thus your Emulous Courses Run.  
And whiles you both in different Orbes appear,  
He onely Makes, but Thou dost Crown the Tear.  
That if the Old Philosophy were true,  
What his Spent Fires could not, thy Lyre would doe;  
Make Old Time Vigorous still, confessing more  
Thy Fam'd Lays now, then all his Beams before.*

*Nature her self should thus thy Learn'd Aid crave,  
From whose Stock Brain all that we have, we have.  
Whose Yearly Spendings Shew, not wast thy Store,  
Who after Numerous Births can yet give more.  
Still whole, Unspent that when the Year doth cease  
( As Ægypt Nile's ) We wait thy Next Encrease.  
Then High, and Rich as He Thou Flow'st : We see  
What all else cannot, and what Thou can'st be.  
And till We pass the Spheres, must still attend,  
To know what Height Musick hath yet t' ascend.*

*For Thou Grasp'st all ; We the rude Matter give,  
Thou into Verse breath'st Soul, and bid'st it Live.  
Endu'st it with that Plastick Pow'r to Spring  
What Thou would'st have it, This, That, any Thing.  
Dost in thy Mould our Wit new Shape, and Cast,  
Giv'st it New Salt, the Haut Goust, and Rich Tast.  
It Lives with us, doth Flourish in thy Ayre,  
Born from our Brains, but Educated there.  
Things that from us flat and insipid flow,  
Voic'd once by Thee, straight into Raptures grow.  
When from her Mine Invention Fancy brings,  
Thy composition a New Fancy springs.  
Thus whiles all comes Exact, Watch'd, Humour'd, Hit,  
Thy Ayre's Ingenuous, and makes Musick Wit.*

*Nor dost Thou, Narrow, only dwell among  
The Easie Rhimes of thine own Time, and Tongue :  
Thy Reaching, Vent'ring Soul doth Wit pursue*

*Setting of  
Anacreon's  
Odes.* *Thorough all Languages, and all times too ;  
That which some Twenty Ages since first grew,  
Thou Retriv'st now, and we admire as New.  
Compar'st and tri'st how th' Ancient Pipes will sound,  
Mak'st Old wit stronger by the New Rebound :  
Who are, and who are not, Obliged bee,  
Poet, and Poetry it self to thee.*

*What She suggests comes a mishapen Birth,  
Till Thou Sep'st in, and thence strik'st Musick forth.*

*Admired LAVVES ! thy Happy Ayres have knit  
Eternall Leagues 'twixt Harmony and wit :*

*Which*



Which none but those thy Richer Robes will know,  
When she keeps State, or would in Triumph go.  
We drink in Thousand Pleasures from One Song,  
Which Charms us all, the Learned and the Throng.  
We are Transported, Lost! thy Notes betray,  
Drop on the Sense, and melt us quite away.  
And when we're Extasy'd, Expiring, then  
Thy Next Note Wooes, and calls us back agen.  
At once Thou Steal'st, and can'st invade us too,  
Straight Rouze those pow'rs which were all Lodg'd but now.  
Thou like some Mighty Monarch dost controul,  
Dispencc, Rule, Work, and Reign o're all the Soul.  
Thou shoot'st New Beings: For we are no more,  
When we hear Thee, that which we were before.  
But as that Begger who in's Raving Fits,  
Got Crowns and Scepters when he lost his Wits;  
Cur'd, and himself again, Griev'd straight to pass  
Into that poor, shrunke Nothing that he was:  
So when thy Strains Feast our low Fancies high,  
We Trample Earth, and Mounting, Knock the Sky.  
But when They cease, All Mourn that we have lost  
Those Tow'ring Thoughts our then Rapt Souls engross'd.  
Thou, like a Generall Influence, Sway'st in All,  
Dost Touch the Mind, and her glad Motions call.  
Whiles We our Constant Acclamations bring  
To the still New Choice Graces that Thou Sing.

Thus dost Thou Govern all (Harmonious Soul!)  
And through the Great whole Orbe of Musick Rowl.  
Break st from thy Self, Scatt'ring Day every where,  
Not leaving one Dark Part in all the Sphere.  
All Native, Genuine, and Unborrow'd streams,  
The Sun and LAVVES know not to Owe their Beams.  
Who on the Wings Thou Imp'st Verse with, hast Spread  
Thy Fame far as the Roman Eagle fled.  
Those Fudging Few who can Compare, admire,  
And find Thine Match the best Italian Lyre;  
Thou still Stand'st High; thy Rules so True, Severe!  
All by thy Card, Thou by thine Own dost steere.  
Like the First Mover, Uncontrol'd dost Move,  
(He which makes peace, Turnes, and Tunes all Above.)  
Even, and Just as he: whiles all doth shew  
What Harmony, that is, what LAVVES can do.

And such! so Full! so Mighty is thy Vein,  
Thou hast scarce Thought when all flowes from thy Brain.  
As Things first met in the Creation, All,  
Doth of it self straight into Concord fall;  
Which issuing free as Springing Light from th' Morn,  
Shews Thee Musician, like the Poet Born.  
You Two do Wing it still in Noble Flights,  
Strive, Stretch, Mount, Sear, Match, and vie Heights with Heights.  
And we the while Admiring, doubtfull stand,  
Which shall at last the Bravest Place command,

With Words and Ayres our Ears are doubly fed,  
 What e're thou set'st is at once Sung and se'd.  
 Thou dost still Apt, Complying Notes dispense,  
 True to the Words, but truer to the sense.  
 The Tunes Rehearse: no Crowd of Graces throng,  
 And Jumble all the Words out of the Song.  
 But are so scatter'd here, and there, so sowne,  
 It hath them all, and yet is vex'd with None.  
 Thy Jewels with such Art are plac'd and worne,  
 That they ne'r Cloud the part they should adorne.  
 Thus doth thy Equall Skill not more delight,  
 To do thy Self, then do the Poet Right.  
 Thou Maim'st not him to come forth Conquerour, Thine,  
 Steales none o'th Bullion when it adds the Coin.  
 No tedious, long, deviding tricks betray  
 His sense; and vapour all his Words away.  
 Yet when a Word comes fit t' Espouze a Grace.  
 Thou marri'st both, and know'st the Rites, and place.  
 Then Fancy humour'd shews the gilded Beam,  
 That Glitt ring Plays, and Quavers on the stream.  
 Both Close, and Kind as Life and Spirit sit,  
 Thy Ayres still Quicken, never stifle Wit.  
 And as One Dram of Gold can ne'r be lost,  
 Though in a Thousand Fires Try'd, Vex'd, and Fort'd,  
 Dissolv'd, mix'd with all Elements, we see,  
 Expans'd to Infinite, what was will Bee.  
 So with the same Entireness Numbers do,  
 From all thy Artfull Compositions flow.  
 Which though through all thy Flats and Sharps express'd  
 In thy Rich Notes, and various humours dress'd.  
 Are still the same: if any Change appear,  
 Stamp'd now by Thee, they'r better than they were.  
 Where Words, Sense, Tunes Embrace, so Kifs, Twist Hit,  
 Thy whole Age hath not lost One Grain of Wit.

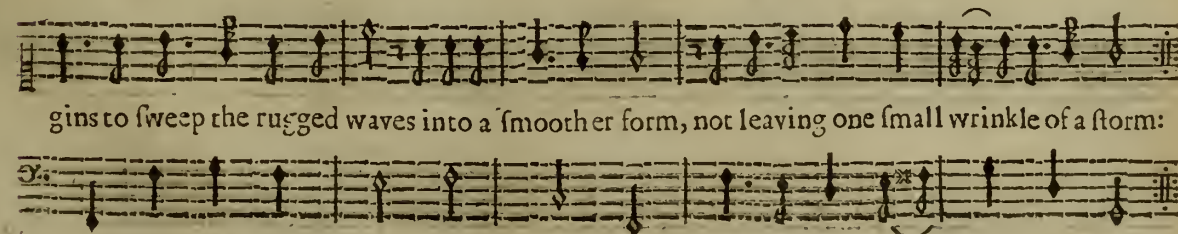
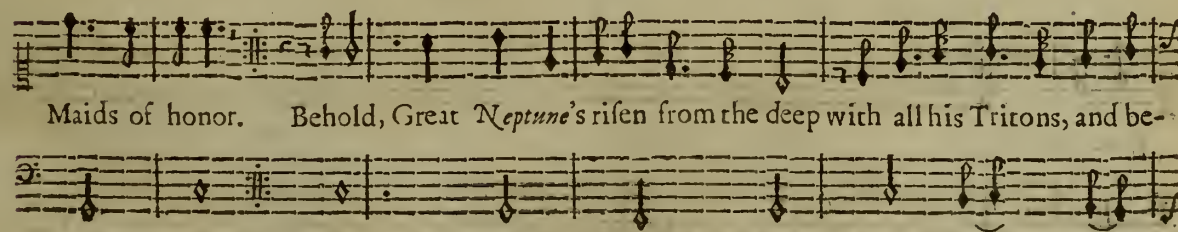
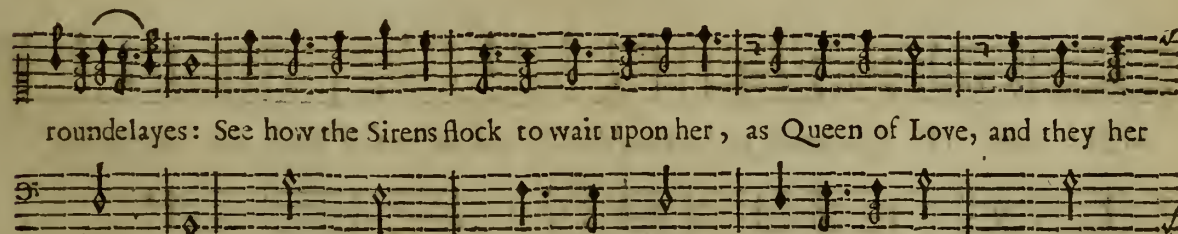
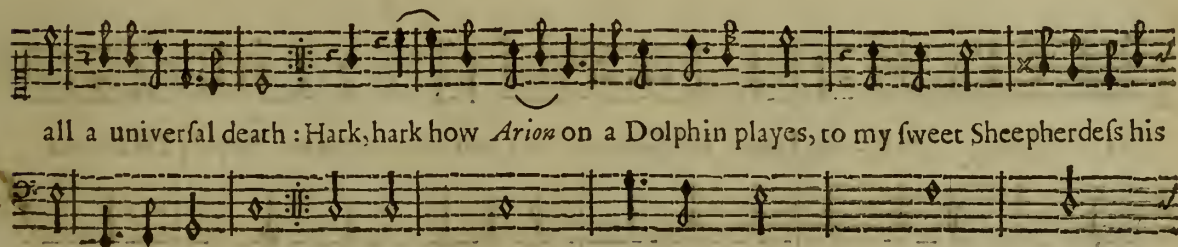
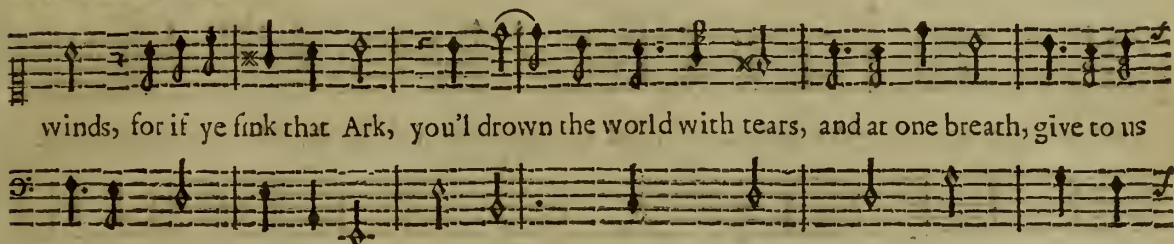
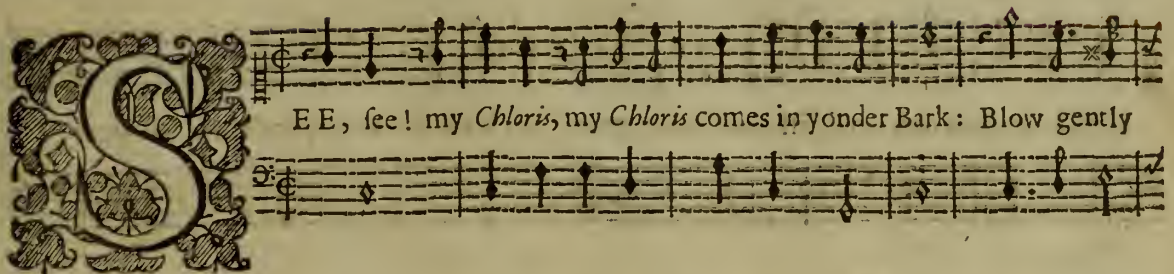
Go on Great Master of thy Art! Strike dumb,  
 And with thy Tones Calm the Tempestuous Drum.  
 Tune, Recollect, Please, and reform us; Thine,  
 Come at once Musick too, and Discipline.  
 Let thy soft Notes invite us, slide, and Steal,  
 Rock this Frow'd Age, and with their Balsam Heal.  
 Shew all the Miracles thy voice can do,  
 Our Orpheus and our Æsculapius too.  
 And when these Revolutions make thy Shine  
 Compleat, and Thou hast woave thy great Designe:  
 Hush'd all our Noise, spread Calms made all serene,  
 And with thy Ayres at last shut up the Scene:  
 All Done, Thou shalt (though late, we hope) Remove,  
 And change thy Musick here for that Above.  
 Where thou shalt here how Saints their Anthems sing,  
 And shalt thy Self another Anthem bring.  
 Thou who did'st Tune the World, whiles Thou wert here,  
 Shall take an Angels place, and Tune a Sphere.

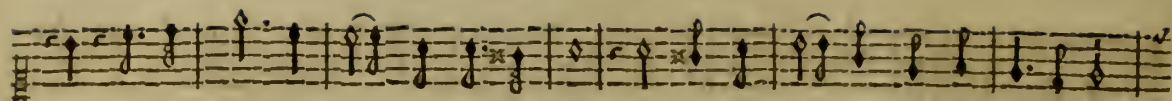
HORATIO MOORE.



Amintor.

## Chloris landing at Berlington.

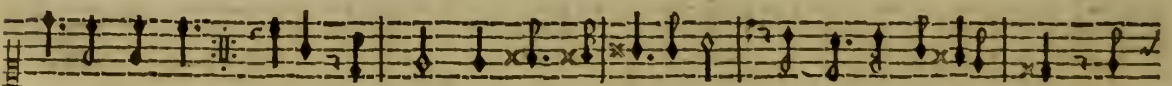
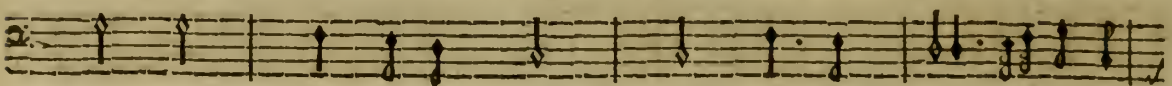




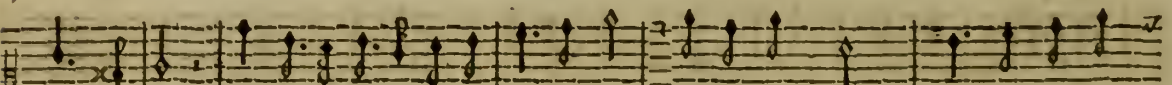
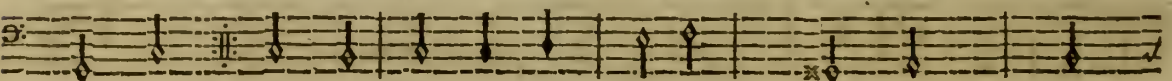
Mark how the winds stand still, and on her gaze; See how her beauty doth the fish amaze;



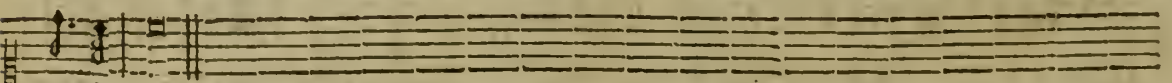
the Whales have begg'd this boon of wind and weather, that on their backs they may con-



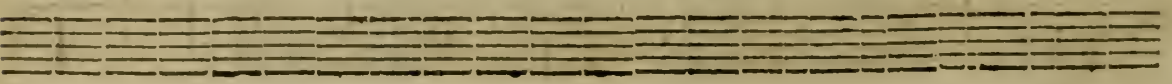
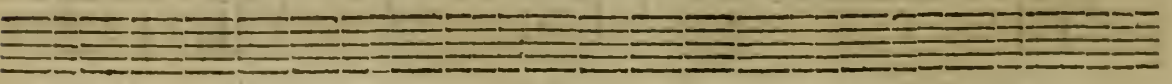
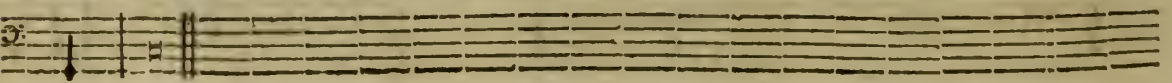
vey her hither; And see the Lands just like the rising Sun, that leaves the Brynie Lake when



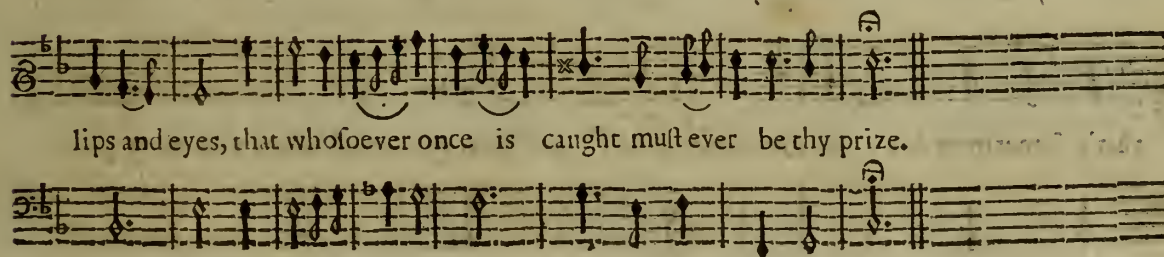
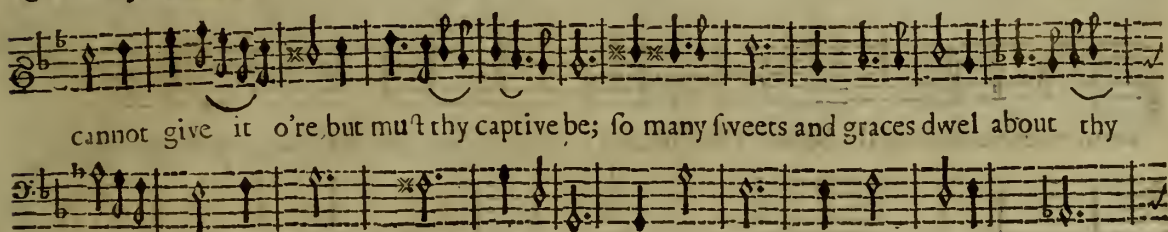
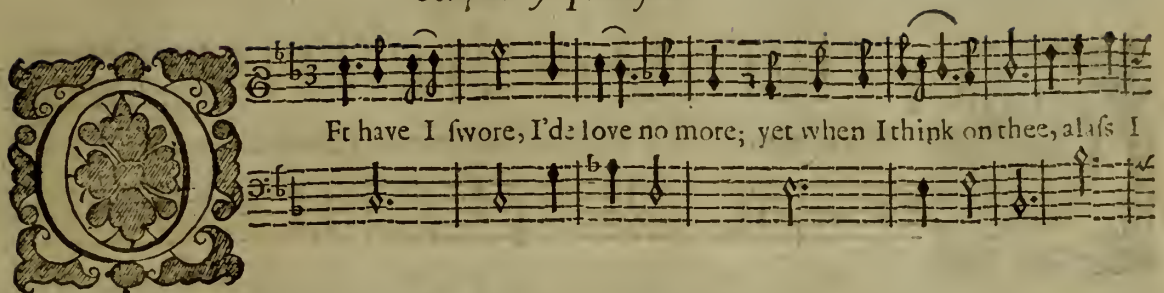
night is done: Fly, fly *Aminator* to thy Envi'd blifs, and let not th' Earth, rob thee of her



greeting kifs.





*Constancy protested.*

(2)

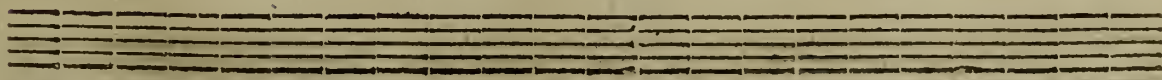
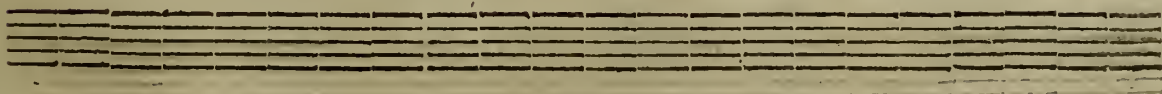
Sure thou hast got some cunning net  
Made by the god of Fire,  
That doth not only catch mens hearts  
But fixeth their desire.

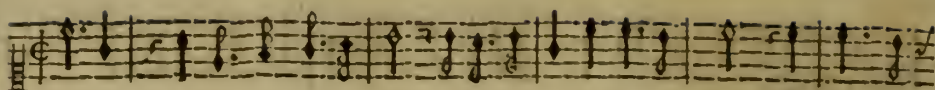
For I have laboured to get loose  
Some dozen years and more,  
And when I think to be releas'd  
I'me faster than before.

(3)

Then welcome sweet captivity,  
I see there's no relief,  
Yet though she steal my liberty,  
I'll honor still the theife

And when I cannot hope to see  
Thee Mistris of my pain,  
My comfort is that I do love  
Where I am lov'd again.

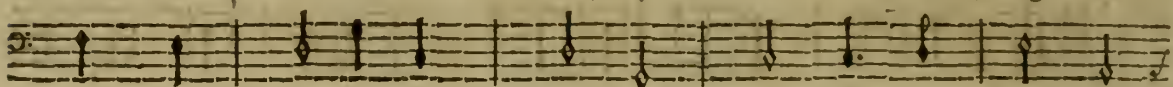


*Counsel to a Maid.*

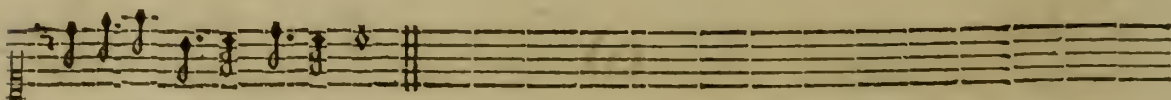
*Floris*, when e're you do intend to venture at a Bosome-friend, be sure you



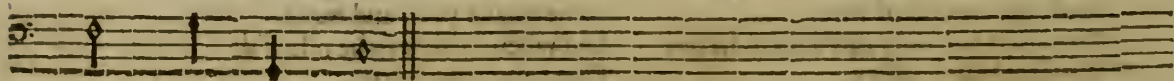
know your Servant well, before your liberty you sell; for Love's a fever in young, or old,



that's sometimes hot, and sometimes cold; and men you know when e're they please



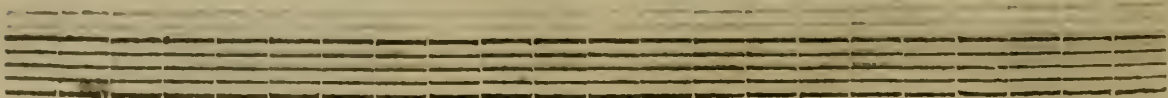
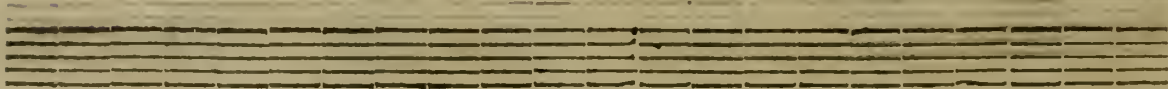
can soon be sick of this disease.



(2)

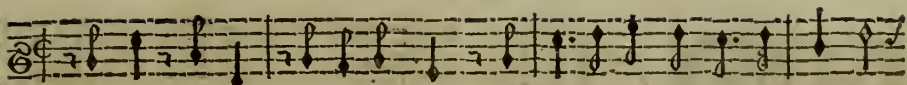
Then wisely chuse a Friend that may  
Last for an age, not for a day;  
Who loves thee not for Lip or Eye,  
But from a mutual Sympathie:

To such a Friend this heart ingage,  
For he will court thee in old age,  
And kiss thy shallow, wrinkl'd brow  
With as much joy as he doth now.

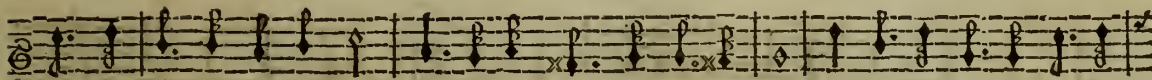
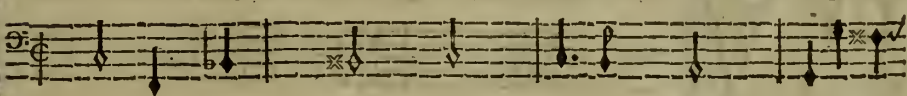




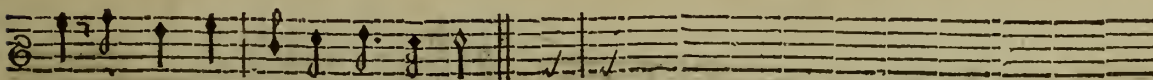
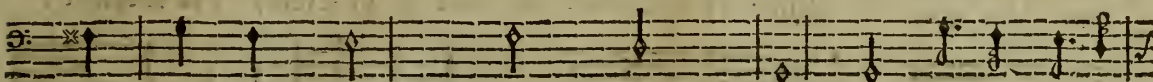
## Love despis'd.



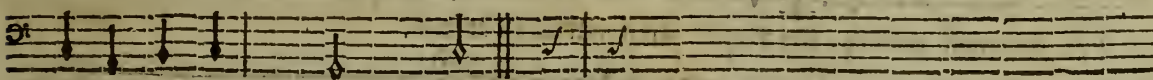
N love > Away, You do me wrong, I hope I ha' not liv'd to long free



from the treach'ry of your Eyes, now to be caught and made a prize: No, Lady, 'tis not all your



Art can make me and my freedom part.



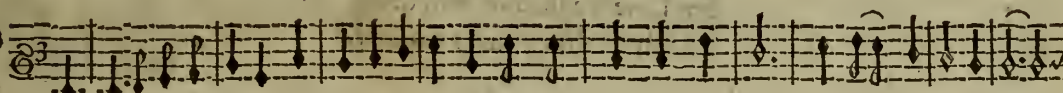
II.

III.

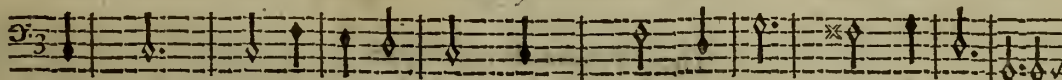
In Love! 'tis true, with Spanish wine,  
Or the French juice Incarnadine,  
But truly not with your sweet face,  
This dimple, or that hidden grace;  
Ther's far more sweetnesse in pure wine,  
Then in those lips or eyes of thine.

Your god you say can shoot so right  
Hee'l wound a heart i'th darkest night;  
Pray let him throw away a dart,  
And try if he can hit my heart:  
No *Cupid*, if I shall be thine,  
Turn *Ganimed*, and fill us wine.

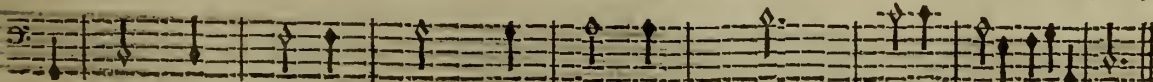
C



One fil's a cup of Sherry, and let us be merry, there shall nought but pure wine, make us love-sick or pine;

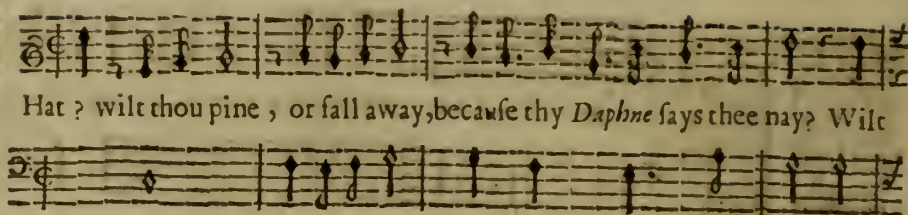


wee'l hug the cup and kiss it, wee'l sigh when e're we miss it, for 'tis that that makes us jolly, and sing Hy troll y lolly.



C

*Hopelesse love cur'd by derision.*



Hat ? wilt thou pine , or fall away , because thy *Daphne* says thee nay ? Wilt



cross thine arms , or willow wear , because that Shee is so severe ? Fye Shepherd ,



Fye, this must not bee , thy *Daphne* then will laugh at thee.

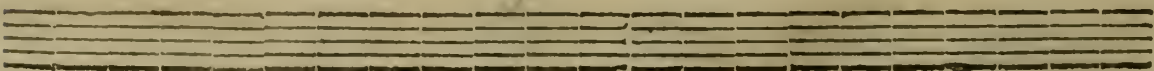
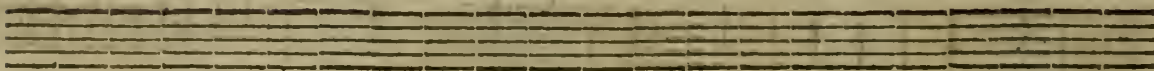


(2)

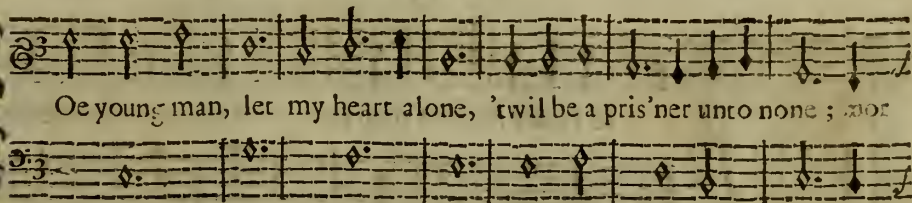
No , if She needs will be unkind ,  
On somewhat else divert thy mind :  
Go sport with wanton *Amarillis* ,  
And dance with lovely nut-brown *Phillis* :  
For Love 's a shadow will deny  
To follow thee , until thou fly.

(3)

Then *Choridon* , do not despair  
For *Daphne* , whom we all know fair ;  
Let no proud Beauty on our Plains  
Destroy thy youth with her disdain :  
But if thou find her scorning thee ,  
Think thus , She was not born for mee.



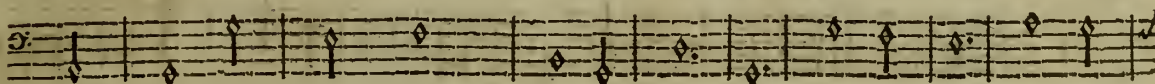


*A young Maids Resolution.*

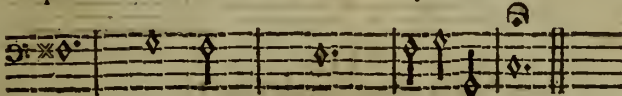
Oe young man, let my heart alone, 'twil be a pris'ner unto none ; nor



will I *Cupid's* shackles wear, since Lovers laws are so severe: Love is my slave, while I de-

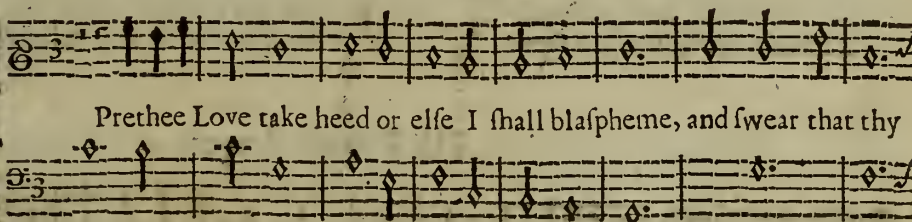


spise ; but once content, hee'l ty-ran-nise.



II.

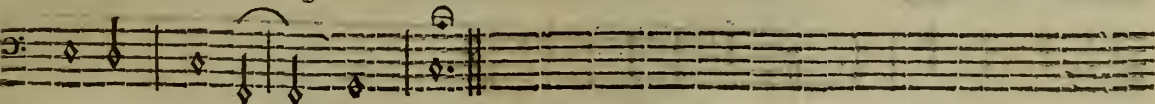
'Tis onely Beauty you admire ,  
And that's the object of Desire ,  
Which by degrees burns to a flame,  
And hence Love first receiv'd its name.  
Then young man give me leave to doubt  
Since Love's a fire, and fires will out.

*Cupid no god.*

Prethee Love take heed or else I shall blaspheme, and swear that thy



great deity is nothing but a dream.



II.

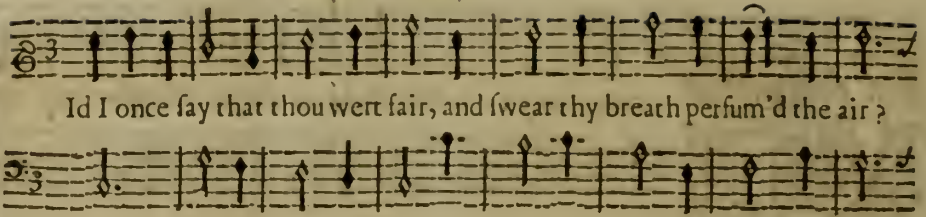
How canst thou be a god  
When subtle womens hearts  
Are grown so wise  
To blind thine eyes  
And rob thee of thy darts.

I-III.

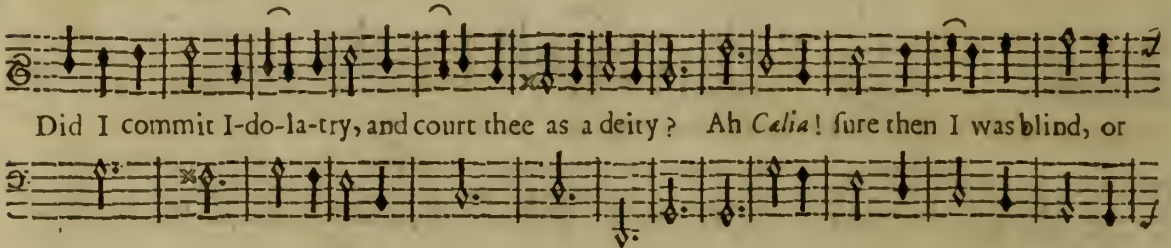
See where a Lady stands  
With Qui vers in her Eyes,  
And swears that shee  
Hath conquer'd thee,  
And sold thee for a prize.

IV.

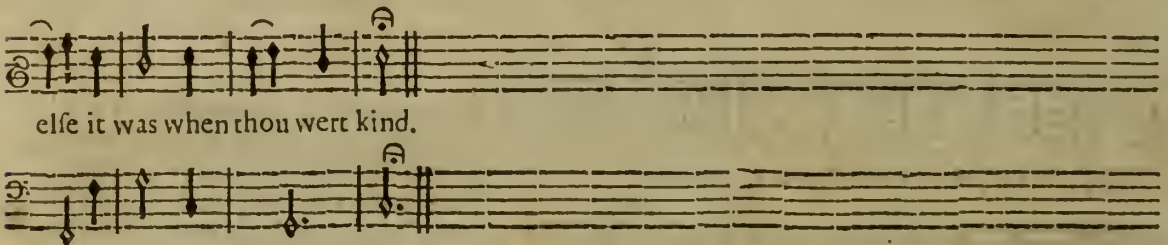
If thou be Womans prize,  
Alas, then what are wee  
Who borrow light  
From thy blind sight,  
And know not what we see.

*Inconstancy return'd.*

Id I once say that thou wert fair, and swear thy breath perfum'd the air ?



Did I commit I-do-la-try, and court thee as a deity ? Ah *Calia* ! sure then I was blind, or



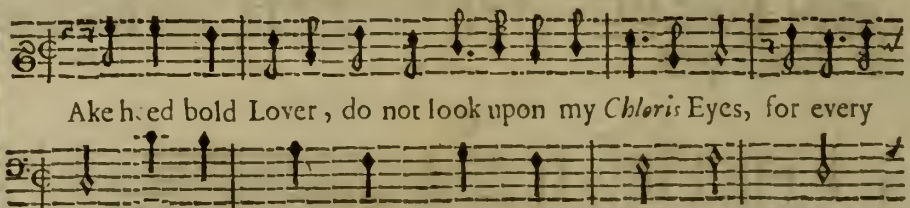
else it was when thou wert kind.

I I.

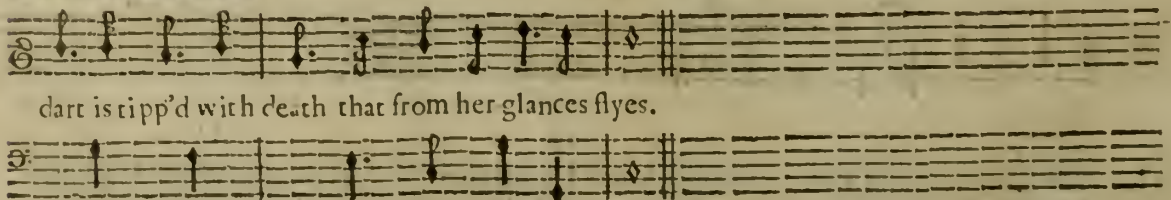
Did I once beg a wanton kiss,  
And thought there was no higher bliss ?  
Did I all other objects flye  
To live i'th sun-shine of thine eye ?  
'Tis true I did, but *Calia* then  
Return'd as much to me agen.

I I I.

Now *Calia*'s chang'd and so am'I,  
Love feeds upon variety;  
My constant thoughts could never find  
The pleasures of a Fickle mind,  
Till thy example did invire  
My appetite to new delight.

*His Rivals danger.*

Ake heed bold Lover, do not look upon my *Chloris* Eyes, for every



dart is tipp'd with death that from her glances flies.

I I.

Nor do not think to save thy self  
From danger, or from harmes,  
By any virtue in her smiles,  
Or other secret charmes,

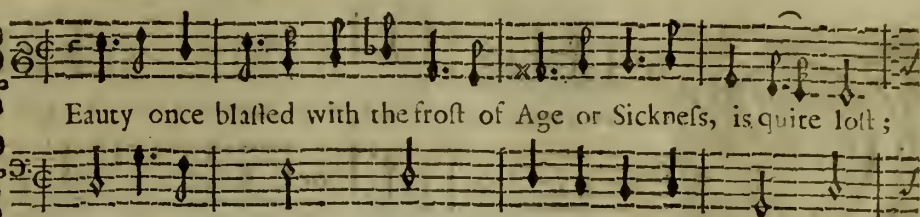
I I I.

Love hath commended her to cure  
No other heart but mine,  
There is no hope that Shee can be  
So merciful to thine.

I V.

For though her Eyes be Murderers,  
She hath reserv'd for me,  
A Balsam in her Coral lips  
That gives Eternitie.

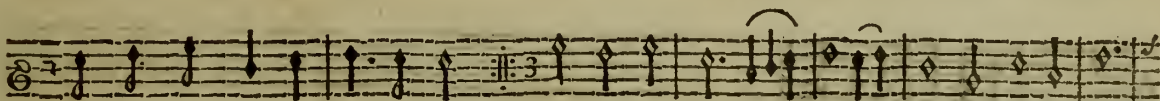
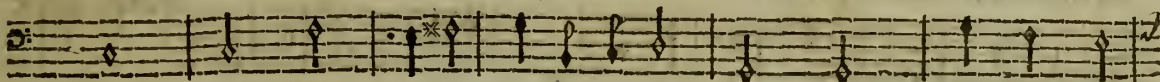


*To his Platonick Mistris.*

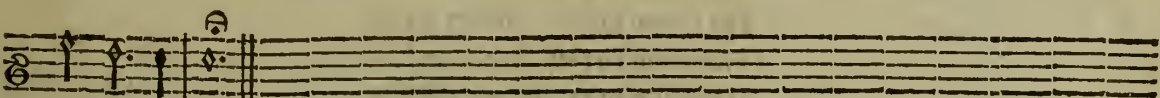
Beauty once blasted with the frost of Age or Sickness, is quite lost;



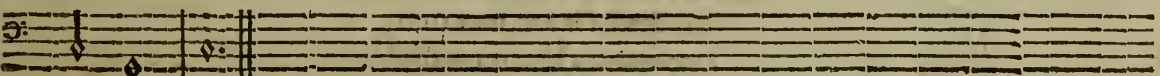
he who loves that, and on it can, dore till he be no longer Man, hath neither Intellect or Eyes



to judge where womans beauty lies : No, let him court your better part, your virtues and

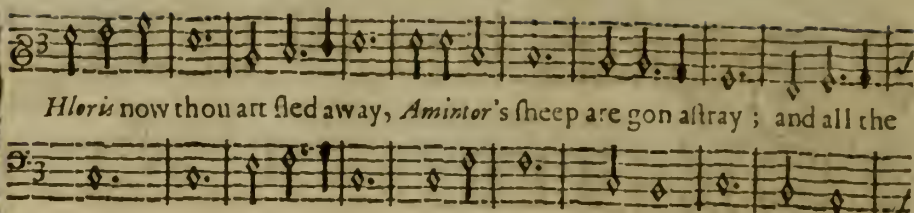


your loyal heart.

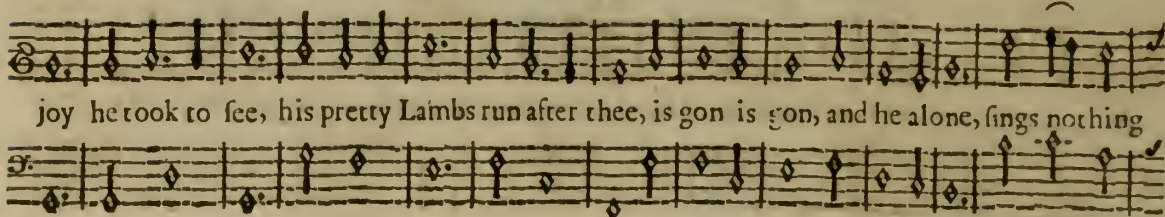


- I I. If nought but beauty in you be,  
Your Picture seems as fair to me;  
He that admires your red and white,  
Is Traytor to his own delight;  
And with those shadows growes so blind  
He never can your sweetnesse find.  
Then let me court your better part,  
Your vertues, and your loyall heart.

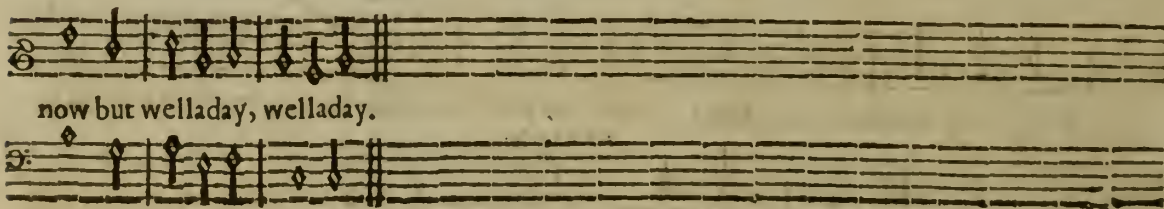
- III. Yet do I never hope to see  
Goodnesse lodg'd in deformitie;  
Though devils oft take shapes divine,  
Angels take none but such as thine;  
This made me make my choice of thee  
The emblem of divinitie;  
That I might court your better part,  
Your vertues, and your loyal heart.

*Amintors welladay.*

*Hloris* now thou art fled away, *Amintor's* sheep are gon astray ; and all the



joy he took to see, his pretty Lambs run after thee, is gon is gon, and he alone, sings nothing



now but welladay, welladay.

## II.

His Oaten pipe that in thy praise  
Was wont to play such roundelays,  
Is thrown away, and not a swain  
Dares pipe, or sing, within his plain;  
'Tis death for any now to say  
One word to him but welladay.

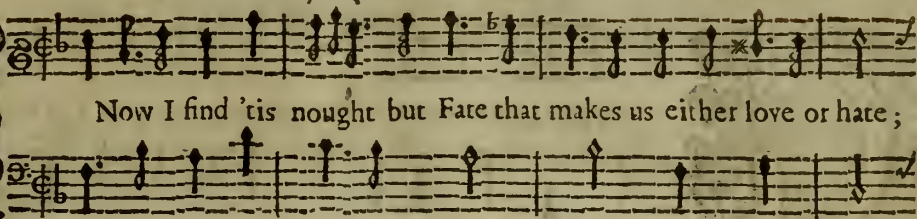
## II.

The Maypole where thy little feet  
So roundly did in measures meet,  
Is broken down, and no content  
Comes near *Amintor* since you went  
All that I ever heard him say  
Was *Chloris*, *Chloris*, welladay.

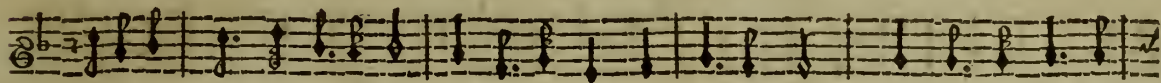
## IV.

Upon those Banks you us'd to tread  
He ever since hath laid his head,  
And whisper'd there such pining woe,  
As not a blade of grass will grow ;  
O *Chloris* ! *Chloris* ! come away,  
And hear *Amintor's* welladay.

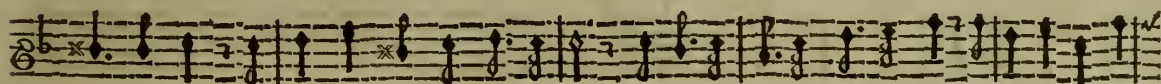
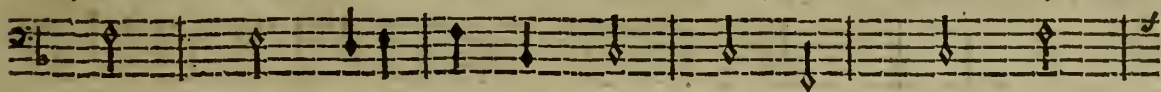


*Affection for a Lady he never saw.*

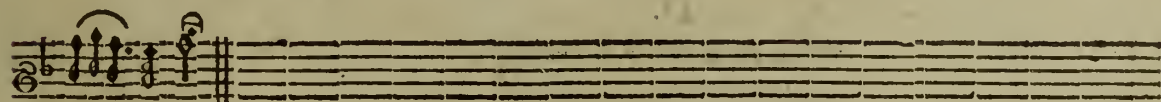
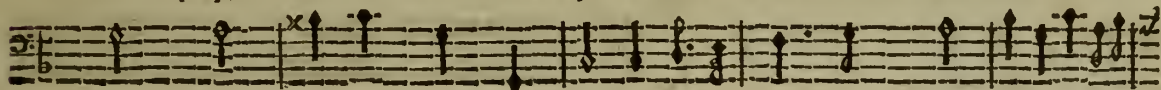
Now I find 'tis nought but Fate that makes us either love or hate ;



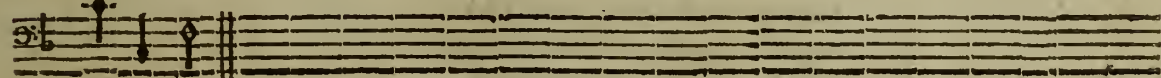
yet I have heard the wiser tell, Love onely doth with Beauty dwell ; and that the Eye the



thief must play, to steal each others heart away. But 'tis not so I find with me, for I love one I



ne're did see.

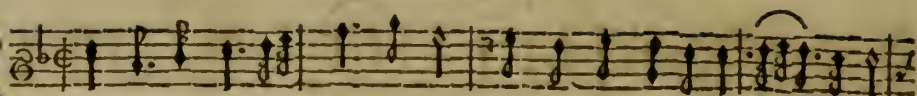


## II.

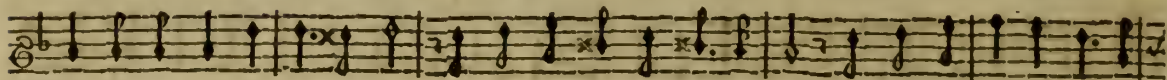
There's a Divinity in Love,  
That doth inspire us from above ;  
Which needs no tutoring from the eyes,  
To make our hearts to Sympathize.  
Such Noble and Platonick fires,  
Will know no Object for desires :  
But Love's the good that dwells with thee,  
Although thy self they ne're did see.

## III.

Thy soul, not this, or t'other part,  
Hath sent her Cupids to my heart ;  
And there like little Angels tell,  
What hidden vertues in thee dwell,  
Prompting my reason to suppose  
Thy Shape's Angelicall like those ;  
Which I shall pray I ne're may see,  
Le st I should more distracted be.

*Freedome from Charmes.*

O, fair Inchantress! charm no more, but give thy fascina- -tions o're;



since I have found a pow'ful Spel, that doth thy cunning Art excel; for when I think of thy dif-



dain, I'm free from witchcraft, or from pain.

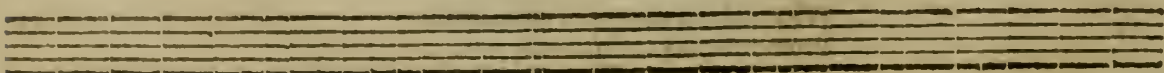
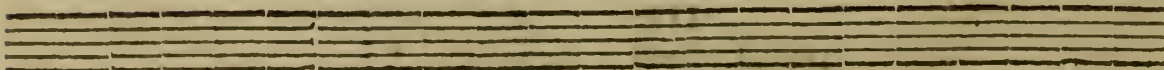


## II.

When I was young and unbetray'd,  
All then was Oracle you said;  
So innocent I was of guile,  
I thought love dwelt in every smile:  
But now that cloud of youth is spent,  
I find you'r all but complement.

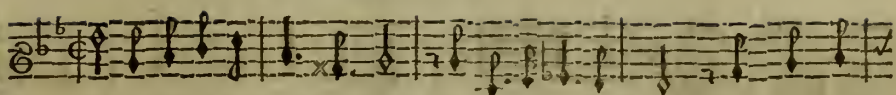
## III.

I'll love no more, I'll learn to hate,  
I'll study to equivocate,  
And all my pleasures now shall be  
To cozen those would cozen me;  
For Loves best musick runs ( I find )  
On fickle changes of the mind.

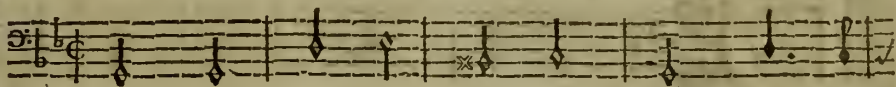




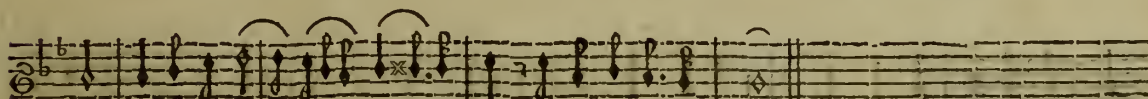
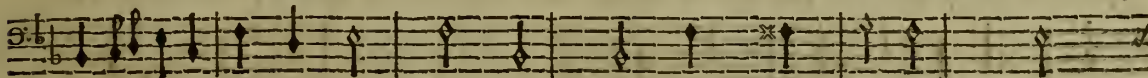
## Future Hope.



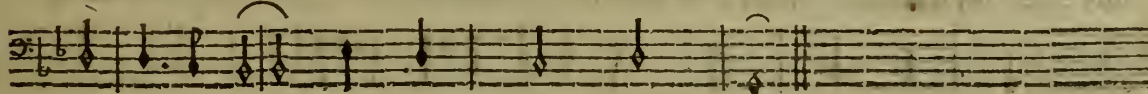
When shall I see my Captive heart that lies in *Chloris* breast? or, when will



Love again restore those joys I once possess? Yet, 'tis a blessing I confess, when Fate is thus se-

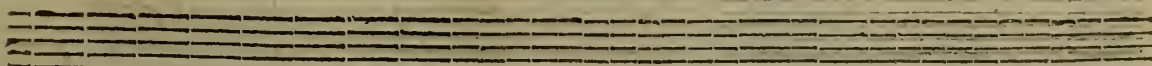
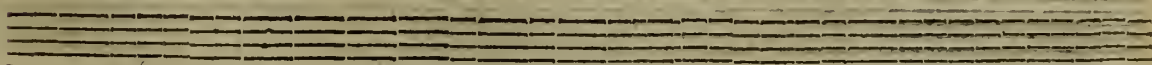
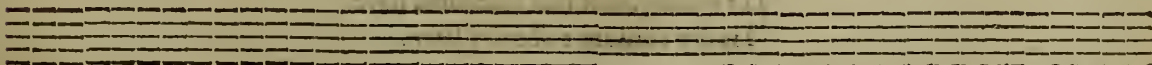
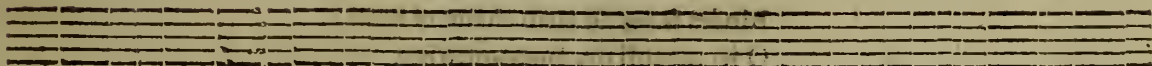


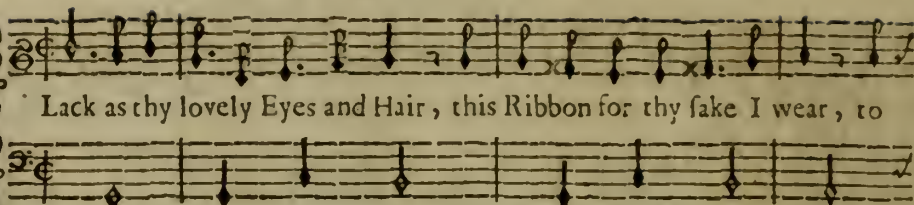
vere, not to be barr'd of future hopes to mitigate our fear.



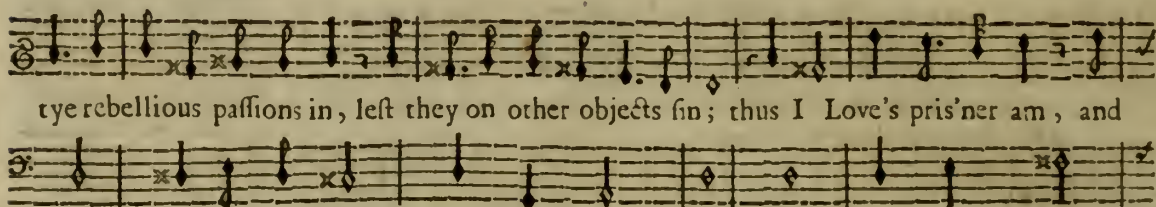
## II.

The Tyrant Love would be depos'd,  
And from this Empire thrown,  
Were not his subjects fool'd with hope  
That mercy would be shown.  
Then Captive heart contented lye,  
And banish all despaire,  
Since there is hope that she may be  
As kind as she is faire.

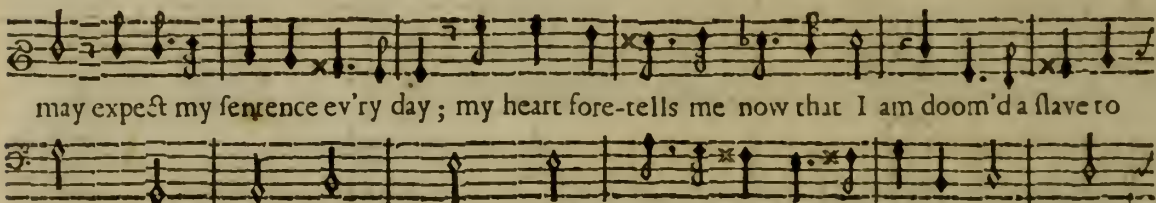


*On a Black Ribbon.*

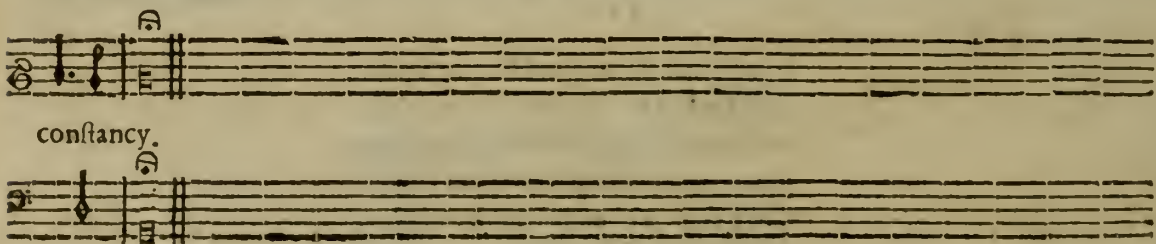
Lack as thy lovely Eyes and Hair, this Ribbon for thy sake I wear, to



tye rebellious passions in, lest they on other objects sin; thus I Love's pris'ner am, and



may expect my sentence ev'ry day; my heart fore-tells me now that I am doom'd a slave to

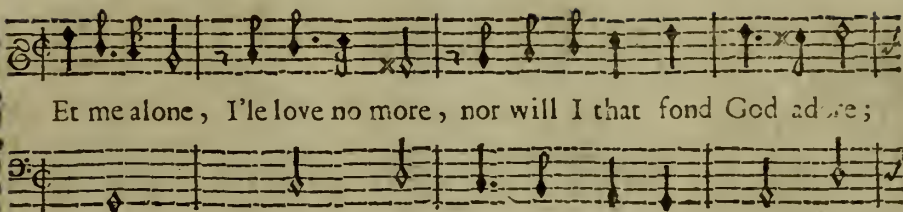


constancy.

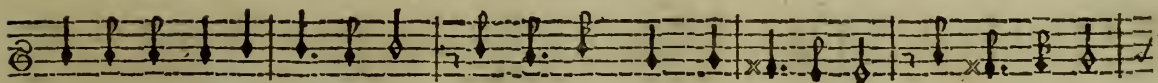
## II.

How easie 'tis for to confine  
 An am'rous and a willing minde !  
 Soft Silk from your fair hands I feel  
 Binds faster far than chains of Steel :  
 O let me still thy Bond-man be !  
 I'll never sue for libertie ;  
 Let others boast that freedome have,  
 'Tis my content to be thy slave.



*A Resolution to love no more.*

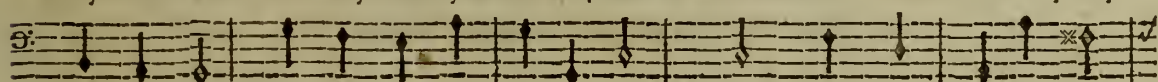
Et me alone, I'll love no more, nor will I that fond God adore;



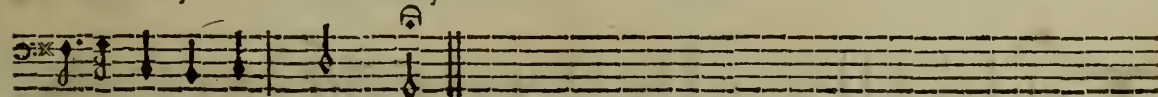
all your perfections cannot move one am'rous thought in me to love: yet I'm not old,



nor yet dis-eas'd, but onely with your Sex displeas'd; not that I e're was scorn'd by any,

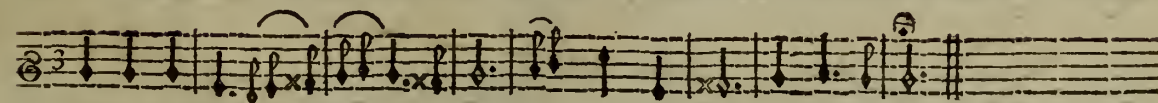


. but because you can love too many.

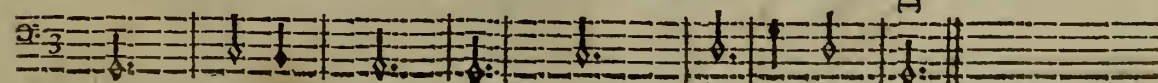


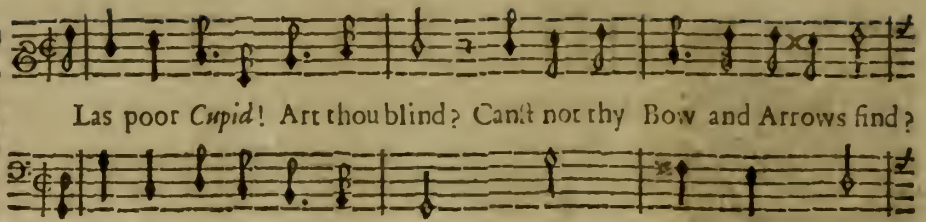
## II.

Alas, where lies that great delight  
Men fancy in your red and white?  
The common Lilly and the Rose  
Are far more beautifull then those;  
And many objects in the Skies  
Outshine the lustre of your Eyes,  
Though Poets please sometimes to say  
Your Eyes are brighter than the Day.

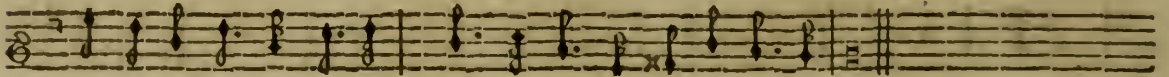


What wonder is there then in thee, when thou hast lost thy constancie?

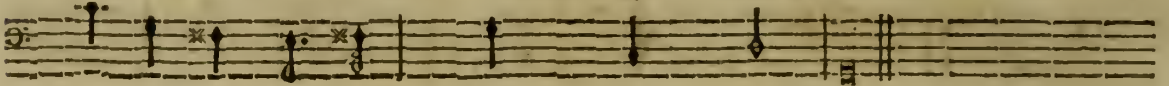


*Cupids Artillery.*

Las poor *Cupid*! Art thou blind? Canst not thy Bow and Arrows find?



Thy Mother sure the Wanton plays, and layes 'em up for Holydayes.



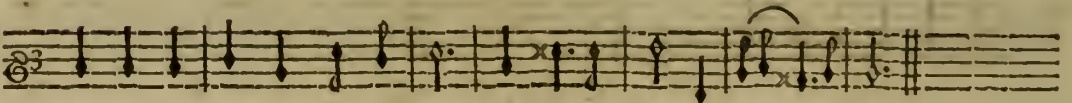
## II.

Then *Cupid* mark how kind I'le be,  
Because thou once wert so to me;  
I'le arm thee with such powerful darts,  
Shall make thee once more god of hearts.

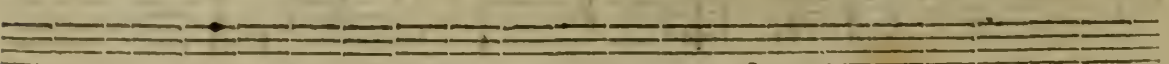
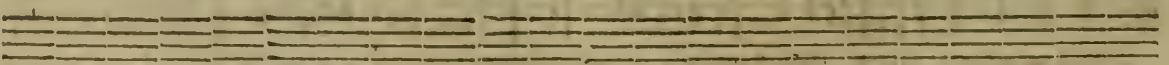
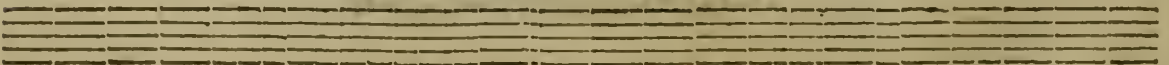
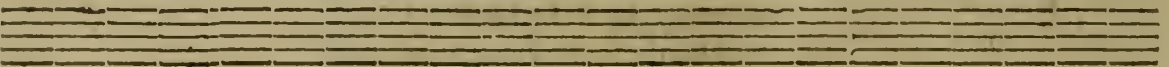
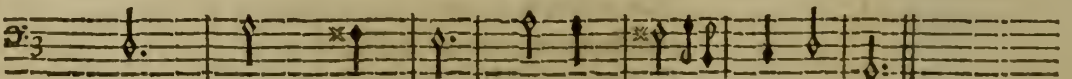
## III.

My *Chloris* Armes shall be thy bow,  
Which none but Love can bend you know;  
Her precious Haires shall make the String,  
Which of themselves wound every thing.

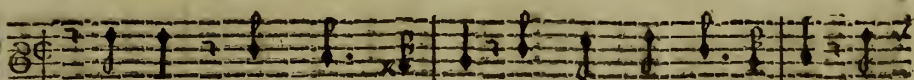
**T**



Then take but Arrows from her Eyes, and all you shoot at surely dyes.





*A Lady to a young Courtier.*

Ove thee! Good Sooth, Not I; I've somewhat else to doe: A-



las! you must go learn to talk, before you learn to woove: Nay fie, stand off, go too go too.



## II.

Because you'r in the fashion,  
And newly come to Court;  
D'ye think your Clothes are Orators  
T'invite us to the Sport?  
Ha ha, who will not jeer thee for't!

## III.

Ne'r look so sweetly Youth,  
Nor fiddle with your Band,  
We know you trimme your borrow'd Curles  
To shew your pretty Hand;  
But 'tis too young for to command.

## IV.

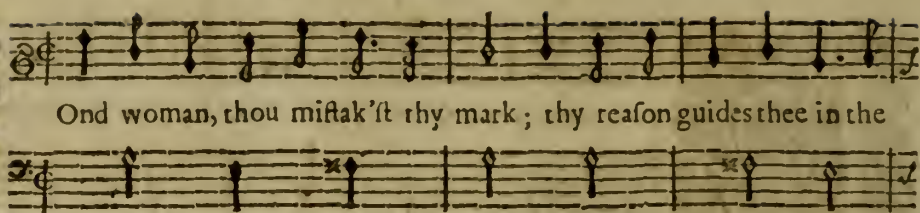
Go practise how to jeer,  
And rthink each word a Jest,  
That's the Court wit: Alas! you'r out  
To think when finely drest,  
You please me or the Ladies best.

## V.

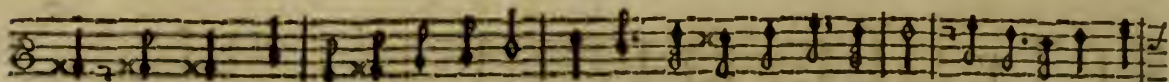
And why so confident!  
Because that lately we  
Have brought another lofty word  
Unto our pedegree?  
Your inside seems the worse to me.

## VI.

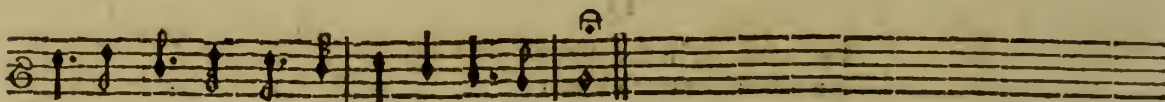
Mark how Sir *Whacham* fools;  
I marry there's a Wit  
Who cares not what he sayes or sweares  
So Ladies laugh at it,  
Who can deny such blades a lie?

*Falshood discovered.*

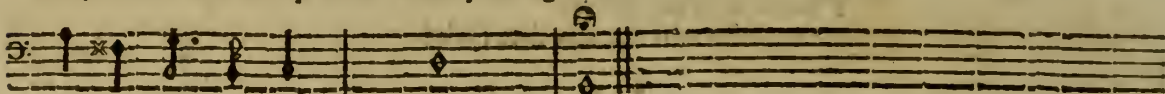
Ond woman, thou mistak'it thy mark ; thy reason guides thee in the



dark : and though thy *Cupids* cannot see, mine have too many eyes for thee. Alas, I read in



ev'ry smile, the Arts you use when you beguile.

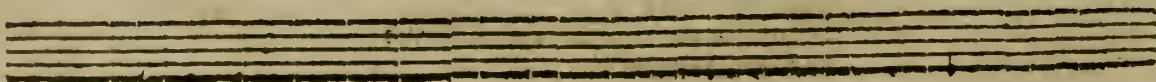
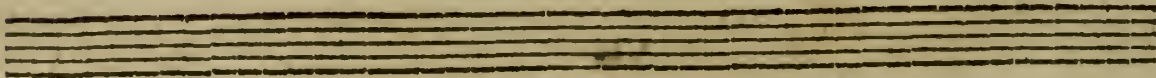


## II.

What though you swear to me, you love  
With passions equal to the Dove ;  
And that your flames are blown no higher  
Than to the Sphere of chaste desire?  
Forgive me if I needs must say  
This is the common womans way.

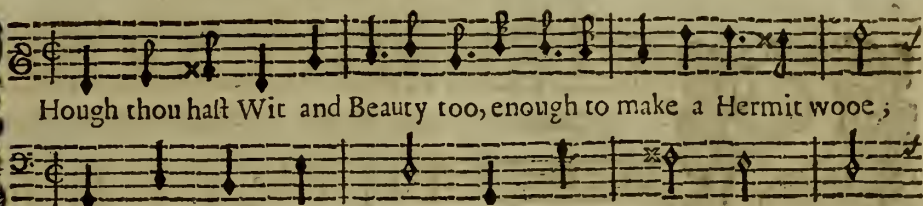
## III.

Your Eyes like Suns I know can be  
As warm to any as to me,  
And yet you blush not oft to say  
You love but the Platonick way ;  
Love how you will, and when you please,  
My heart shall sleep and take it's ease.

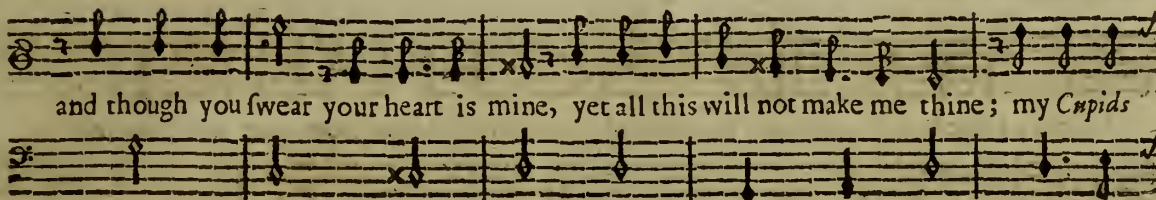




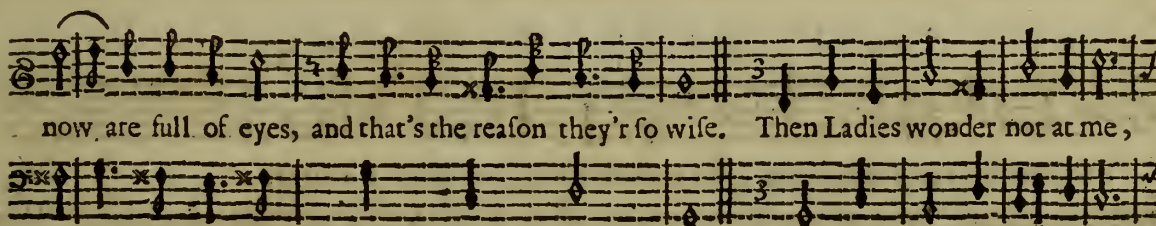
## Liberty.



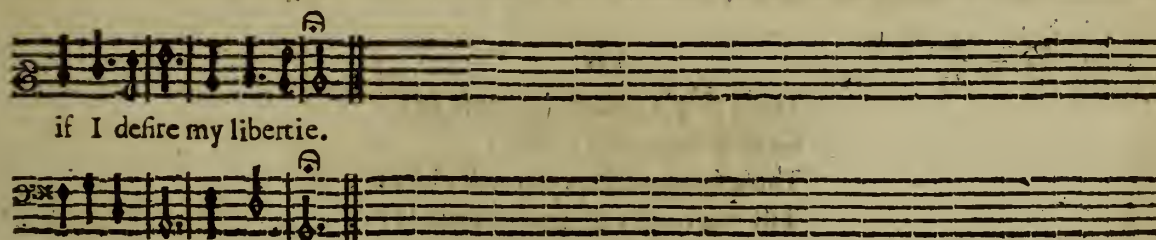
Hough thou hast Wit and Beauty too, enough to make a Hermit wooc;



and though you swear your heart is mine, yet all this will not make me thine; my *Cupids*



now are full of eyes, and that's the reason they'r so wise. Then Ladies wonder not at me,



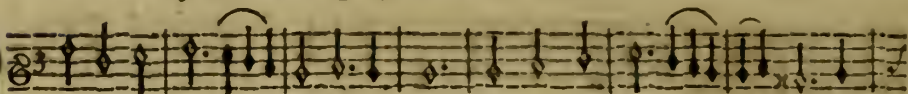
if I desire my libertie.

## II.

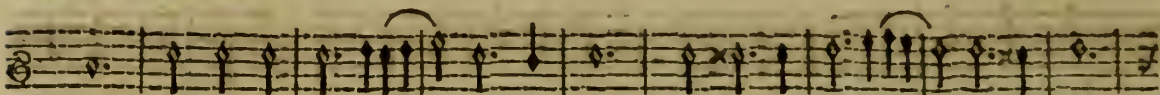
'Tis time to call my passions in,  
That have so long in darkness bin;  
For now I see you only play  
To win a heart and so away;  
She that can number all her store  
Of servants, now is very poor:  
Then Ladies wonder not, &c.

## III.

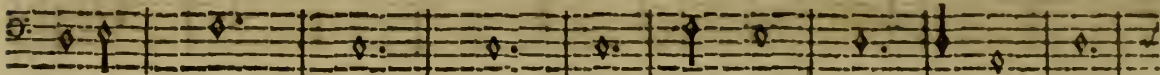
Spring-garden is the Market-place  
Where men are brought up for a face;  
Some with their hands, some with their eyes,  
Catch any new thing for a prize;  
That Lady now grows poor and pines,  
Who wants her slaves to dig her mines.  
Then Ladies wonder not, &c.

*A Pot of Flowers presented to Chloris.*

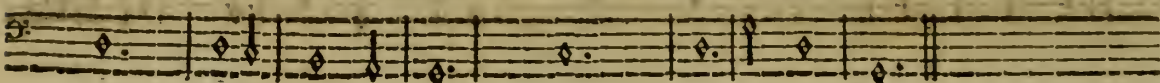
Ee *Chloris*, see, how Nature brings all what she owes to thee that



springs; these *Roses* from your Cheeks did grow, those *Lillies* from your Bosomes now;



this various *Tulip* from your Eyes, from whence it bears so rich a prize.



## II.

Those purple streams in Azure set,  
Gave being to this Violet;  
These sprigs of Bayes we ne'r did see  
Till you taught *Shepherds Poetrie*:  
And all these flowers of purest red  
Sprung up where once your finger bled.

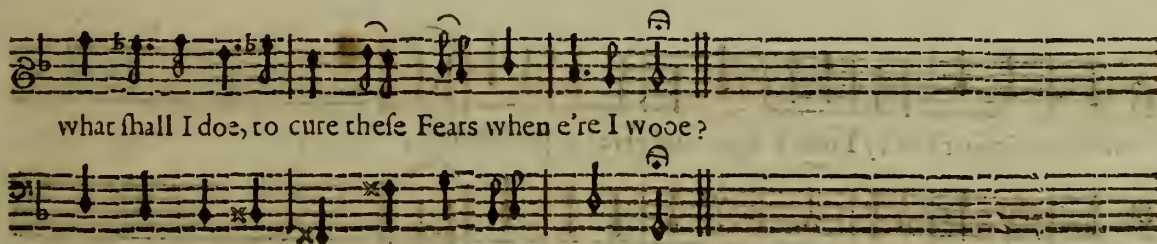
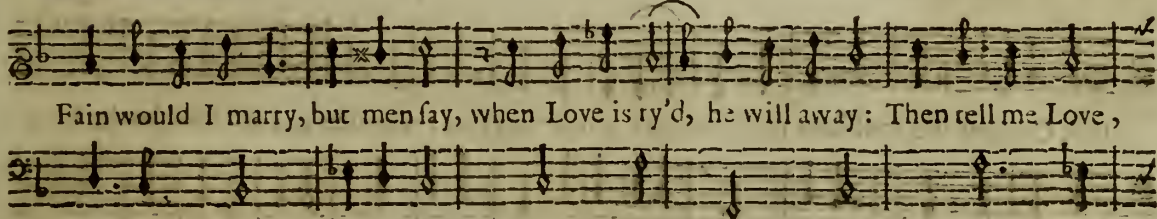
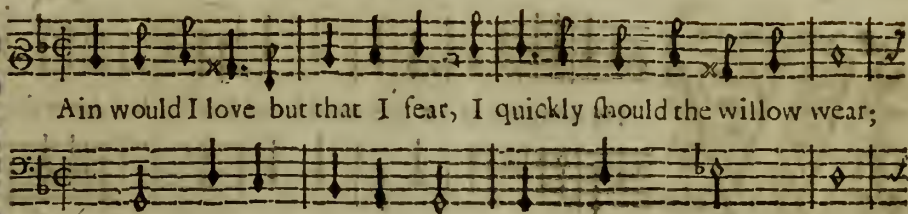
## III.

These *Pansies* which so low do creep,  
Grew up one Night where you did sleep;  
So did these *Poppyes*, and from thence  
They have their sleepy influence;  
And all their leaves became thus green  
In hope by you they should be seen.

## IV.

And here I bring them in an Urn  
Of water, which themselves did mourn,  
Fearing to wyther and grow drye  
By too much Sun-shine of your Eye:  
For if your Beams the World inflame,  
Poor things, they needs must feel the same.



*A doubt resolv'd.*

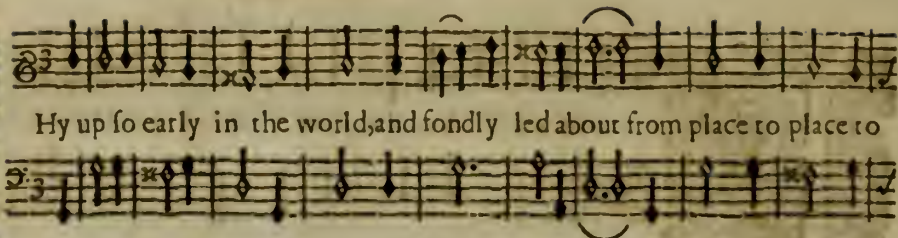
## II.

The Fair one she's a mark to all;  
 The Brown one each doth Lovely call;  
 The Black's a pearl in Fair mens Eyes;  
 The rest will stoop to any prize.  
 Then tell me love, &c.

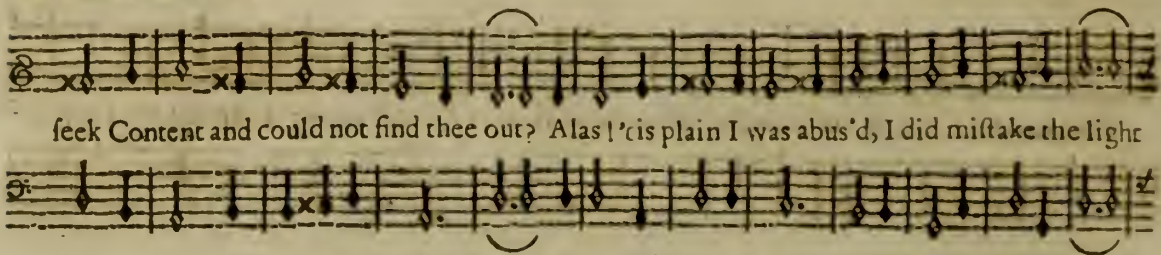
## III.

*Reply.*

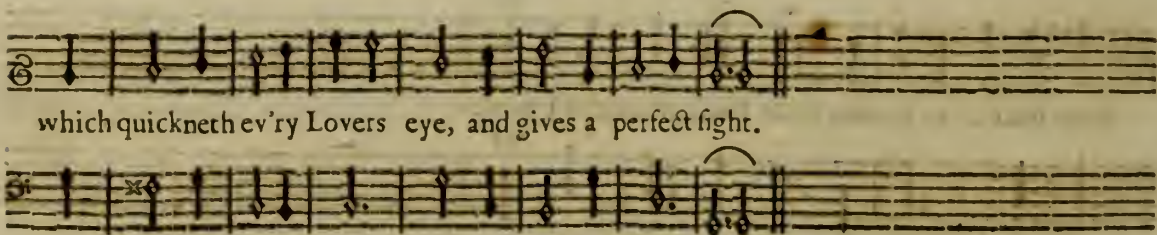
Young Lover, know it is not I  
 That wound with Fear or ealouge;  
 Nor do men ever feel those smarts  
 Until they have confin'd their hearts:  
 Then if you'l cure your Fears, you shall  
 Love neither Fair, Black, Brown, but all.

*To the first object of Content.*

Hy up so early in the world, and fondly led about from place to place to



seek Content and could not find thee out? Alas! 'tis plain I was abus'd, I did mistake the light



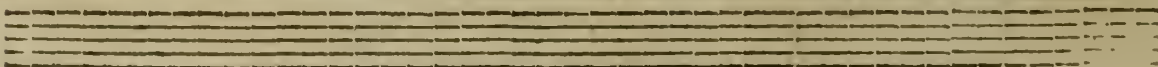
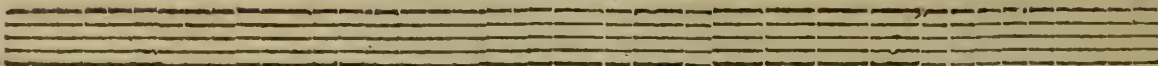
which quickneth ev'ry Lovers eye, and gives a perfect sight.

## II.

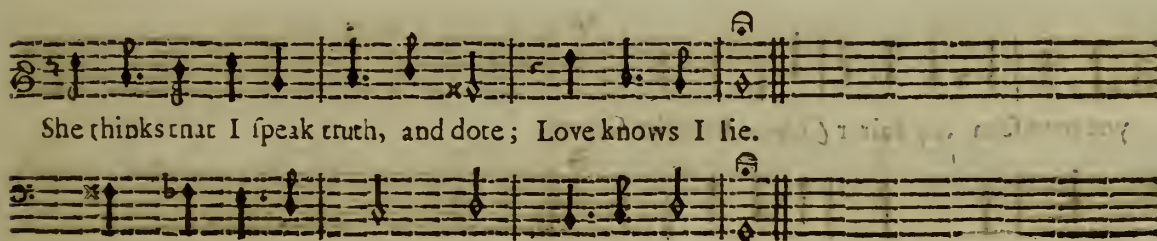
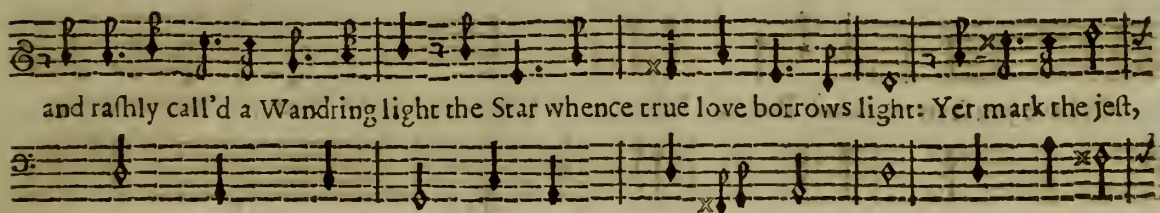
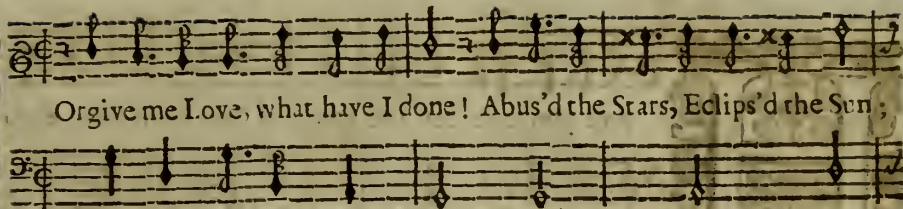
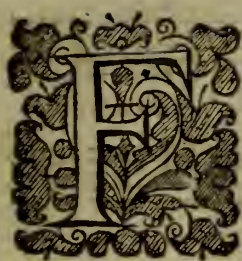
Thou art the only Star that can  
Direct us where to find  
The way which I so long have sought  
To ease a troubled mind;  
Each limb of thine's so full of grace  
They ravish ev'ry Eye,  
And all the Musick that we know  
Is from their Harmony.

## III.

'Tis You alone that do create  
The Beauties of the Spring,  
Those Shadows which from You reflect  
Adorneth ev'ry thing;  
Philosophers may govern Fools,  
But shall not tutor mee,  
For now I find that I was blind  
Until I found out thee.





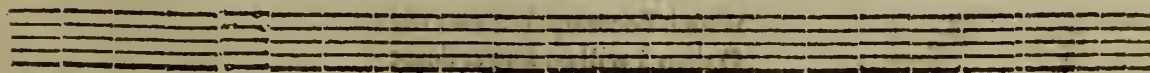
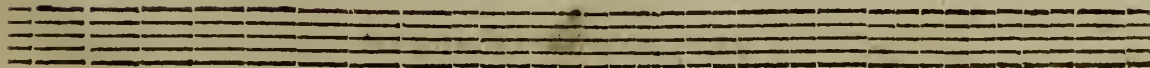
*A Recantation.*

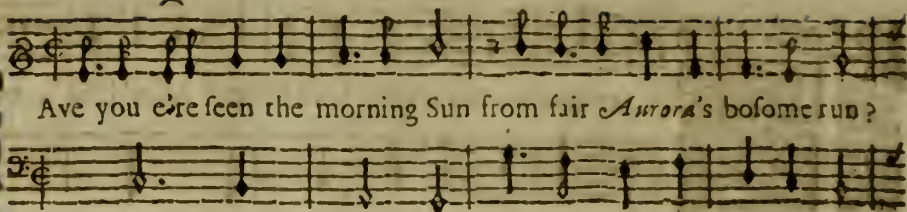
## II.

Will you not give men leave to sport?  
 Alas, my heart commands a fort,  
 Whence all the artillery of your Eyes  
 Can make no breach, much lesse a prize:  
 How subtle Ladies now are grown !  
 Yet caught in Engines of their own.

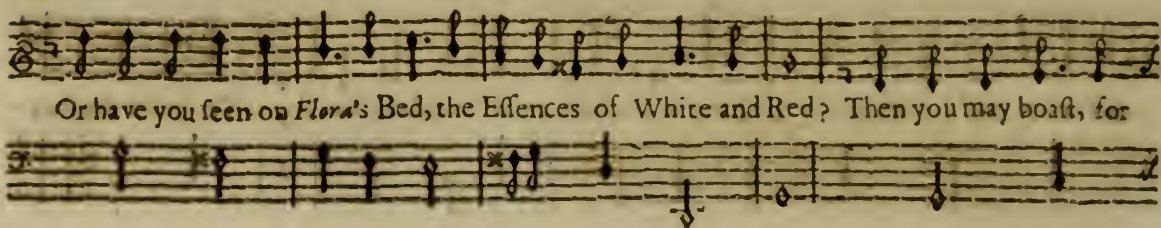
## III.

My heart's no Coward, you shall see,  
 To yield, because you shot at mee ;  
 A man o're come so quickly may  
 Be taken pris'ner every day :  
 Then Lady boast not of your prize,  
 My heart still in his castle lyes.

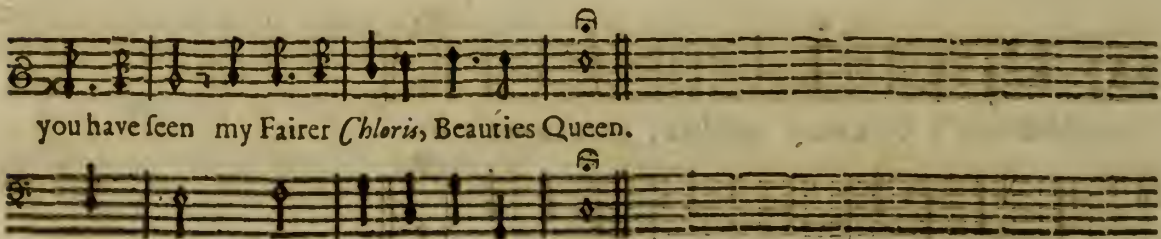


*A description of Chloris.*

Ave you e're seen the morning Sun from fair *Aurora's* bosome run?



Or have you seen on *Flora's* Bed, the Essences of White and Red? Then you may boast, for



you have seen my Fairer *Chloris*, Beauties Queen.

## II.

Have you e're pleas'd your skilful eares  
With the sweet Musick of the Spheres?  
Have you e're heard the Syrens sing,  
Or *Orpheus* play to Hels black King?  
If so, be happy and rejoyce,  
For thou hast heard my *Chloris* voyce.

## III.

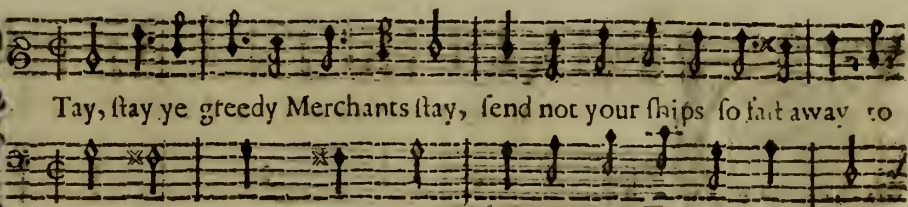
Have you e're smelt what Chymick skill  
From Rose or Amber doth distill?  
Have you been near that sacrifice  
The Phoenix makes before she dies?  
Then you can tell (I do presume)  
My *Chloris* is the worlds perfume.

## IV.

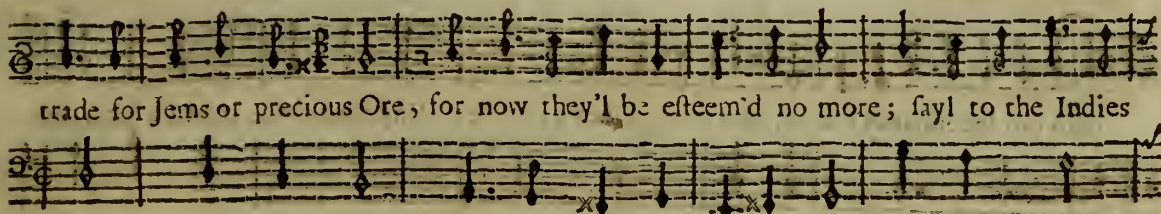
Have you e're tasted what the Bee  
Steals from each fragrant Flower or Tree?  
Or did you ever taste that meat  
Which Poets say the Gods did eat?  
O then I will no longer doubt  
But you have found my *Chloris* out.



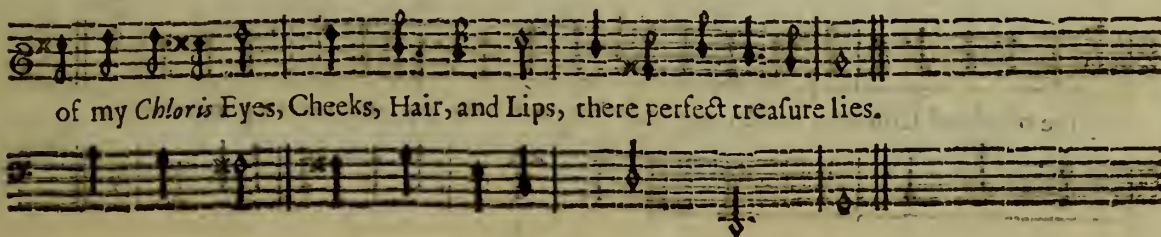
## Chloris a constant comfort.



Tay, stay ye greedy Merchants stay, send not your ships so far away to



trade for Jems or precious Ore, for now they'l be esteem'd no more; sayl to the Indies



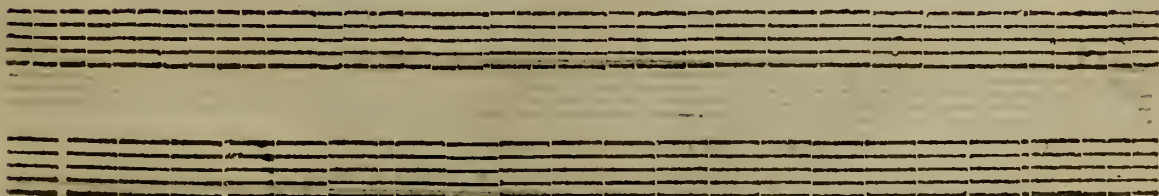
of my *Chloris* Eyes, Cheeks, Hair, and Lips, there perfect treasure lies.

## II.

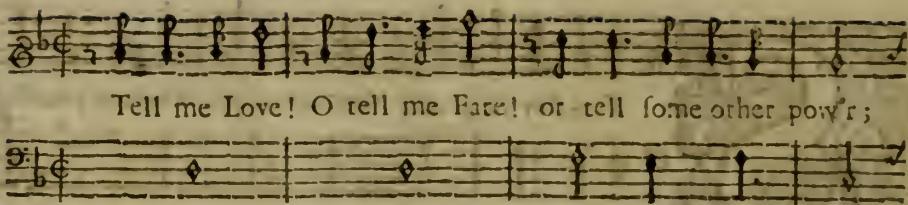
Come here Loves Hereticks that can  
 Beleive ther's no true joy for man,  
 See what refined pleasure flies  
 From ev'ry motion of her eyes;  
 Gaze on my *Chloris* freely, then go tell  
 To all the world where true Content doth dwell.

## III.

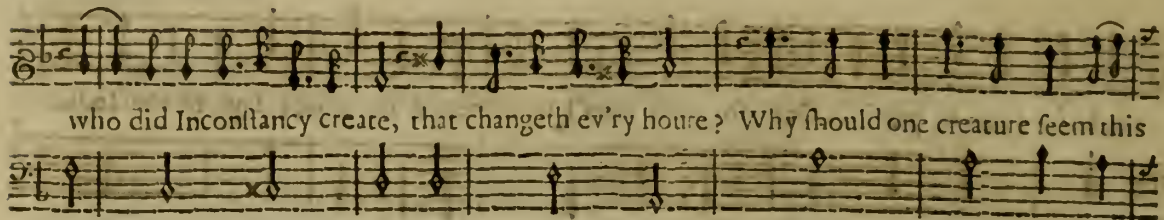
Forgive me Heavens if I adore  
 Your Sun, or Moon, or Stars no more;  
 Those often are eclips'd, and can  
 As soon destroy as cherish man:  
 But *Chloris* like a constant comfort shines,  
 Not only to our Bodies but our Mindes.



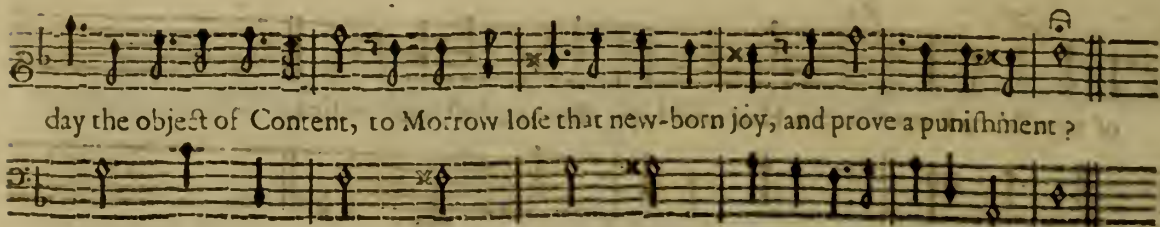
## Inconstancy.



Tell me Love! O tell me Fate! or tell some other pow'r;



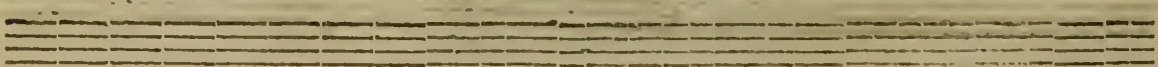
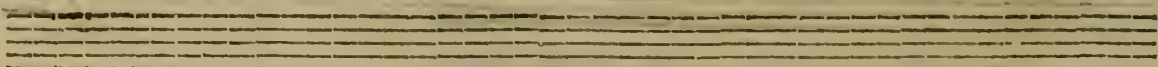
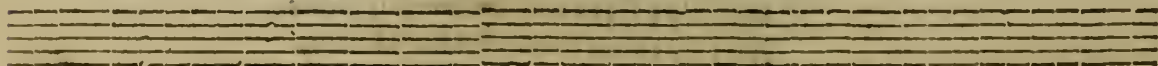
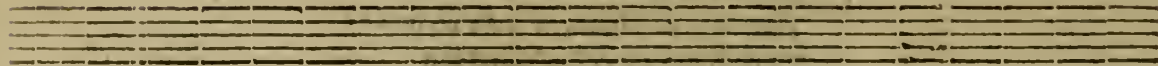
who did Inconstancy create, that changeth ev'ry houre? Why should one creature seem this



day the object of Content, to Morrow lose that new-born joy, and prove a punishment?

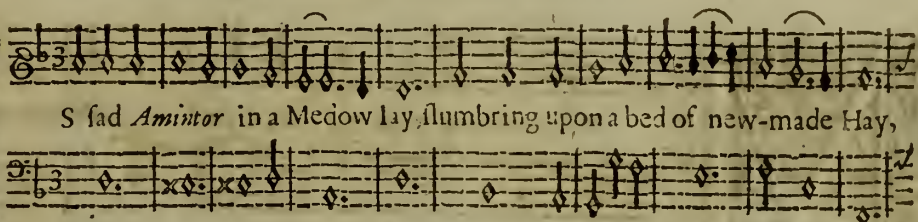
## II. III

Fair Shapes and gilded Honours raise  
 Rebellion in our hearts;  
 Then blame not *Cupid* if he shoot  
 Such sev'ral sorts of darts:  
 Such sullen miseries as these  
 Will wait on fickle Love;  
 Be thou a Saint it is decreed  
 She must inconstant prove.

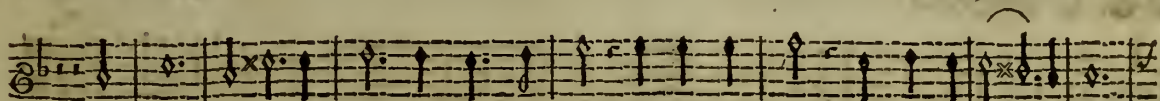




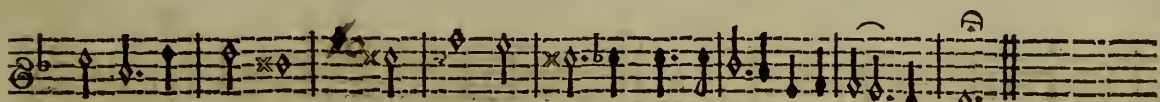
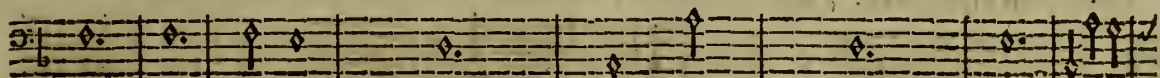
## Amintor's Dream.



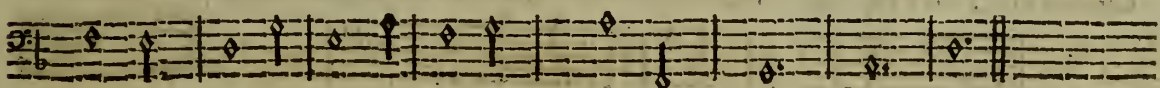
S sad *Amintor* in a Meadow lay, slumbring upon a bed of new-made Hay,



a Dream, a fatal Dream unlock'd his eyes, whereat he wakes, and thus *Amintor* cries;



*Chloris*, where art thou *Chloris*? Oh! she's fled, and left *Amintor* to a loathed Bed.



## II.

Heark how the Winds conspire with storm and rain  
To stop her course, and beat her back again:  
Heark how the heavens chide her in her way  
For robbing poor *Amintor* of his joy:  
And yet she comes not. *Chloris*, O! she's fled,  
And left *Amintor* to a loathed bed.

## III.

Come *Chloris* come, see where *Amintor* lies,  
Just as you left him, but with sadder Eyes;  
Bring back that heart which thou hast stoln from me,  
That Lovers may record thy Constancie:  
O no she will not. *Chloris*, O she's fled!  
And left *Amintor*, &c.

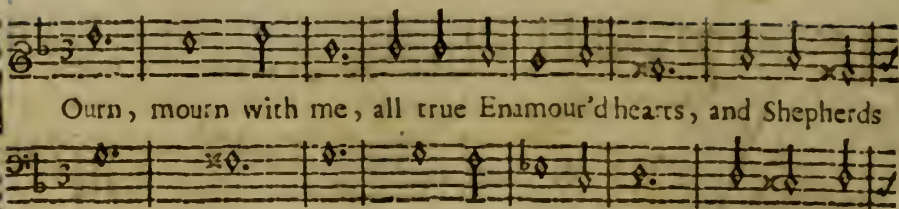
## IV.

O lend me (Love) thy wings that I may flye  
Into her bosome, take my leave, and dye:  
What comfort have I now ith' world since she  
That was my world of joy is gone from me,  
My Love, my *Chloris*: *Chloris*, O she's fled  
And left *Amintor* to, &c.

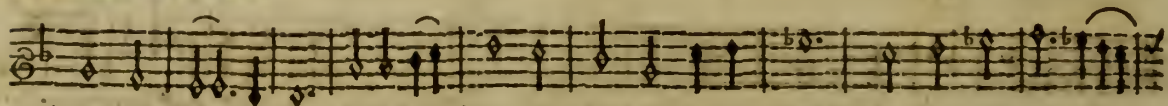
## V.

Awake *Amintor* from this dream; for she  
Hath too much goodnesse to be false to thee:  
Think on her Oathes, her Vows, her Sighes, her Tears,  
And those will quickly satisfie thy fears.  
No no, *Amintor*, *Chloris* is not fled,  
But will return into thy longing Bed.

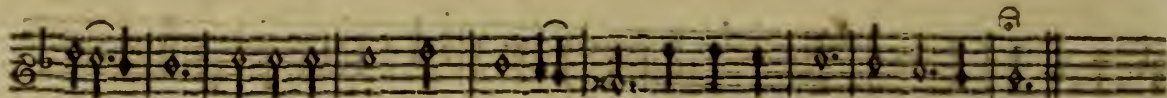
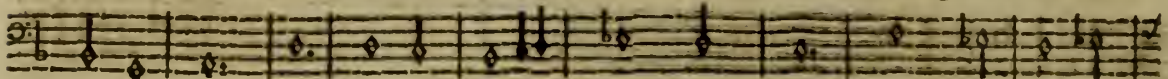
## Chloris dead, lamented by Amintor.



Ourn, mourn with me, all true Enamour'd hearts, and Shepherds



throw your pipes away: *Cupid* go burn thy Arrows and thy Darts, let Night for e---ver



smother Day: for *Chloris* our bright Sun is dead, and with her all our joys are fled.



## II.

Love is with grief congeal'd into a Stone,  
And o're my *Chloris* grave she lies;  
Where round about the Graces sit and moan,  
Neglecting other Deities:

The valleys where her flocks she fed  
Are drown'd with tears since she is fled.

## III.

Then follow me, where comfort never shin'd;  
Down, down into some darker Cell;  
There see *Amintor* weep, till he grow blind  
And comfortless for ever dwell:

The Gods I fear will soon repent  
This universall punishment.

---

Here Endeth the AYRES for One Voyce  
to the *Theorboe-Lute* or *Bass-Viol*.



# A Dialogue on a KISSE.

For two Trebles.



Question.

Mong thy Fancies tell me this, What is the thing we call a Kisse.

Resol.

I shall resolve you what it is: It is a creature born and bred betwixt the lips all cherrg-red, by love and

[Chorus both together.]

warm and warm desires fed; And makes more sweet, and makes more sweet, and makes more

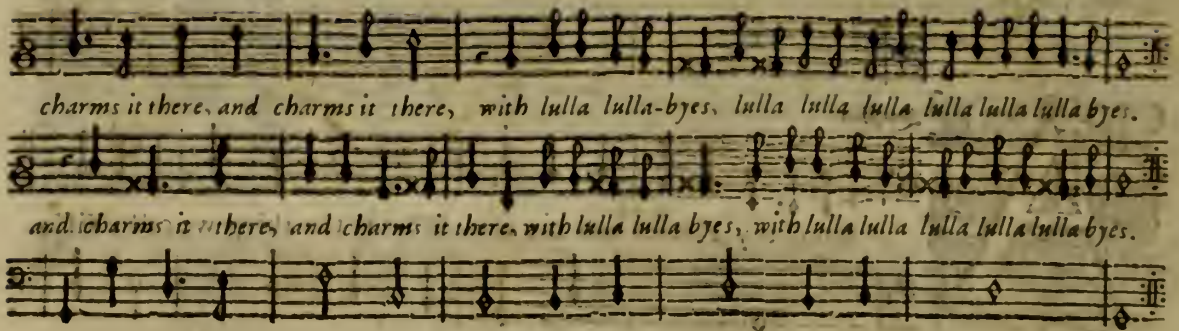
And makes more sweet, and makes more sweet, and makes more

sweet the Bridal bed.

It is an active flame that flies first to the Babies of the Eyes, and

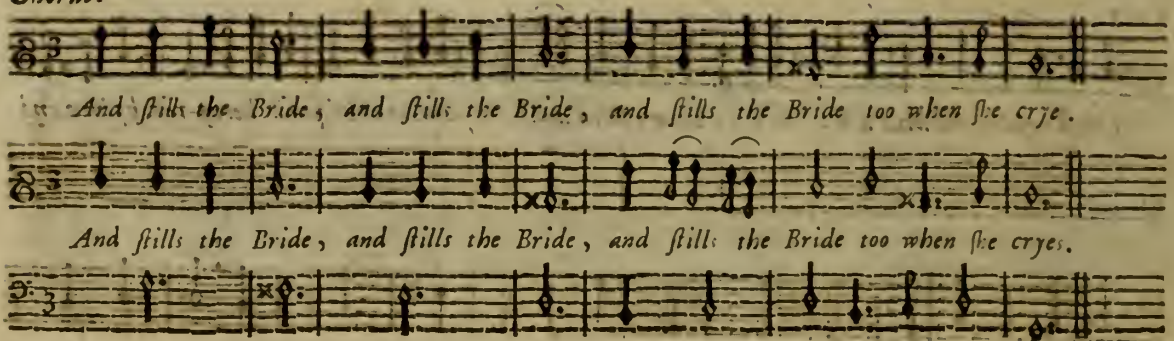
sweet the Bridal bed.





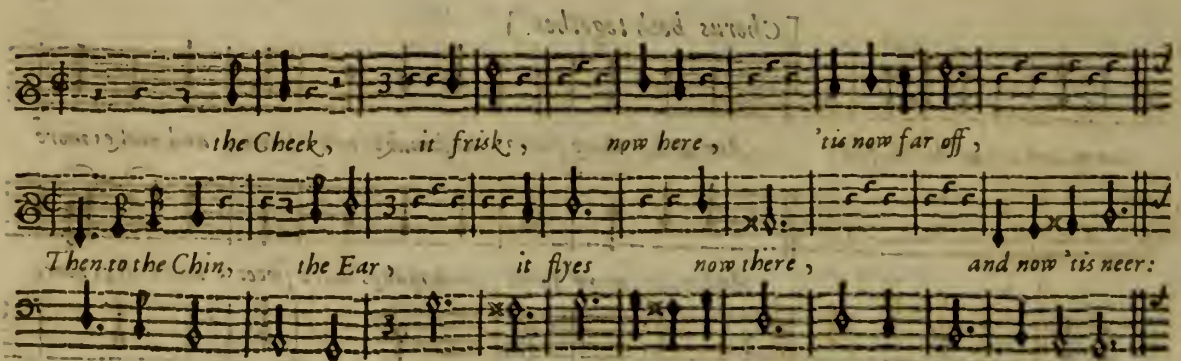
charms it there, and charms it there, with lulla lulla-byes, lulla lulla lulla lulla lulla lulla byes.

and charms it there, and charms it there, with lulla lulla byes, with lulla lulla lulla lulla lulla lulla byes.

*Chorus.*


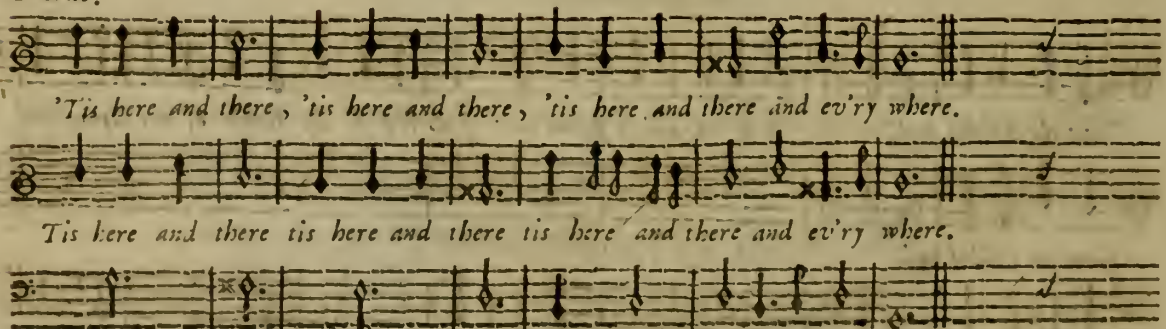
And stills the Bride, and stills the Bride, and stills the Bride too when she cries.

And stills the Bride, and stills the Bride, and stills the Bride too when she cries.



the Cheek, it frisks, now here, 'tis now far off,

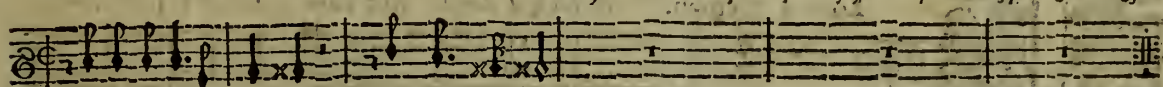
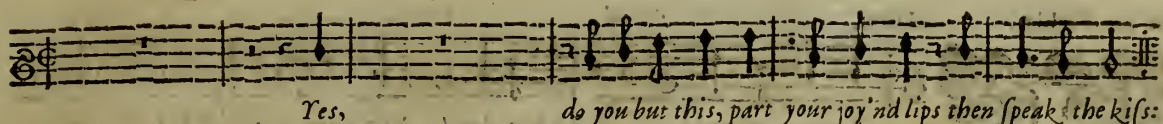
Then to the Chin, the Ear, it flies now there, and now 'tis near:

*Chorus.*


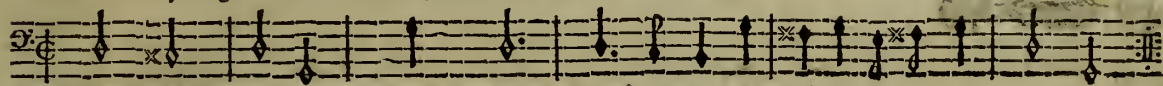
'Tis here and there, 'tis here and there, 'tis here and there and ev'ry where.

'Tis here and there 'tis here and there 'tis here and there and ev'ry where.

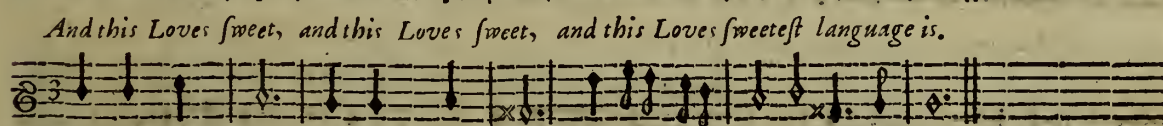




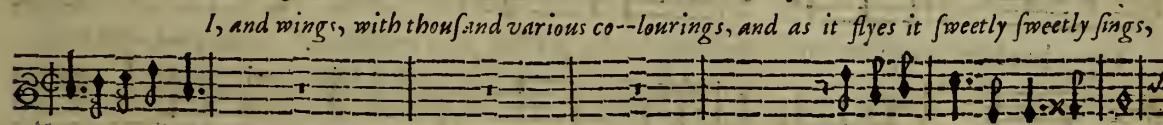
Has it a voycing vertue ? How speaks it then ?



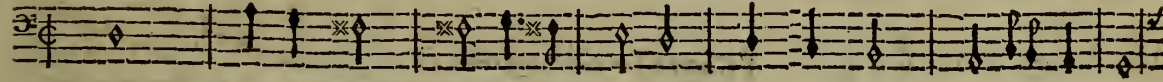
*Chorus.*



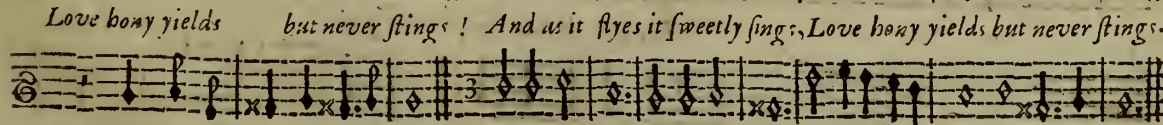
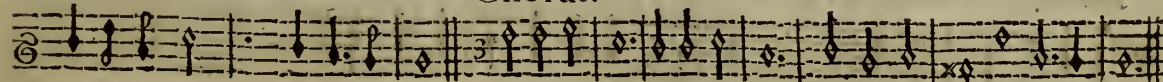
And this Loves sweet, and this Loves sweet, and this Loves sweetest language is.



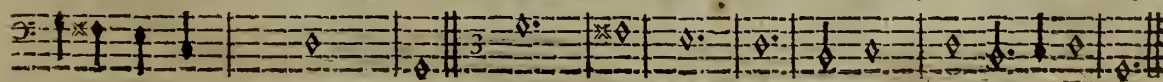
Has it a Body ? and as it flyes it sweetly sings,



*Chorus.*



Love hony yields but never stings ! And as it flyes it sweetly sings, Love hony yields but never stings.





# A Dialogue between a LOVER and his FRIEND.

For two Trebles.

Lover.

Friend.

Lover.



Love a Nymph.

A lack a day! But dare not say I love her.

Friend.

Lover.

Perhaps she may thy love repay; speak then thy thoughts, and prove her.

If I reveal, and she re-

Friend.

ject my love, I'm quite undone. Women when we do least expect, we see are often wonne.

Lover.

Friend.

True, but her state great flocks requires, mine are but poor and small. Peace Fool, love onely

[Chorus for three together.]

love desires, and nothing else at all.

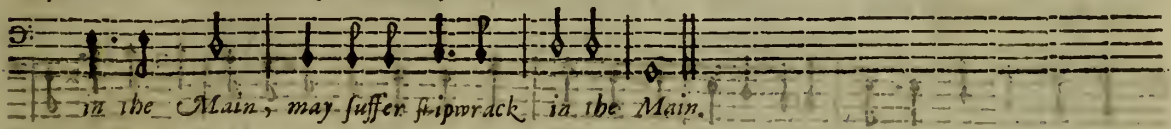
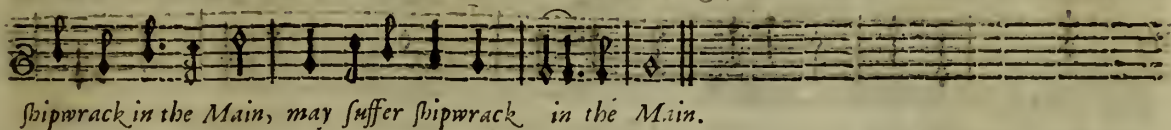
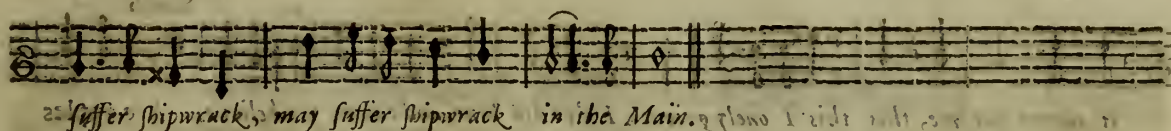
They who do love for private gain, may suffer shipwrack, may

They who do love for private gain,

may suffer

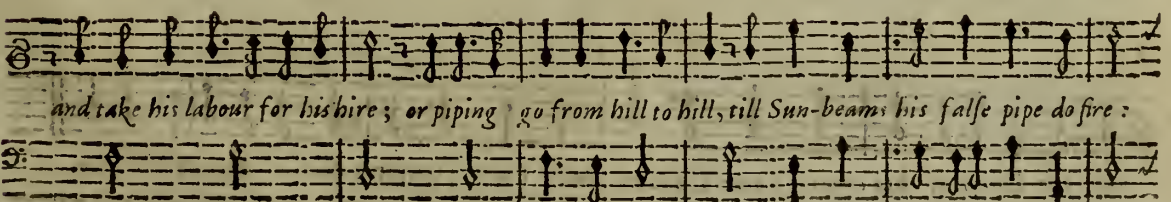
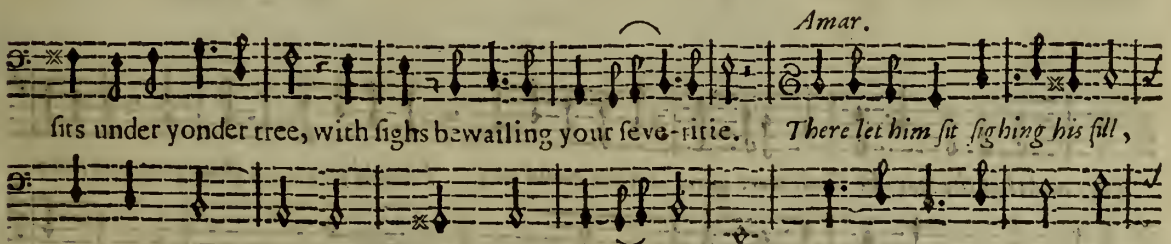
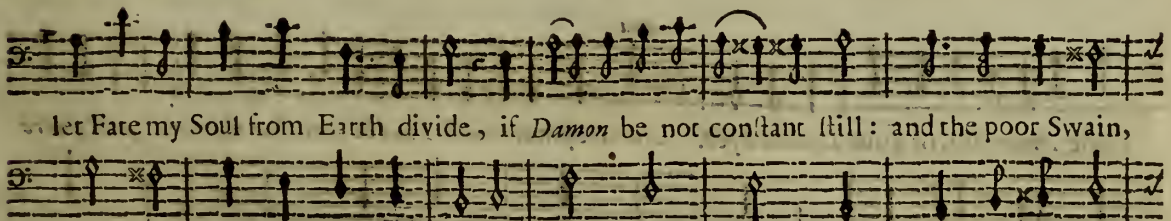
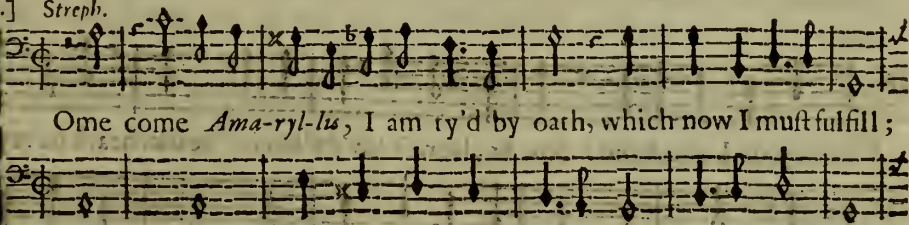
They who do love for private gain, may suffer shipwrack





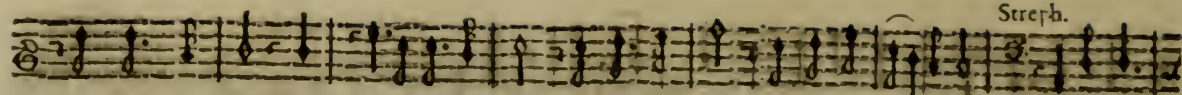
*A Dialogue.* STREPHON — AMARYLLIS.

[For a Bass and Treble.] *Streph.*

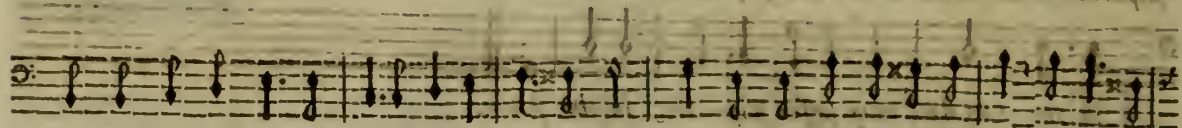
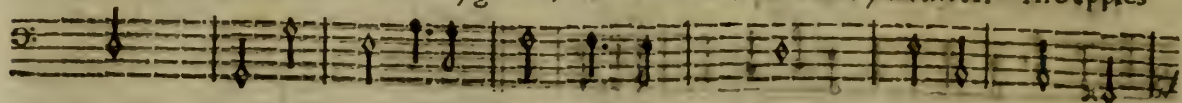




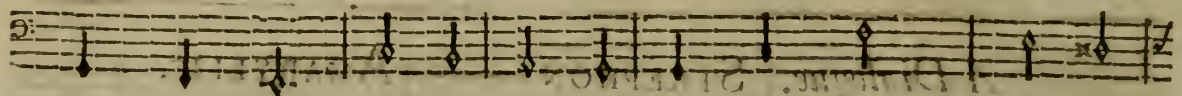
Strep.



It moves not me, this this I onely grieve, I e're did him, and cannot you believe. Are apples



gather'd from a tree, and put into fair *Chloris* hand, symptomes of his Inconstancie? Is this a

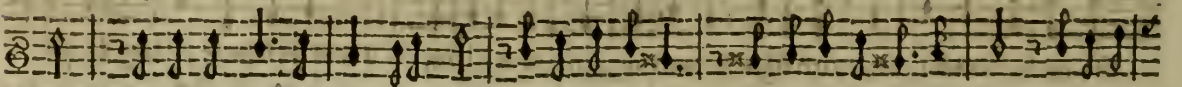
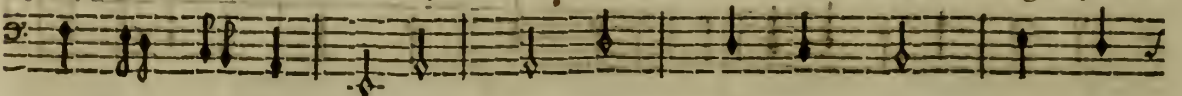


breaking of Lovesband? No, no, he ne'r lov'd *Chloris*; heark, heark he cryes, Come *Amaryllis*,

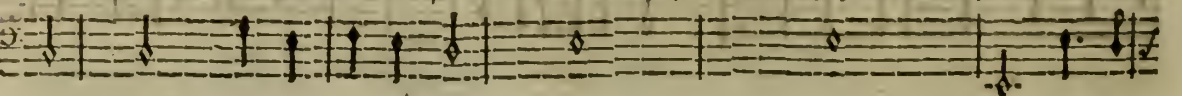


Amar.

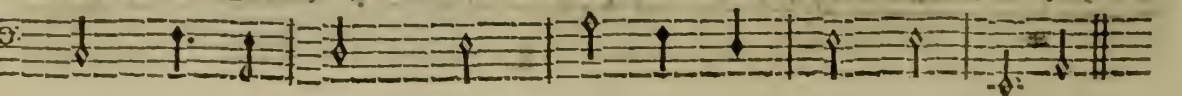
come *Amaryllis*, or your *Damon* dyes. Ah *Strepheon*, could I but be sure, that this unfeignedly were



true, and that the tears he sheds were pure, I then could pity, I could pity more than you, and enter-



tain the *Eccho* of his cryes, Come *Damon* come, Come *Damon* come, or *Amaryllis* dyes.

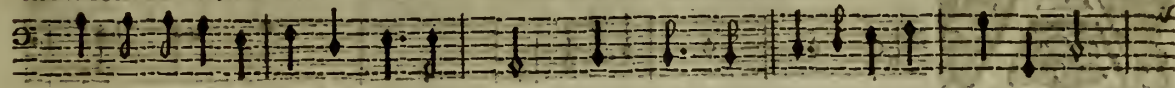




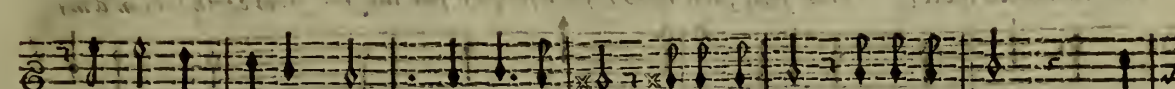
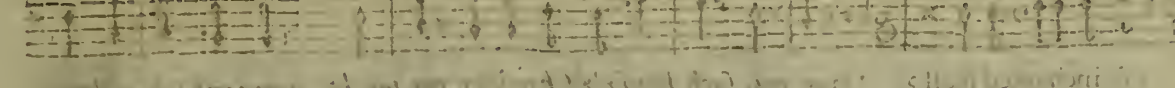
## Chorus.



Thus *Amaryllis* to her *Damon* turn'd, whose Life was almost into Cinders burn'd:



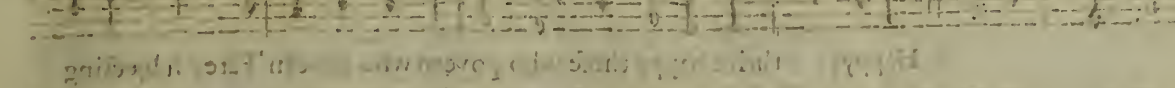
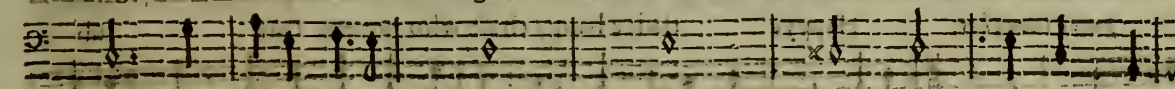
Thus *Amaryllis* to her *Damon* turn'd, whose Life was almost into Cinders burn'd:



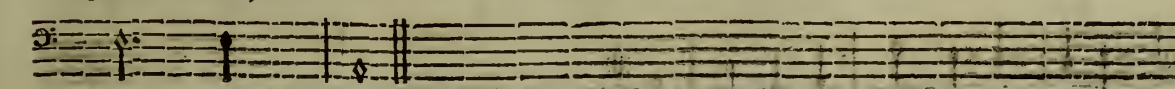
the gods will Lovers crown, though sooner we can kindle love, can kindle love, than



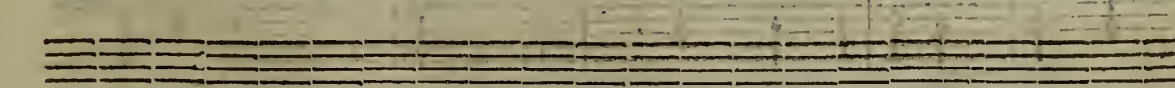
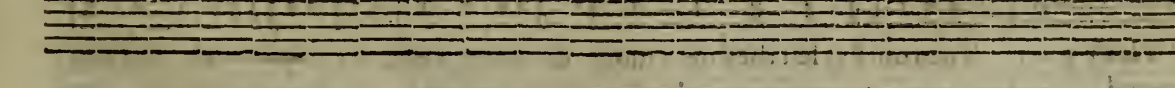
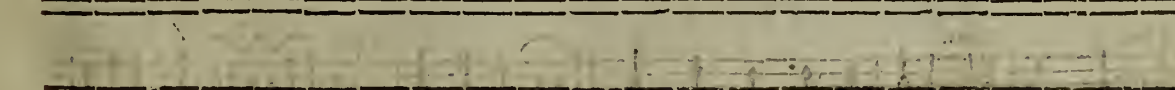
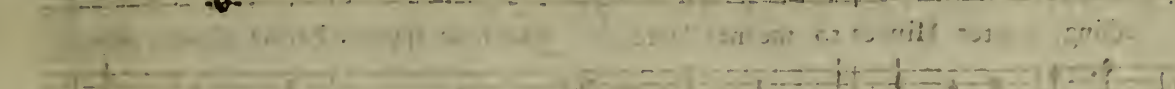
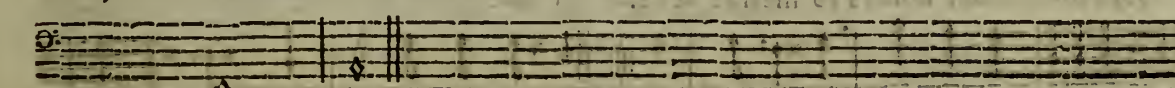
the gods will Lovers crown, though sooner we can kindle love, then quench love



quench loves jea-lou-sie.

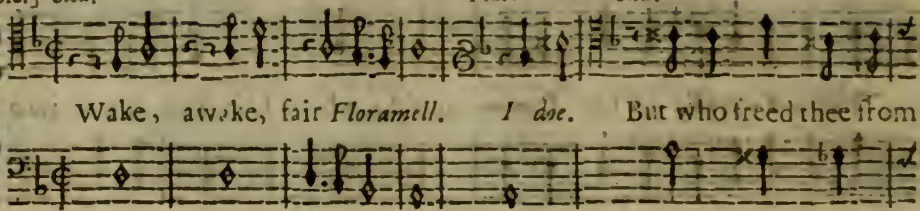


jea—lou—sie.

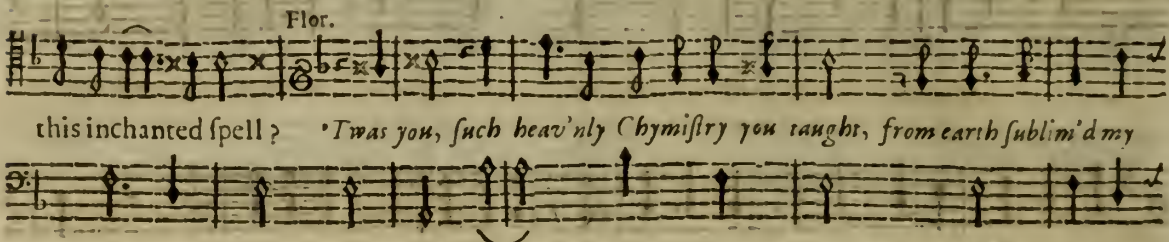




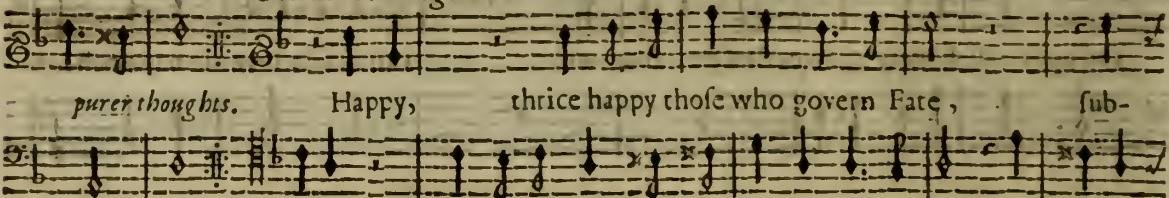
# A Dialogue. CLEANDER ——— FLORAMELL.

[For a Tenor and Treble.] *Clea.**Flor.**Clea.*

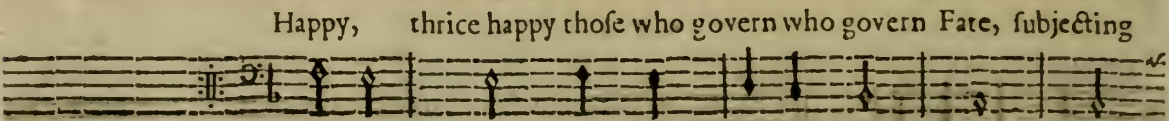
Wake, awake, fair Floramell. I do. But who freed thee from



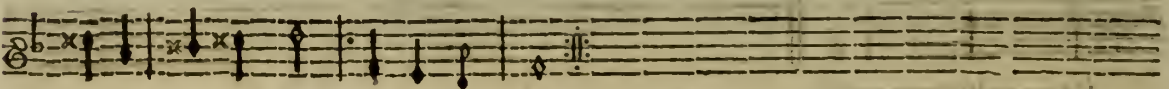
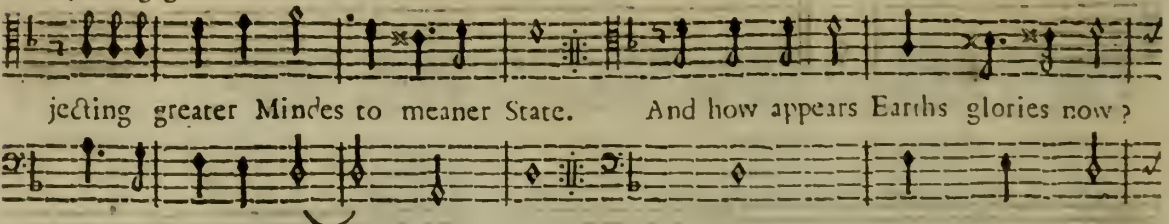
this enchanted spell? 'Twas you, such heav'nly Chymistry you taught, from earth sublim'd my

*Chorus both together.*

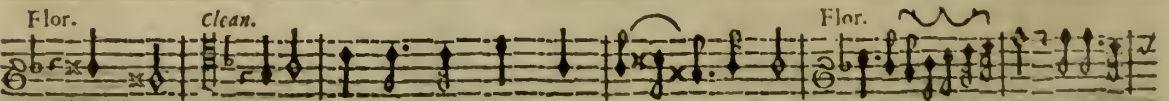
pure thoughts. Happy, thrice happy those who govern Fate, sub-



Happy, thrice happy those who govern who govern Fate, subjecting

subjecting greater Mindes to meaner State. *Clean.*

jecting greater Mindes to meaner State. And how appears Earths glories now?

They'r gone. Then on, fly, lest they once more da---zel thee. *Flor.* ——— an and undi-



## Chorus.

sturb'd my flock; I find, there guide them with a quiet mind. Happy, thrice happy  
 Happy, thrice happy those can

those can see and try the worlds fond glories so, and pass them by.  
 see can see and try the worlds fond glories glories so, and pass them by.

see can see and try the worlds fond glories glories so, and pass them by.

clean. Flor. clean.  
 But tell me, Canst thou thus retire? I can. But when? VVill not those hasty

vows expire? Fond man, 'tis now the Souls affections more Ætherial flames, diviner love.

Chorus.  
 Happy thrice happy Soul that ravi'sh'd so, en--joys a second Heaven here below.  
 Happy thrice happy Soul that ravi'sh'd that ravi'sh'd so, enjoys a second a second Heaven here below.



## Short AYRES for One, Two, or Three VOYCES.

*Cantus Primus.*

Nce *Venus* Cheeks that sham'd the Morn, her hew let fall; her Lips that

Winter had out-born, in *June* in *June* look'd pale; her Heat grew cold, her Nectar dry,

no Dew she had but in her Eye, the wonted fire and flames to mortifie. When was this so

dismal sight? When *Adonis*, *Adonis* bad Good-night.

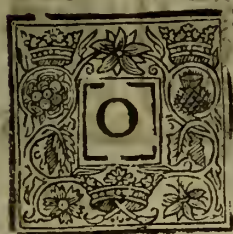


When was this so dismal sight? When *Adonis Adonis* bad Good-night.

her Nectar dry, no Dew she had but in her Eye, the wonted fire and flames to mortifie.

Winter had out-born, in *June in June* look'd pale; her Heat grew cold,

Nce *Venus* Checks that sham'd the Morn, her hew let fall; her Lips that


*Cantus Secundus.**a 3. Voc.**a 3. Voc.**Bassus.*

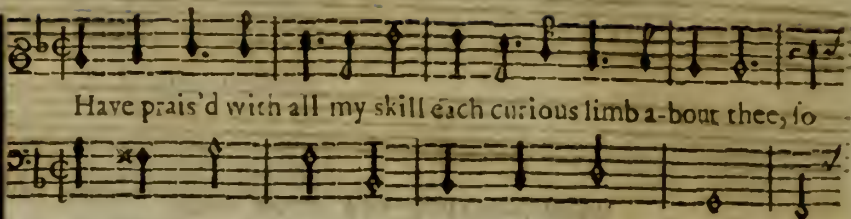
Nce *Venus* Checks that sham'd the Morn, her hew let fall; her Lips that

Winter had out-born, in *June in June* look'd pale; her Heat grew cold,

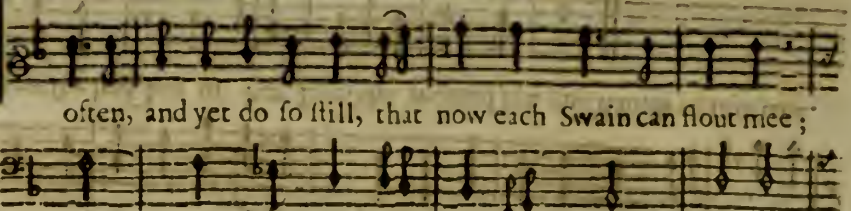
her Nectar dry, no Dew she had but in her Eye, the wonted fire and flames to mortifie.

When was this so dismal sight? When *Adonis Adonis* bad Good-night.

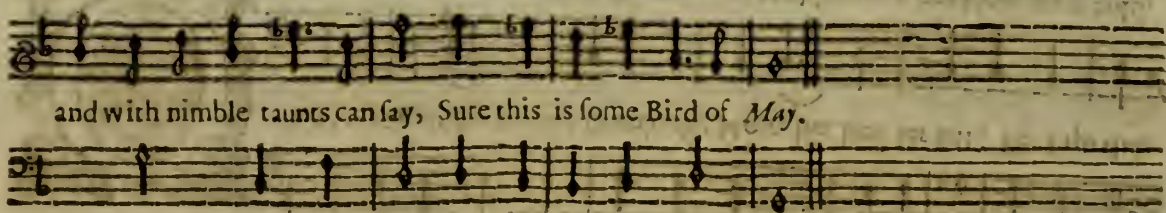


*A 1. 2. or 3. Voc.**Cantus Primus.*

Have prais'd with all my skill each curious limb a-bout thee, so

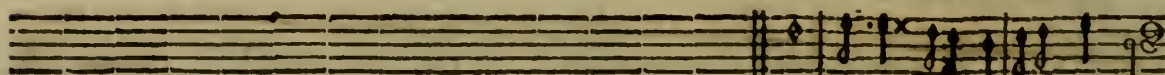


often, and yet do so still, that now each Swain can flout mee;

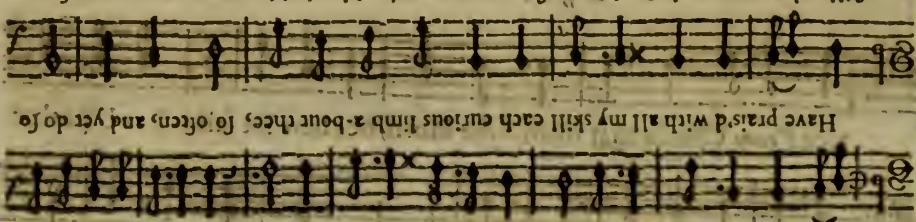


and with nimble taunts can say, Sure this is some Bird of May.

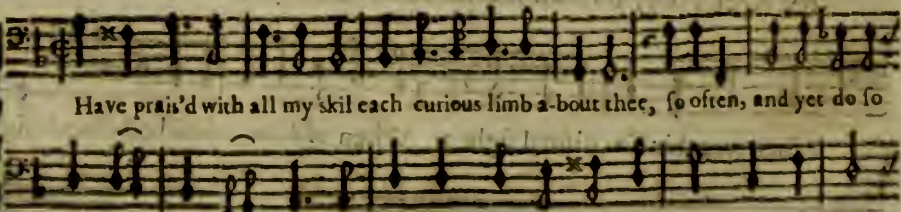
Sure this is some Bird of May.



Still, that now each Swain can flout mee; and with nimble taunts taunts can say,



Have prais'd with all my skill each curious limb a-bout thee, so often, and yet do so.

*Cantus Secundus.**A. 3. Voc.**A. 3. Voc.**Bassus.*

Have prais'd with all my skill each curious limb a-bout thee, so often, and yet do so



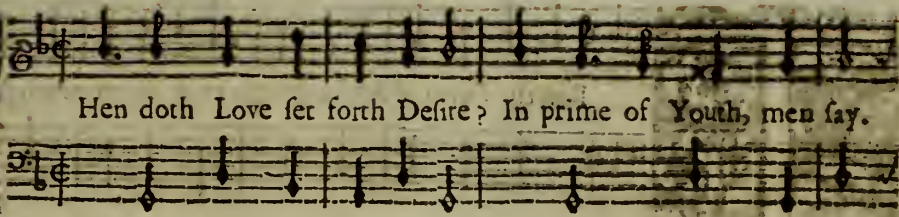
still, that now each Swain can flout mee; and with nimble taunts taunts can say,



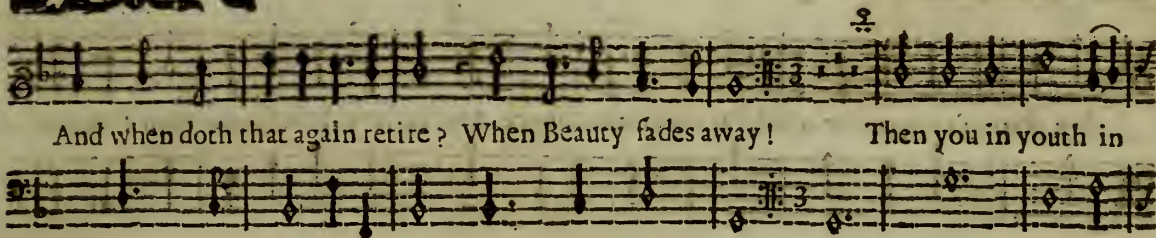
Sure this is some Bird of May.



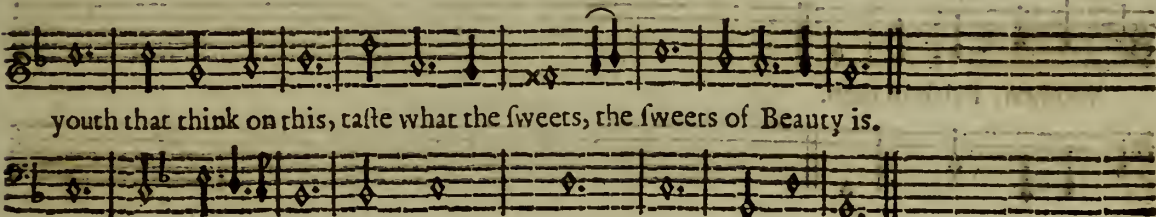
A1. 2. or 3. Voc.

*Cantus Primus.*

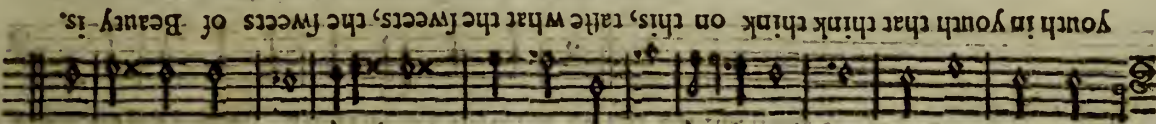
Hen doth Love set forth Desire? In prime of Youth, men say.



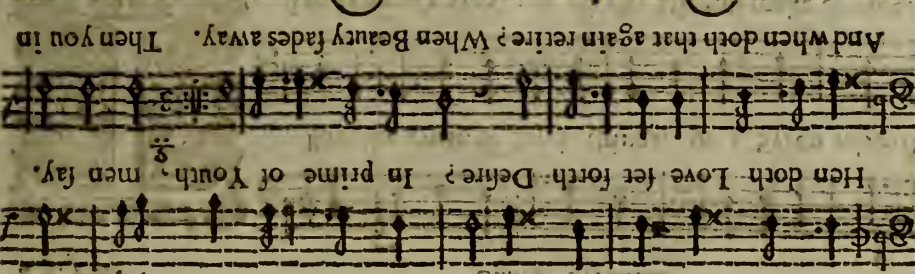
And when doth that again retire? When Beauty fades away! Then you in youth in



youth that think on this, taste what the sweets, the sweets of Beauty is.



youth in youth that think on this, taste what the sweets, the sweets of Beauty is.

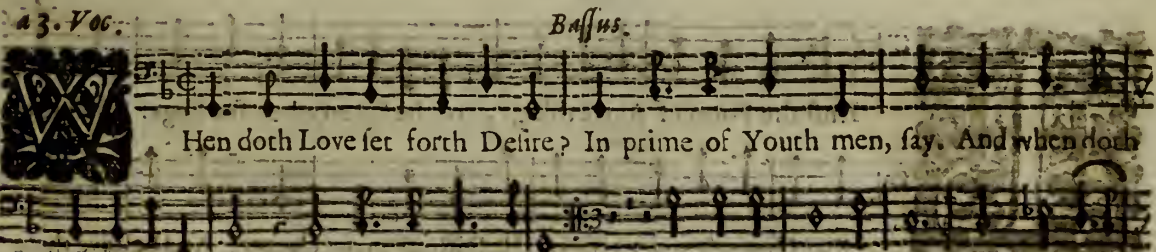


And when doth that again retire? When Beauty fades away. Then you in

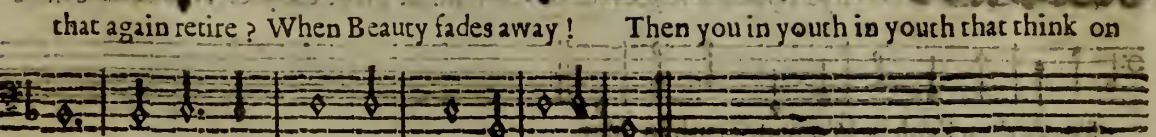
Hen doth Love set forth Desire? In prime of Youth, men say.

*Cantus Secundus.*

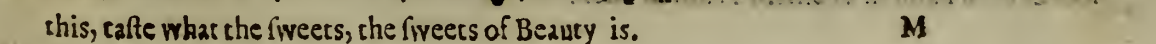
a. 3. Voc.



Hen doth Love set forth Desire? In prime of Youth men, say. And when doth



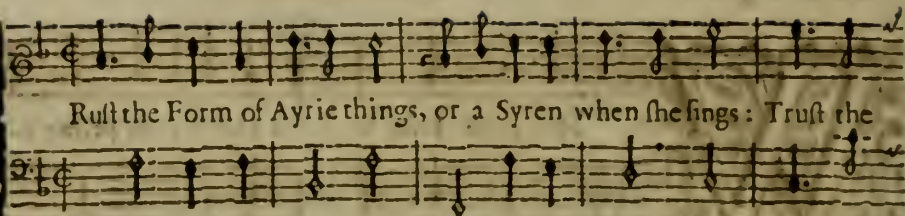
that again retire? When Beauty fades away! Then you in youth in youth that think on



this, taste what the sweets, the sweets of Beauty is.

M

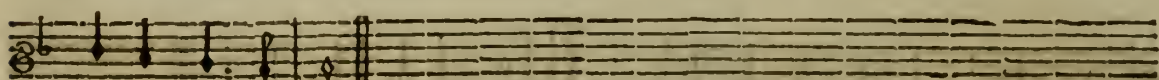


*Cantus primus.*

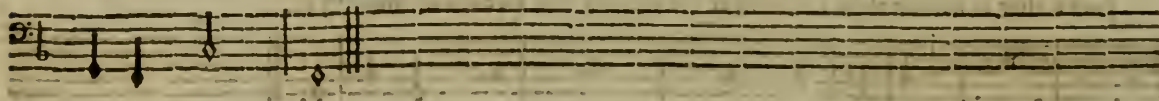
Trust the Form of Ayrie things, or a Syren when she sings: Trust the



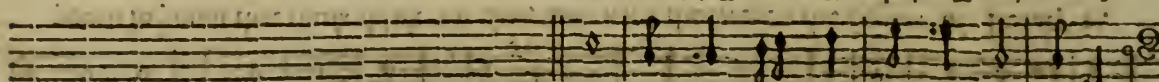
flye Hyenna's voyce; or of all, Distrust make choyce. And believe these sooner then Truth in



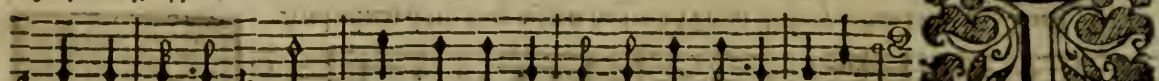
Women, Faith in Men.



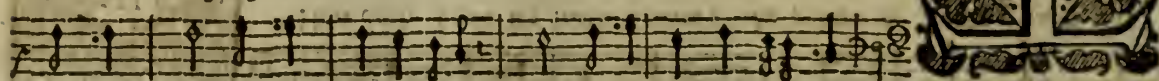
sooner then Truth in Women, Faith in Men.



flye Hyenna's voyce; or of all, Distrust make choyce. And believe these

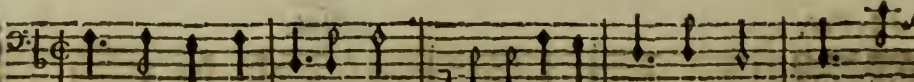


Trust the Form of Ayrie things, or a Syren when she sings: Trust the

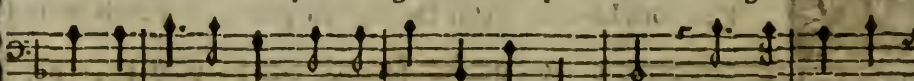
*Cantus Secundus.*

3. Voc.

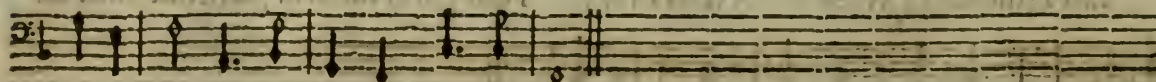
3. Voc.

*Bassus.*

Trust the Form of Ayrie things, or the Syren when she sings: Trust the

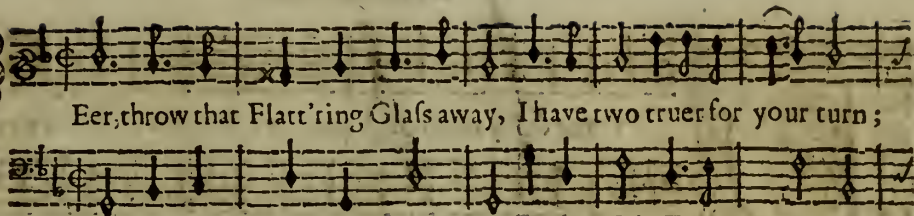


flye Hyenna's voyce; or of all, Distrust make choyce. And believe these

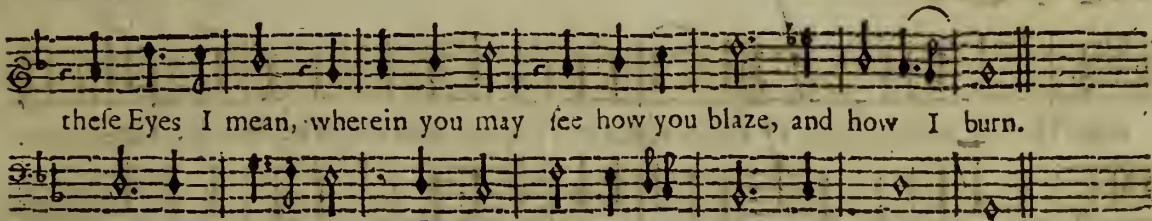


sooner then Faith in Women, Truth in Men.



*Cantus Primus.*

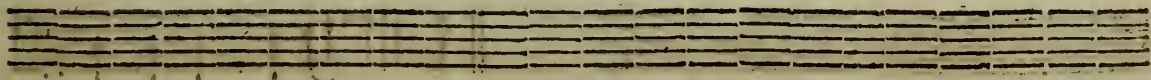
Eer, throw that Flatt'ring Glafs away, I have two truer for your turn;



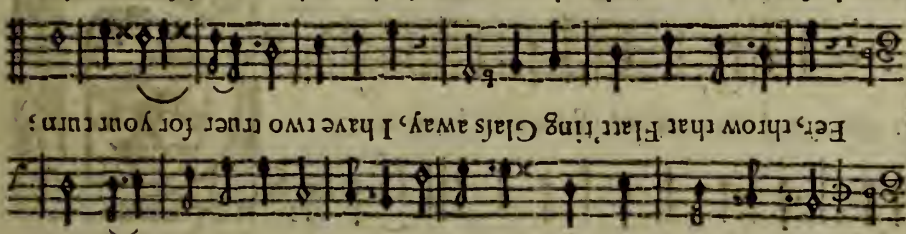
these Eyes I mean, wherein you may see how you blaze, and how I burn.

## II.

Ah ! could you but as plainly there  
My Faith as your owne Face descry,  
You'd gaze your self no other where,  
And burn ( perhaps ) as well as I;



these Eyes I mean, wherein you may see how I blaze, and how you burn.

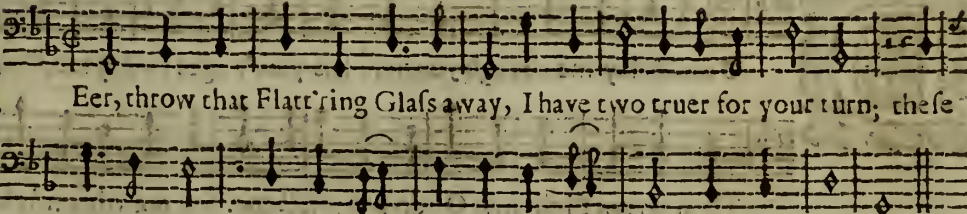


Eer, throw that Flatt'ring Glafs away, I have two truer for your turn;

*Cantus Secundus.*

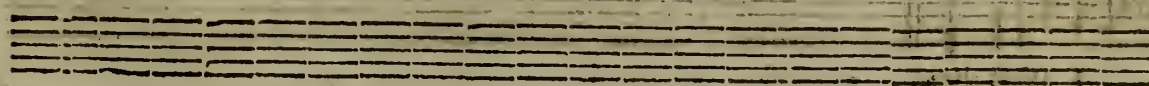
a. 3. Voc.

a 3. Voc.

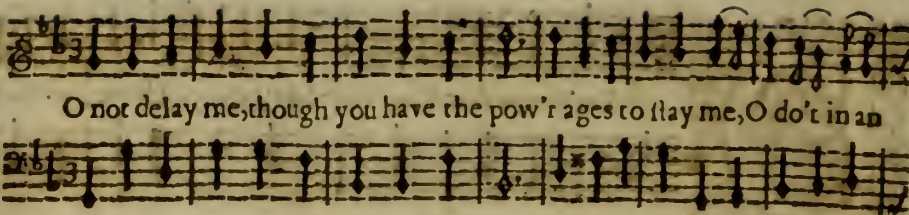
*Bassus.*

Eer, throw that Flatt'ring Glafs away, I have two truer for your turn; these

Eyes I mean, wherein you may see how you blaze, and how I burn.





*Cantus Primus.*

O not delay me, though you have the pow'r ages to stay me, O do't in an



hour. Then do not slight me, O do not reject me! Say not what might be, since thus I affect thee.



## II.

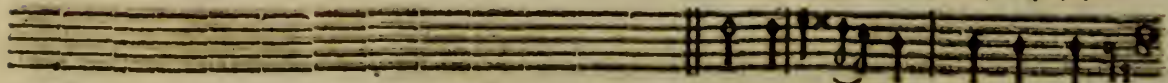
No bodies stirring, O none that can hear thee!

Then leave demurring, since I am so near thee.

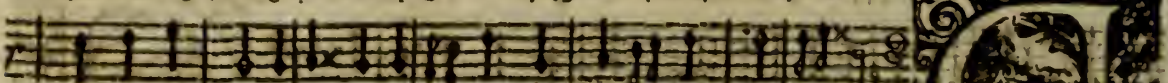
This is the season each Bird is a building,

You that have reason, O be not unwilling!

might be, since thus I affect thee.



an hour. Then do not slight me, O do not reject me! Say not what



O not delay me though you have the pow'r ages to stay me, O do't in

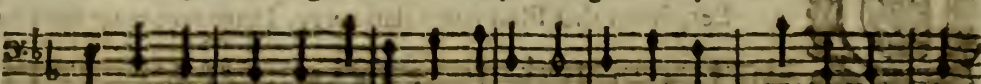
*Cantus Secundus.*

a. 3. Voc.

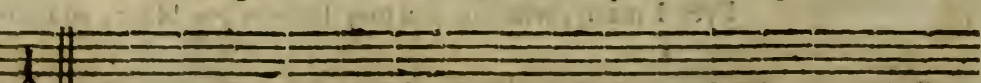
a. 3. Voc.

*Bassus.*

O not delay me though you have the pow'r ages to stay me, O do't in an hour.



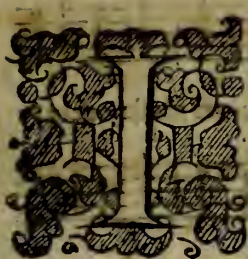
Then do not slight me, O do not reject me. Say not what might be, since thus



I affect thee.



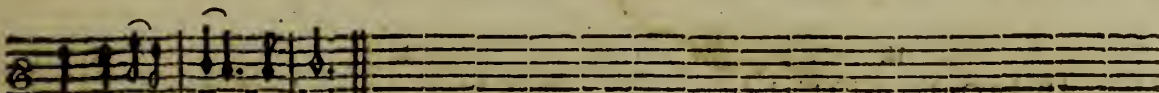
A 1. 2. or 3. Voc.

*Cantus Primus.*

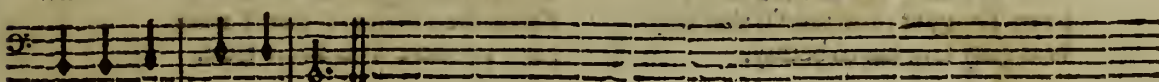
If you can find a heart (Sweet Love) to kill, yet grant me this, to read



my latest Will: May all things smile on you, may nothing cross your wish or will,



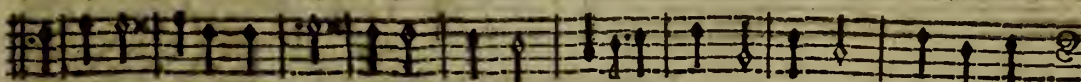
who e--ver bears the loss.



II.

May Fortunes wheel be ever in your hand,  
 That you may never Sue, but still Command;  
 And to these blessings, may your Beauty still  
 Be fresh, and pow'rfull, both to save, and kill.

May all things smile on you, may nothing cross your wish or will, who ever bears the loss.



If you can find a heart (Sweet Love) to kill, yet grant me this, to read my latest Will:

*Cantus Secundus.*

A. 3. Voc.

A 3. Voc.

*Bassus.*

If you can find a heart (Sweet Love) to kill, yet grant me this, to read my latest Will:



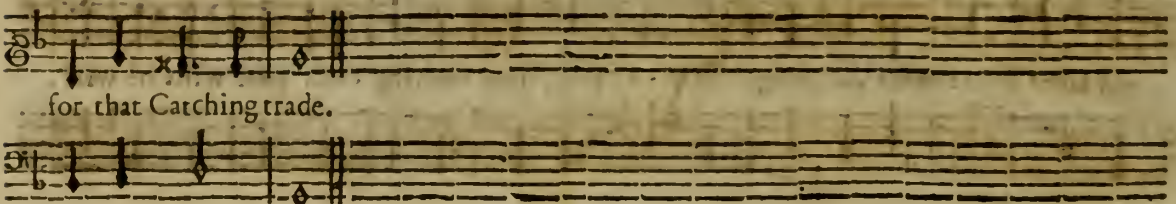
May all things smile on you, may nothing cross your wish or will, who ever bears the loss.

N



*Cantus primus.*

Ure thou framed wert by Art }  
purposely to take my Heart } for such looks were e-ver made onely



for that Catching trade.

## II.

All thy Oathes and folded Armes,  
Sighing Blasts, bewitching Charms;  
Ev'ry Thought thou tend'st that way  
Was only lent me to betray.

## III.

False (alafs) they are that swear,  
All Loves bargains are not dear.  
Know then Flatterer that I must  
Hear no more than I dare trust.

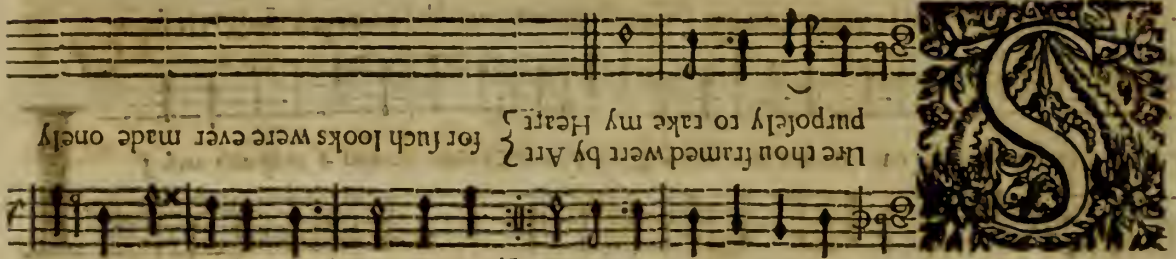
## IV.

You may promise, swear, and say,  
What perhaps you mean to day;  
But e're Morrows Sun be set,  
You another Love will get.

## V.

Had'st thou left me then untide  
Thou had'st never been denide,  
And I wish (for Maidens sake)  
None e're better bargain make.

for that Catching trade.

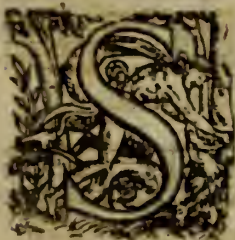


Ure thou framed wert by Art }  
purposely to take my Heart } for such looks were ever made onely

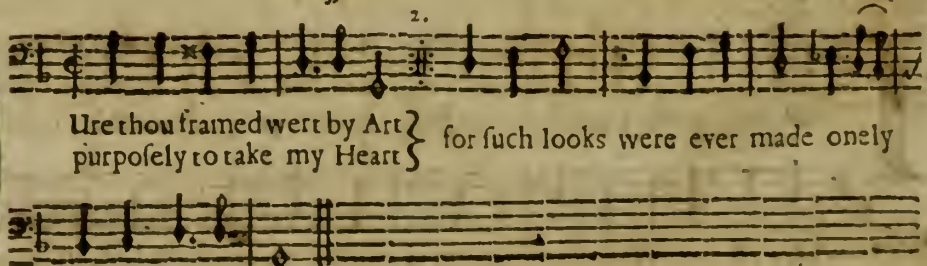
*Cantus Secundus.*

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

*Bassus.*

Ure thou framed wert by Art }  
purposely to take my Heart } for such looks were ever made onely



for that Catching trade.

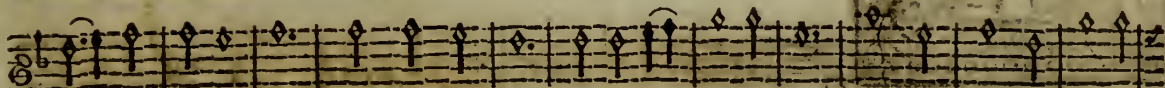
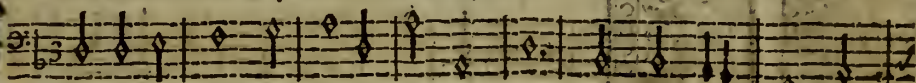


Al. 2. or 3. Voc.

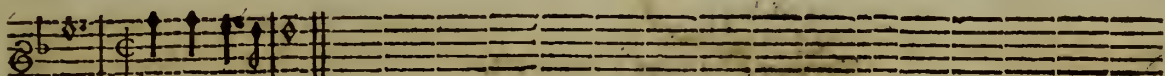
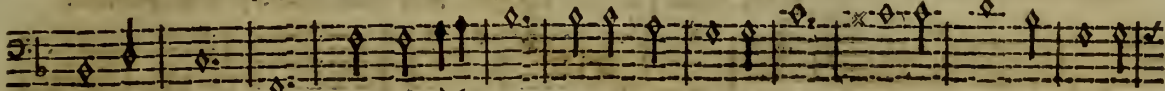
Cantus Primus.



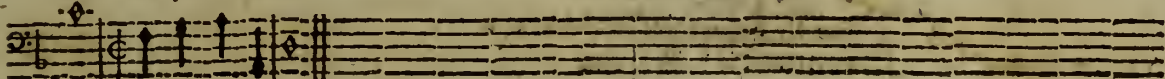
O Phæbus, cleer thy face, collect thy rayes; and from those Stars which



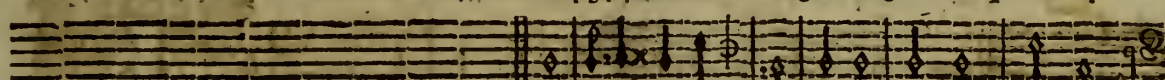
to thee Tribute payes, draw back thy light, and in thy greatest pride view my Love, a Star, a



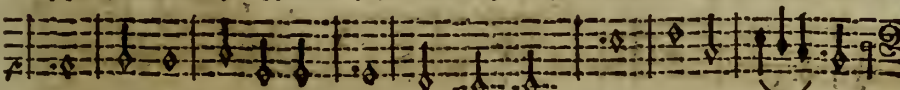
Star not yet deifide.



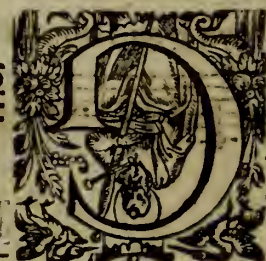
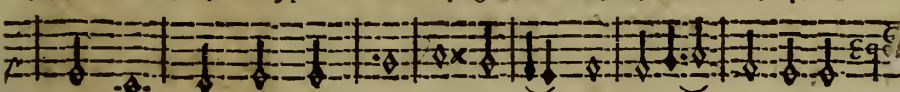
view my Love, a Star, a Star not yet deifide.



to thee Tribute payes, draw back thy light, and in thy greatest pride



O Phæbus, cleer thy face, collect thy rayes; and from those Stars which

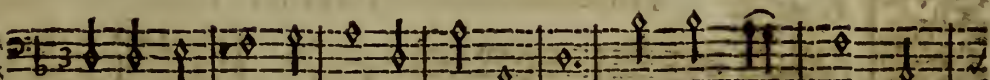


Cantus Secundus.

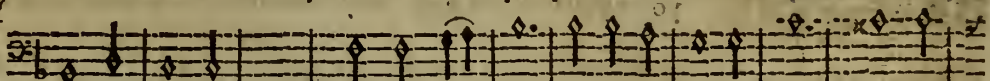
Al. 3. Voc.

Al. 3. Voc.

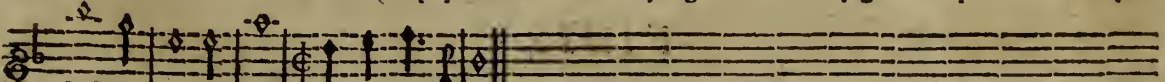
Bassus.



O Phæbus, cleer thy face, collect thy rayes; and from those Stars which

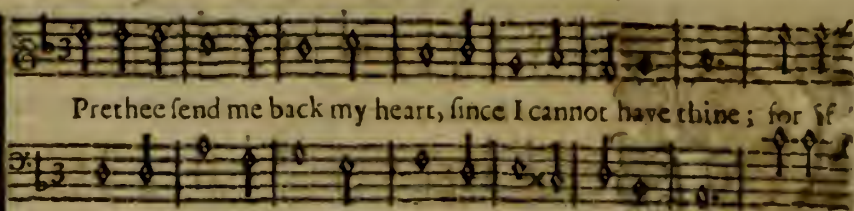


to thee Tribare payes, draw back thy light, and in thy greatest pride view my

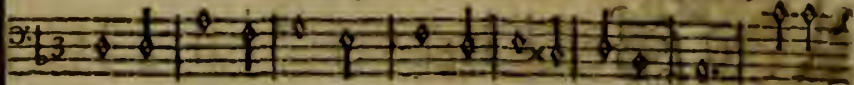


Love, a Star, a Star not yet deifide.

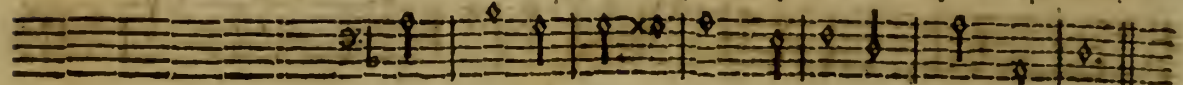


*Cantus primus.*

Prethee send me back my heart, since I cannot have thine; for if



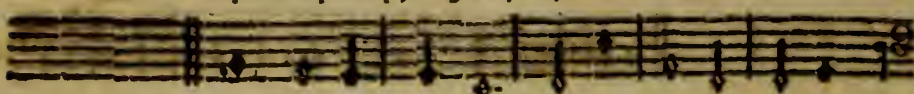
from yours you will not part, why then should you keep mine?



II.

Yet now I think on't, let it lye,  
To send it me were vain,  
For th' hast a thief in either eye  
Will steal it back again.

yours you will not part, why then should you keep mine?



Prethee send me back my heart, since I cannot have thine; for if from

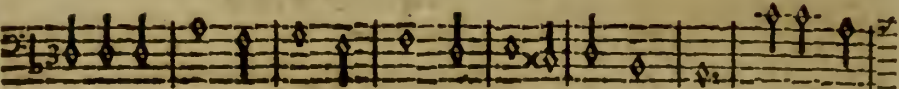


*Cantus Secundus.*

*1. 3. Voc.*

*4. 3. Voc.*

*Bassus.*



Prethee send me back my heart, since I cannot have thine; for if from



yours you will not part, why then should you keep mine?

**FINIS.**



# A Table of the *Ayres* and *Dialogues* contained in this Book

With the Names of the Authors of the Words.

A.	<i>As sad Amintor in a Meadow lay,</i>	27
	<i>Alas poor Cupid! art thou blind?</i>	16
B.	<i>Beauty once blasted with the frost,</i>	9
	<i>Black as thy lovely Eye or Hair,</i>	14
C.	<i>Chloris when e're you do intend,</i>	4
	<i>Chloris now thou art fled away,</i>	10
D.	<i>Did I once say that thou wert fair,</i>	8
F.	<i>Fond woman thou mistak'st the marke,</i>	18
	<i>Fain would I love but that I fear,</i>	21
	<i>Forgive me love what I have done,</i>	23
G.	<i>Go young man let my heart alone,</i>	7
	<i>Go fair Enchantress,</i>	12
H.	<i>Have you e're seen the morning Sun,;</i>	24
I.	<i>In love, away, you do me wrong,</i>	5
	<i>I prethee Love take heed,</i>	7
L.	<i>Let me alone, Ile love no more,</i>	15
	<i>Love thee? Goodsooth not I,</i>	17
M.	<i>Mourn, mourn with me all true, &amp;c.</i>	28
O.	<i>Oft have I sworn Id'e love no more,</i>	3
	<i>O now I find tis nought but fate,</i>	11
	<i>O tell me love, O tell me fate,</i>	26
S.	<i>See, see my Chloris, (on the Queens land- ing at Burlington,)</i>	1
	<i>See Chloris, see how Nature brings,</i>	20
	<i>Stay ye greedy Merchants, stay,</i>	25
T.	<i>Take heed bold lover, do not look</i>	8
	<i>Though thou hast Wit and Beauty,</i>	19
W.	<i>What wilt thou pine or fall away?</i>	6
	<i>When shall I see my Captive Heart?</i>	13
	<i>Why up so early in the World?</i>	22

Dr. HENRY HUGHES.

## A Table of the DIALOGUES.

A.	<i>Among the Fancies tell me this,</i>	26	-Mr. Robert Herrick.
	<i>Awake fair Floramell,</i>	36	-Sir. Iohn Mennes Knight.
C.	<i>Come Amaryllis I am ty'd by Oath,</i>	33	-Thomas Porter Esquire.
I.	<i>I love a Nymph,</i>	32	-Mr. Henry Reynolds.

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<i>Dear, throw that flattering glasse away,</i>	43	-Mr. Henry Reynolds.
<i>Do not delay though,</i>	44	-Mr. Henry Harrington.
<i>Go Phæbus clear thy face,</i>	47	-Dr. Henry Hughes.
<i>I have pray'd with all my skill,</i>	40	-Mr. Henry Harrington.
<i>If you can find a heart sweet Love,</i>	45	-Sir. Patrick Abercromy.
<i>I prethee send me back my heart,</i>	48	-Dr. Henry Hughes.
<i>Once Venus Checks,</i>	38	-Dr. William Stroud.
<i>Sure thou framed wert by Art,</i>	46	-Mr. John Grange.
<i>Trust the Forme of Ayre things,</i>	42	-Mr. Henry Harrington.
<i>When doth love set forth desire,</i>	41	-Mr. N. D.



# A Catalogue of Musick Books sold by John Playford at his Shop in the Temple.

## Books for Vocal Musick.

## Books for Instrumental Musick

1. *Mr. Wilby's Madrigals of 3, 4, 5, and 6 Voyces.*
2. *Orlando Gibon's Madrigals of 5 Voc.*
3. *Dr. Champian's Ayres for 1, 2, or 3 Voc.*
4. *Mr. Walter Porter's first set of Ayres and Madrigals for 2, 3, 4, and 5 Voyces, with a Through Bass; for the Organ or Theorbo Lute the Italian way, print. 1639.*
5. *Mr. Walter Porter's second Set of Psalms or Anthems for two voyces to the Organ or Theorbo Lute: Printed 1657.*
6. *Mr. William Child (late Organist of his Majesties Chappell at Windsor) his Psalms for three voyces, after the Italian way, to be sung to the Organ, the which are Engraven on Copper plates: Printed 1656.*
7. *Select Ayres & Dialogues by D. Wilson Dr. Coleman, Mr. Henry Lawes, and others: Printed 1652.*
8. *Ayres & Dialogues by Mr Henry Lawes,*  
viz. his { *First Book fol. printed 1653.*  
          { *Second Book fol. printed 1655.*  
          { *Third Book fol. printed 1658.*
9. *Mr. John Gamble his book of Ayres and Dialogues, printed 1657.*
10. *A Book of Catches collected and published by J. Hilton, 1651. and now with large additions by J. P. printed 1658.*
11. *An Introduction to the Skill of Musick, Vocal & Instrumental, by J. Playford, the second Edition with additions printed 1658.*
12. *The Art of Descant or composing Musick in parts, written by Dr. Champian, and enlarged by Mr Christopher Sympson, pr. 1655*

1. *Mr. East Set of Fancies for Viols, containing 6 Fantazies for two Bass-Viols, 9 Fantazies for two Trebles and a Bass, and 12 Fantazies of 4 parts.*
2. *Court Ayres, of two parts, Bass and Treble Viols or Violins, containing 245 Ayres Corants and Sarabands, Composed by Dr. Coleman, Mr. William Lawes, Mr. John Jenkins, Mr. Ben. Rogers of Windsor, Mr. Christopher Sympson, and others printed: 1656.*
3. *Mr. Matthew Lock his Little Consort of Three parts for Two Trebles and a Bass, for Viols or Violins, printed 1657.*
4. *Musicks Recreation on the Lyra Viol, Containing 100 Ayres, Corants, and Sarabands, for the Lone Lyra Viol, with Instructions for beginners, printed 1656.*
5. *Cithren & Gittern Lessons, with Plain & easie Instructions for Beginners thereon.*
6. *The Dancing Master, containing 132 New and Choice and Country Dances, Directing the Learner the manner how to understand the several Figures and Movements thereof; Also the Tunes set over each Dance very useful to such as Practise on the Treble Violin; In which Book is added 42 French Corants, and other Tunes to be plaid on the Treble Violin, printed 1657.*

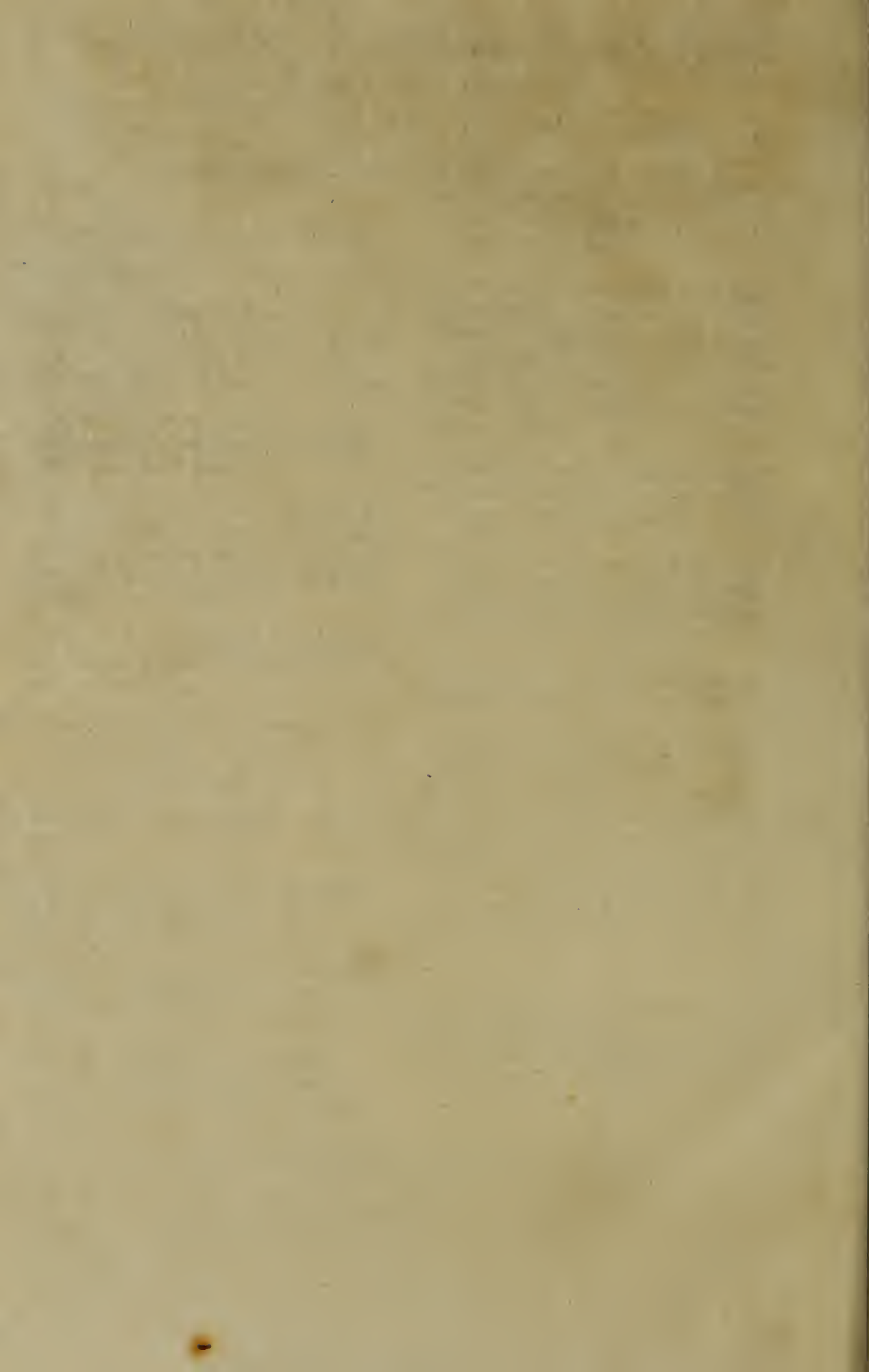
*All sorts of Rul'd Paper for Musick ready Ruled, also Books of several Sizes ready bound up of very good Ruled Paper; Also very good Inke to prick Musick.*

## Other Books sold at the same place worth Buying.

- King Charles his Tryal, with his speech on the Scaffold, to which is added severall other Speeches; viz. E. Straffords, Ep. Canterbury. Dr. Hamilton, E. Holland, Lord Capels, and severall others, in 8.*
- The Messiah already come, or proofs of Christianity, made good against all unbelieving Jews and Atheists, written in the year 1610. by Dr. Harrison in Barbary when he lived there among the Jews, and now newly reprinted 1657. by the last Edition thereof, printed at Amsterdam, 1636. in 12.*
- Orxellius His Right Use of Invention, in Eng. 12. ——— Sir George Sands Paraphrase on the Song of Solomon, 4.*

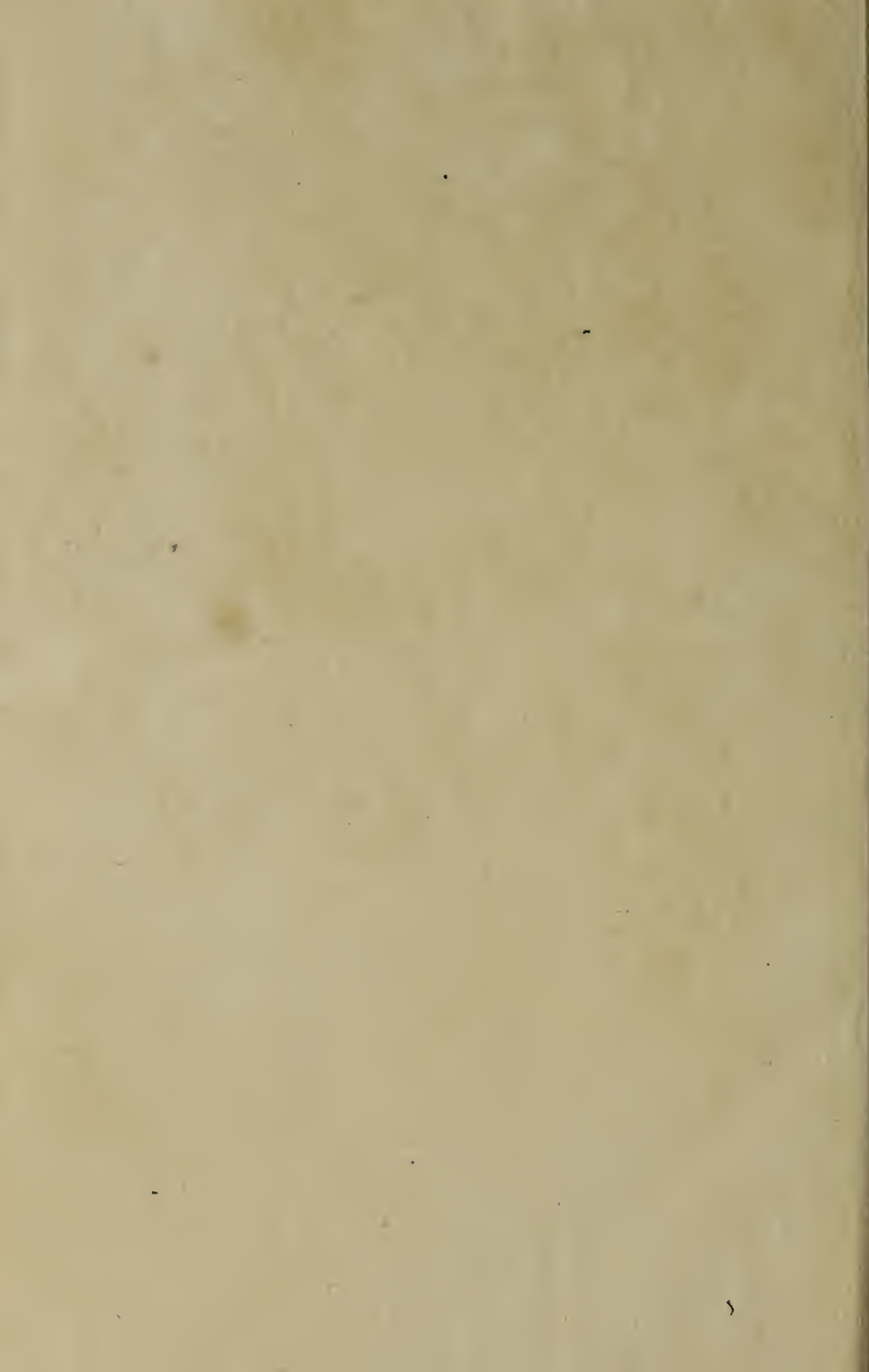






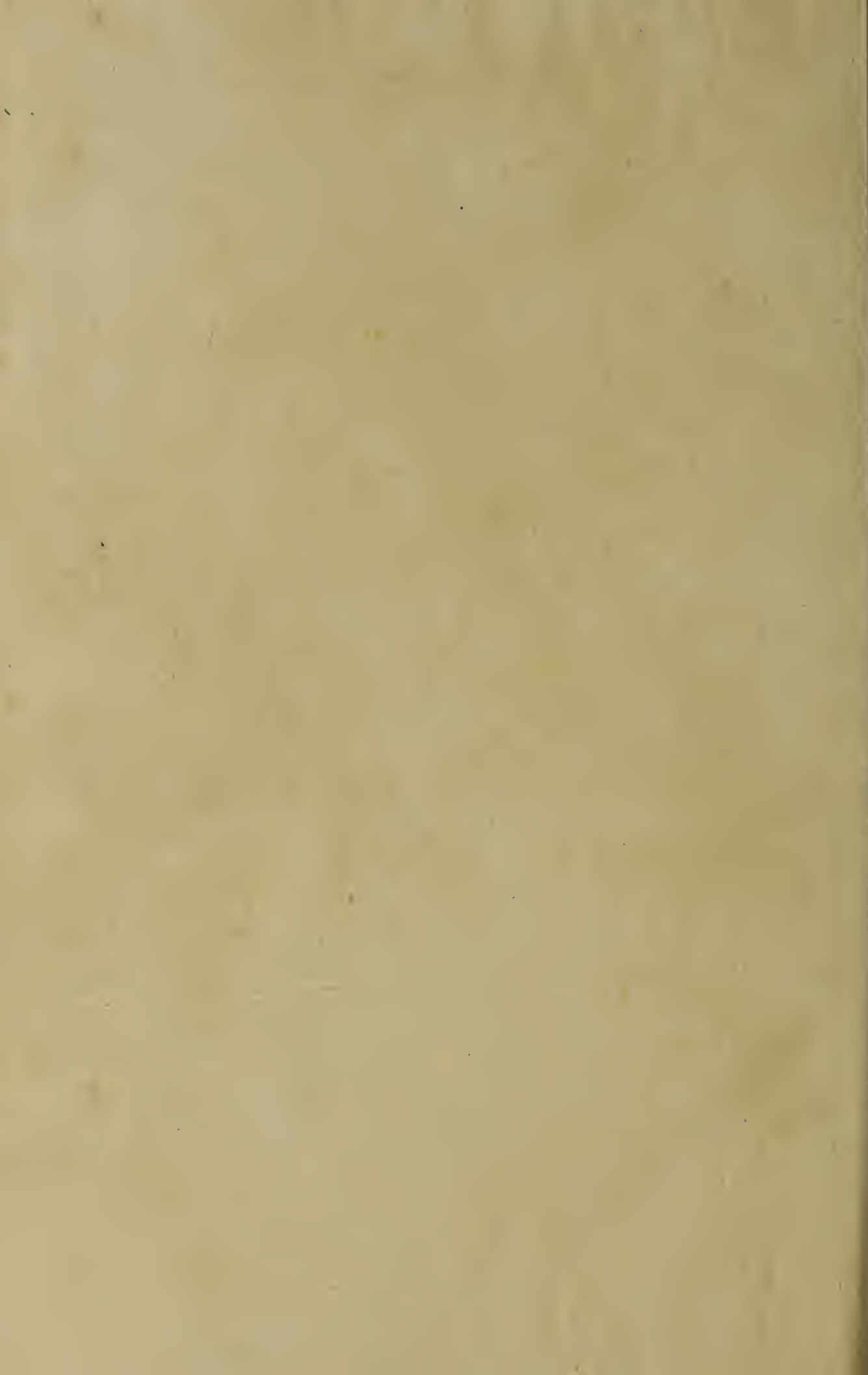














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